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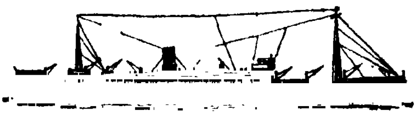
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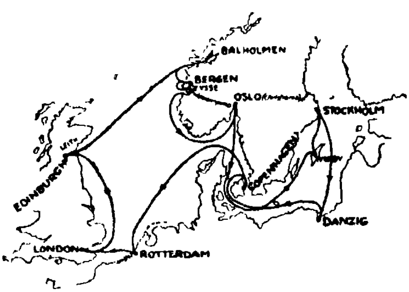
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VOL. III. NO. 1. JUNE, 1925

A DIVAGATION ON POLITICS

By John Middleton Murry

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY has, not for the first time, written an excellent book. His life of *Lord John Manners and his Friends* * is not merely, to use the common cliché, " a valuable contribution to the social and political history of the nineteenth century " ; it is something which is as much more important as it is more rare—to wit, a *book.* The narrative flows equably, never turbid, never stagnant, from its source to the sea ; so that no one who combines a moderate amount of interest in doings of man as a political animal, with a sense of the amenities of literary locomotion, can fail to be delighted by this smooth progress through the Victorian scene.

Lord John Manners was born in 1818 and died, Duke of Rutland, in 1906. He had been a Cabinet Minister for a greater length of time than any of his contemporaries, chiefly in minor offices, though he refused not a few great ones. But the interest of his career, for one who takes little stock of either aristocracy or cabinet ministering for their own sakes, is that he was in the 'forties a leading member of that Young England Party, whose memory is kept a rather vivid green by Disraeli's *Coningsby.*

* Blackwood. 2 vols. 30s. net.

The romantic Toryism of Young England is a curious phenomenon, and it is appropriate that its history should be chronicled, with rather more restraint than Disraeli would have found congenial, by Mr. Charles Whibley, who forms, together with Professor Saintsbury, the Tory Party in England to-day. For himself he probably would like to decline the name "romantic," though his admiration for Lord John Manners would hamper the customary vigour of his gesture of refusal; and, in any case, to be a Tory to-day is to be romantic indeed.

I have neither the desire nor the ability to discourse upon the politics of "Victoria's middle time"; but I should like to muse for a moment on that bewildering confusion of principles from which the ideas of Young England were born, and which took visible form in the elevation of the brilliant and rococo Disraeli to the Delphic oracle of Toryism. Surely only England—delightful, preposterous England—could have conceived and begotten the Primrose League.

Toryism: it is a pleasant word. I should like to be a Tory, for the sound of the thing. I dare say I am; at all events, if I were to claim to be one no one could say me nay, since nobody knows what a Tory is. He is one who elects to stand on the old ways—*stare super antiquas vias*. But which old ways? Those of ten years, or a hundred, or a thousand years ago? Rousseau chose to stand on the ways of the state of nature. That was going a long way back. He ought, by all the rules, to have been a very crusted Tory indeed: but he was a revolutionary. Again, in the matter of the Christian religion those who desire to go as far back as they can are generally called heretics.

The good old ways, if they are old enough, are the damnable new ones. Lord John Manners, when young, was all for "the Patriot King" and dancing on the village green: but, instead of stopping discreetly at

the Elizabethan era, in his youthful enthusiasm he went back further, to pre-Reformation days, when the Church was still one and indivisible. He dallied with extreme Tractarianism, and he was promptly turned out of Parliament on the good old "No Popery!" cry. Up to a dozen years ago "No Popery!" was still a sound plank in the Tory platform: perhaps times have changed since then. But I do not think so. English Toryism is a post-Reformation affair. Naturally: for how many of our "old nobility" received their acres as their share of the plunder of the monasteries! Toryism, as a political creed, has but a relatively short period in which to seek its principles: a period bounded on the one side by the Reformation and on the other by the Whig Revolution of 1688. And it is not easy to see what practical principles it can get out of it. The divine right of kings is scarcely adapted to an age which has endured a European war through an inspired Hohenzollern. Mr. Baldwin (of Baldwin's, Ltd.) no doubt considers the King a kindly and honourable gentleman to whom devoir is due; but I imagine that neither his majesty nor he are under any illusions concerning the divine right of royalty. It is a dream, fatal to those who dream it.

The fact is that Toryism is not a practical creed, but a romantic velleity. The sole principle which might be excogitated for it is a refusal of democracy. But, for an Englishman that is hardly possible. He may mistrust democracy, he may believe that in practice it is pernicious, but if he wishes to refuse it he must leave this tight little island and take himself off to Russia or the parts about Cyrene. And, of course, this is what Disraeli, the political realist, clearly saw, when he invented Tory Democracy—a conception nearly as hybrid as Disraeli himself, but not sterile as most hybrids are: the first parent of Joseph Chamberlain's radical Imperialism.

Disraeli's political creed was as good as most, better than many. It had at least a germ of imagination in it, a vision of something beyond the mere ledger loyalty of the narrow Cobdenite persuasion. In his own rococo way Disraeli had a grasp of one aspect of the truth that man does not live by bread alone, as the Manchester school believed. The question : What besides bread man needs, has been answered in many ways. Disraeli thought, with the Romans, that it was circuses. Young England had faith in the maypole. But circuses (in politics) are as likely to turn out nice little wars as morris-dances. And then Little England found its opportunity.

The see-saw of Victorian politics is mildly interesting, but it belongs with last year's snow. The wealthy manufacturer now stands with the landowner ; the agricultural and the commercial interests have had to sink their differences long ago in the recognition that the real political battle is to be fought over the question of private property. That is a real issue, and, one would have thought, a pretty straightforward one. Unfortunately it is continually confused with an issue of another kind—the equality of men. That all men are equal is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, which should, by its title-deed, find more joy in one sinner that repenteth than in the ninety and nine which need not repentance. But this equality is a spiritual equality which all men share by virtue of their having an immortal soul, if they can find it. This spiritual equality has consequences in the material realm, but it is not included in those consequences that men should be equal in material things. The real corollary of the spiritual equality of men is that in all the affairs of life one man should regard another as an individual being, that he should love his neighbour as himself : which does not mean that he should share all his property with him. Doubtless there is a condition, which some

men have reached in the past, and which humanity as a whole may one day attain, wherein men may become supremely indifferent to possessions and find it beneath their dignity to take thought for the morrow. But that condition is far away; nor is it in virtue of that ideal that the equality of man is proclaimed as a political principle to-day.

The equality of man that is demanded and proclaimed to-day is equality of possessions. There is no reason in earth or heaven why men's possessions should be equal. And this is so evident that more often the naked "principle" is discreetly disguised as "equality of opportunity." It is utterly impossible that men's opportunities should be equal, for opportunity is not a tangible and divisible thing like a barrel of apples; it is a happy conjuncture of the man and the moment, and no amount of care in preparing the moment can assure the capacity of the man. The grain of solid truth in these specious catch-words is that it is an injustice, and a remediable one, that a child, who is not yet fit to battle with circumstance, should be deprived of the opportunity to become the best man he is capable of becoming. Nearly all that Governments can do in the way of remedying that injustice has already been done: most of the rest depends upon mothers and fathers.

But even if the time comes when they will do their part, neither possessions nor opportunities nor men will be equal. It would be a nightmare world if they were. But there is no danger of it. As far as we can see there will always be masters and men in the world. What is to be desired, and what is demanded by the true principle of equality (which, being spiritual, can have no material *equivalent*) is that they should be good masters and good men—a simple demand, in truth, but one that is still far from being satisfied by the one side or the other.

Equality is, as a political principle, pure bunkum;

while to declare that the present distribution of rewards is just, is pure hypocrisy. It is unjust that anyone should possess a million pounds, for no man's work for the world is worth that share of the world's goods ; it is unjust that a bad mechanic should be paid the same wage as a good one. It is just that a man should get his deserts, good or bad ; it happens once in a thousand times. The real question is why on earth men should go on making all this fuss about justice. It is not a thing to ask for too insistently : one might be disconcerted if justice were really given. Again, there is no danger. There is no one to dispense it. " One would need to see with the eye of God to decide who is good and bad," as Tchehov said.

But, of course, the justice for which men clamour is not justice at all. They want happiness, which is a very different thing, and they have an extraordinary conviction that they are entitled to it ; and an equally astonishing notion that they will get it by possessing some concrete thing which they do not possess already.

Every grown man knows that happiness does not depend upon a change of material conditions ; yet, because few men are grown, the old will o' the wisp still allures. Capitalism will be abolished, and the golden age will begin. Just as men say " opportunity " not " possessions," they say " capitalism," not " property," for they thereby conceal from themselves the fact that they are simply asking for what belongs to other people ; if they were to say that property must be abolished, they might realize that they themselves would have to make sacrifices for their own ideal. And the abolition of property is an ideal, and a high one, so high that we may be fairly certain that when men get so far they will be content to abolish their own property, and not be concerned to abolish other people's. Then they will regard with pity the man who is so far behind them in development that he cannot be scornful of

possessions; but the last thing they will wish to do is to convert him by violence. So long as they do, we may be sure that their motive is not the high spiritual ideal of renunciation, but the common and fallacious desire to acquire happiness by riches, or the eternal grudge of the have-nots against the haves.

It is very easy to confuse spiritual ideals with base desires; and the confusions are plausible. The communism of to-day is glibly identified with the communism of the early Christians; from which it differs by the whole breadth of heaven and not a few miles of hell. On the other hand, those who expose the fallacy, lie often and justly under the suspicion that they are magniloquently defending an order of things by which they profit. They would be heard more gladly if they were to show, by their behaviour and their lives, that the spiritual equality of men was a reality for them. It is not enough simply to denounce the wild-fire word of Rousseau: "Man is born free, he is everywhere in chains," as a lie. A mere lie never becomes a wild-fire word. Rousseau's word is part truth, part falsehood; and only he can convincingly point the falsehood who shows himself responsive to its truth. Man is born to freedom, but the chains which prevent him from it are chiefly of his own making: and not only is the servant in bondage, but the master also, until the one can recognize that he can be free in service, and the other understand that only a free man's service is worth having.

Doubtless this also is an ideal, but it has the advantage of being an ideal that has sometimes been attained. It is not on record that the first thing the noble Roman convert to Christianity did was to free his slaves; he entered upon a new relation with them, by which they both recognized the necessity of the temporal relation of master and man, and both recognized the spiritual obligation of one free man to another. The thing is

still being achieved, in innumerable corners of England but it is harder to attain now that the master is so often depersonalized into a company, and the man into a member of a trade union. Had the masters lived up to their responsibilities in the good old days of *laissez-faire,* there would have been less bitterness in the hearts of the men, and less of the stubborn desire to do no more than they can be compelled to do.

But there is no going back. Trades Unions and limited companies have come to stay. The true-blue Tory may regret times past and claim that he, or his ancestors, did recognize a relation of mutual obligation between master and man ; and that it was the soulless manufacturers who first regarded men and women and children as mere units of power to be ruthlessly used and ruthlessly discarded. There may be a grain of truth in it, but not more. The agricultural labourer of the 'forties fared hardly better than the slave of the factory. His cottage was, as often as not, a picturesque and pestilent hovel ; and the only agricultural labourer I know well—a man of eighty odd years—has told me that his father, a farm-labourer likewise, and on a noble earl's estate, had to bring up eight children on nine shillings a week. They had nothing but bread soaked in water from one week-end to another. Six of them died. I am afraid there was very little to choose between the Manchester manufacturers and the Tory squires, in bulk. The good old days always turn out, on closer knowledge, to have been the bad old days.

Pat to my purpose, as I write these words, comes the *Times Literary Supplement* (April 30th) with a leading article on " Life in the Eighteenth Century," reviewing two books by authors who have devoted themselves to investigation, unbiased either by Tory romanticism or by the Socialistic *arrière pensée*, of the conditions in London and the country prior to that

industrial revolution which is continually paraded as the source of all our discontents.*

> Our brief survey (says Professor Bowden) has sufficed to reveal conditions of pauperism, helplessness and degradation, from which the older economic society seemed to offer no way of escape. To multitudes long hopeless, the new system of production offered promise of deliverance. . . . Historical veracity demands the blotting-out of the idyllic pictures that have been painted of working-class conditions in agriculture and the older industries preceding the great economic change; it necessitates a modification of the judgment that the status of the workers in the new industrial centres was inherently, inevitably inferior. . . . During the earlier stages of industrialization, the new industries ameliorated rather than rendered harsher the conditions of life for the workers.

The truth is that the industrial revolution was one result of an awakening of the national intelligence. Another result was that men began to be ashamed of the beastly conditions in which the poorer classes lived, whether the servants of cits. or noblemen. What had really happened was not that conditions had deteriorated, but that the general conscience had improved. But it seemed to men that things were worse, not themselves a little better ; and they put the blame for a degradation which had not occurred upon the great visible change in the country's economy which had. At the touch of the facts the Tory romanticism of Young England vanishes into thin air.

Toryism is a queer amalgam of a dream of the past and a dream of the future ; in other words, it is only another variety of Rousseauism. The Tory is a romantic in silk stockings, the Socialist a romantic *sans culotte.* These facile romanticisms are equally futile.

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* *London Life in the Eighteenth Century.* By M. Dorothy George. (Kegan Paul. 21s. net.)

Industrial Society in England Towards the End of the Eighteenth Century. By Wilt Bowden. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

There is a profound and eternal verity in a true romanticism, but it lies at the core and will not be found in these superficial transpositions of the creed. True romanticism does not dream ; it is an unrelenting pursuit of the *reality* of the individual, just as a true classicism is a faithful pursuit of the verity of the external world. Let that be grasped, and it is obvious that true Romanticism and true Classicism make the best of bedfellows : they do not conflict with, they complement each other. Romanticism is not revolutionary, neither is classicism conservative. Both seek the truth, and each is aware that it does not possess all the truth.

> Why tempt ye me? Bring me a penny that I may see it. And they brought it. And he saith unto them : Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus, answering, said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

So we come, as ever, back to fundamentals.

People have a way of resenting being brought down to bed-rock. It is necessary and salutary, for it is abhorrent to human dignity that a man's left hand should be ignorant of the behaviour of his right. That is no true belief which does not insist upon being squared with all a man's thoughts and actions and it seems to me that a true connection between religious belief and political creeds can only be established if we think less in terms of " rights " and more in terms of " obligations." In the old phrase of the catechism, it is " my duty towards my neighbour " that chiefly matters, and, if the conception were real to us, it would take us a good deal nearer the millennium than the rights of man, or the rights of property. *Noblesse oblige,* if you like, provided you remember that noblesse is the privilege of any man who cares to make it his.

And the Socialists should give up dreaming of the golden age to be ; and the Tories give up dreaming

of the golden age that was. The present days are better, even though they may seem dark; and the future lies not with that country which expropriates or exterminates its masters, or with that which most swiftly forces its men to work on the old terms, but with that which can push through the present universal deadlock of capital and labour to a more widespread sense of the responsibility of each man for his neighbour.

Let us hope that country will be England. It has been in the van of Western progress too long for any true-bred Englishman not to feel instinctively that England will yet show the way out of the confusion that has fallen upon the West. But whether England, which was the first to plunge into the unknown of the industrial system, will be the first to emerge from it, or whether English industrialism will speed onwards to new and extreme developments of which we do not dream,—these things are hidden. But there is a compass by which we may steer across the uncharted ocean of the future; and that is a true individualism. If every man would strive for the possession of his own self, he would reach a point at which he knows that all manner of things which seemed important, are not important at all: that wealth does not produce happiness, and that happiness itself is not a thing to be aimed at, that circumstance is as it must be, that the only change worth having will be a change in men's attitude to circumstance, and therefore to their fellows, that in so far as this change comes to pass (and each man must do it for himself) men will be content to do as well as they can the work they have it in them to do, and not falsely dream that, if outward things were otherwise, they might be otherwise also.

THE FIDDLER AND THE GIRL:
A NEW SONG OF SOLOMON

By Herbert E. Palmer

BUT the root of the matter is I am growing old,
And kicking at the barriers. There's grey in my hair,
An ice-cold sediment dropping through my veins,
My body has lost its spring, my brain its swiftness ;
Poor am I as a mouse in a timber-yard,
And I am glad that there must come an End.

I lived on hope once ; felt my spirit uplifted
By some dream-prospect of established greatness,
Hoped for a Crown and wore it, Power and was rich ;
Possessed through every misfortune and restraint ;
In Desolation was a kind of king.
The regal Marlowe built not firmer than I,
For Getting was just Hoping. Now Life's different.
All's going away, fading, and slipping from me,
And Death seems friendly.

But then, yesterday,
As I sat fiddling on my slackened heartstrings,
Brooding and biting, wishing Death would take me,
In squalid disillusion of tired spirit
Tracing upon the ever perishing page
An acid sonnet with some malice in it,
There stole on me a hand as—if from Heaven—
Your hand.—You entered, and stood looking at me.
And now my fiddle strings grow taut again,
And there's sweet music nestling in the frame.

So I can say, "To the winds with Hope! What's Hope!"
Say it unscathed, set free from rage and hate.
What's Hope to me when the instrument is speaking!
Only by this I pay for my lease of life.
My fiddle's the thing. Let hopes die where they soared.

Oh! I'll not chide you for your swift intrusion,
Nor make you shy that you have given me kindness
As senseless as the sun's tap on the hill
Or the soft-footed South wind's wanderings.
Heaven's sense it was, as sudden as wind or sun;
Yet timely, just a touch from the blue sky.

And the root of the matter is I am growing old
And you've half saved me.—No! it is not Passion.
If it should ever shake you make no sign,
Nor let your thought run on my slain discretion
That I should sing of you 'neath sun or star,
You the Sun's flag; for I kneel down to the Sun
And the whole curving radiance of blue sky,
That breadth that holds all Wonder and pure Reason.
And there's a stretch of severing years between us,
Deep chasms of night and tired experience,
You a fair child, and I pushed back by Time.

There's no affinity 'twixt our outward selves,
The carnal trappings of the central sense,
You so aglow, I withering; you the wild rose,
Song's eglantine, the hyacinth cupula,
Or the juniper, Elijah's cloaking tower
(When he hid from Ahab in the wilderness)
Any fair flower that's fragrant in the Spring,
The Spring itself, and then the Sun of Spring.

You were all that to me, like a maid to a lover,
Touching my darkness with soft kindling fingers,
The rays of your spirit shining through my spirit
Till I was pinned to Heaven and the light again,
I Earth's sad clod, and you a shaft from the Sun.

How shall I thank you? Praise what lies beyond you
And all about you, and in the heart of Day;
Do it in this, the string along the wire,
Scattering a trail of music on the silence
As I press forward, acolyte, and knowing
I can do nothing save respond and follow
As the earth follows the sun, yet does not follow,—
Its worn face tilting to the kindly radiance,
Swinging around in the wide severing void.

But I'd speak plainer, change the speech's figure.
The body's between us, that's the actual severance,
Yet almost nothing if I break with Time
And let the clean stripped spirit touch the spirit.
In any thousand years what's age and change?
What's blight and death, or any sudden thing
That starts new life out of life's perishing?
There are no walls between us, only chasms,
The abysses of the flesh, the sinews' cleavage.
(Both voice and sight go out upon the uplands)
And these will melt as they have melted before.
The Spirit summit towers firm through Death and
Change.
And I'll see plainer ere the century's gone,
And know what has stolen upon me in strange guise.
For every spring it comes,—shakes me, then goes.

THE AUNT SALLY

By Constance Holme

emed as if he would never get home. . . .
: had been an unusually long time coming over the —so long, indeed, that already the dusk was z. Already the mountains in front of him had . 'A film had come over the lake. On every side n the gates of the valley were closing for the night. t even the sight of the shadows creeping along lain beneath him had failed to hurry him. His recognizing its own dale even before its vague urs were visible from the heights, had chafed at :in as it pushed forward down the winding track. he soul in him had refused to push forward. He eld himself back as he held the pony back. While ›dy was carried downwards towards the valley to he belonged, his mind remained obstinately fixed valley lying behind him.

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It seemed as if he would never get home. . . .

He had been an unusually long time coming over the pass,—so long, indeed, that already the dusk was falling. Already the mountains in front of him had faded. A film had come over the lake. On every side of him the gates of the valley were closing for the night.

But even the sight of the shadows creeping along the plain beneath him had failed to hurry him. His pony, recognizing its own dale even before its vague contours were visible from the heights, had chafed at the rein as it pushed forward down the winding track. But the soul in him had refused to push forward. He had held himself back as he held the pony back. While his body was carried downwards towards the valley to which he belonged, his mind remained obstinately fixed in the valley lying behind him.

He had had such a grand day, over there. . . . The Shepherds' Meeting in Hawesdale was always a great "do," but this year it had been better than ever. There had been a fox-hunt, to begin with, followed by the sorting of the sheep that had wandered from their heafs; and after an immense meal there had been sports and sheep-dog trials. He had had to leave the latter, though, before they were through, grumbling to all and sundry about the necessity. He had told everybody that he had to be getting back because he had stock to see to; but what he really had to be getting back to was his wife Cattie.

He had forgotten Cattie during the day, busy as he was with that sudden rushing busyness that comes every

now and then in the rhythmical life of the dales. It seemed natural to forget her,—over there. Most of the people he met had known him before he was married, and found it easier than not to think of him as still unwed. He had found it easy to think it of himself, too, joyfully slipping back in their company to his boyhood days. He had laughed and joked as of old, and talked—especially talked—as if bent upon making up for all those hours at home when he gritted his teeth on his tongue and said nothing.

It was the innkeeper's wife who had reminded him of his own, and that just when he was at his happiest and freest. "And how's Mrs. Ewbank, these days?" she had asked, interested as the daleswoman always is in her neighbours, even when she is separated from them by the solid bulk of a mountain. "Not so well, isn't she? Eh, now, that's a sad pity! Likely she finds it dull at your spot after what she's been used to . . ." and he had been forced to remember Cattie. Bitterly resenting the interference, yet unable to refrain from acting upon it, he had saddled his pony and started angrily and reluctantly on his homeward journey.

Dropping down the last of the fell, he came to the stream that bordered the dale, and across which, no more than two or three hundred yards away, he could see the shepherd's cottage that was his dwelling. It had a curiously uninhabited look, he thought, regarding it grimly through the gloom, with no smoke going up from the chimney and nobody stirring about the door. But then Cattie, who hated the place, had always had the knack of making it seem as though nobody lived in it. That was a curious thing, when you came to think of it, seeing how highly coloured she was and shrill,—a thin, red-cheeked, flaunting type of woman, with a high, penetrating voice. . . .

His pace had slackened continually as he approached

the bridge that led across the beck to his home, and now he drew rein altogether. The reluctance that had held him back on the hills swelled now into a fierce distaste. Empty though the house seemed, he knew quite well that it was nothing of the sort. Cattie would be waiting for him inside,—waiting for him, yet not glad to see him, and full of snarled complaints. The pleasure of the day would be paid for and overpaid by the time he went to bed ; and suddenly he felt that he could not face that payment. There came upon him, indeed, an almost physical horror of the bridge that led from the happiness he had just left to the bitterness lying before, a horror that was like an actual barrier preventing him from crossing it. He sat for a moment or two swearing to himself as he stared across at the cottage, and then, slipping from his saddle, turned the pony loose, and flung himself to the ground.

He said to himself, half-sitting and half-lying, his fingers scraping among the loose stones on the fellside, that he would not enter the house that night. . . . He knew so well what it would be like,—the dirty kitchen and larder, the frowsty bedroom, the general air of confusion and desolation produced by its careless mistress. As he went in he would see Cattie's red cheeks flaring at him through the gloom, those curiously red cheeks that always looked as though they were painted. They were not painted, as he knew, from the days when he had cared enough to put his own against them, but they looked like it, nevertheless. He had sometimes found himself wishing that they actually *were* painted ; so that, one of these days, when the paint happened to be rubbed off, he might possibly find a human being underneath. . . .

For he had never found it yet. . . . In all the years that he had spent with Cattie she had never seemed to him quite a real woman. There were times when he felt that not only had she paint on her cheeks but in her

veins, so little was there in her to which it seemed possible to appeal. There was no spring of tenderness or humanity in her, as far as he could tell; no more than could be expected or discovered in a brightly coloured doll. . . .

Raising himself a little, he flung a stone idly in the direction of the beck. They had had heavy rains lately, and the water was still out. The grey streak of the stream flowed away on either hand until it was lost in the greyer dusk. Behind him the pony pulled raspingly at the strong fellside grass, munching contentedly in spite of its bridle. His dog, as tired as himself after the excitements of the day, lay with its head on its paws and shut lids set on the lightest of light springs.

He flung a second stone at an old tree-trunk half-submerged both by the water and by the shadow of the bridge, watching the grey curve of the missile as it swung upward and then down until it reached its objective. Miserable as he was, he was yet able to feel a thrill of pride in the correctness of his aim. He had always had a sure eye and a steady hand, and could still take pleasure in them, even though every stone that he threw reminded him of his first encounter with Cattie.

That encounter had taken place during one of his rare visits to the market-town, which was not only separated from him by the hills, but was a dozen miles away. There had been a fair in the place, that day, with hobby-horses in the evening, swinging-boats and cocoa-nut shies, and dancing, flaring lights. He had been the round of the shows, and was having his last shots at an Aunt Sally,—so many shots, indeed, and so successfully, that the showmen were getting tired of him. It was almost as if there was a fatal attraction for him in the great stuffed doll, with its blazing cheeks and twisted, leering mouth,—so much so that it seemed impossible for him to miss it. He had stopped for a

moment to exchange a word and a laugh with the little crowd that had gathered admiringly around him, and as he turned himself about he had caught sight of Cattie. Laughing up at him, with her bright cheeks and her mocking mouth, she had reminded him sufficiently of the Aunt Sally to spoil the effect of his next shot. He had left the booth, after that, and followed her about for the rest of the evening. He had flung things at her, too, he remembered now,—orange-peel and paper-pellets, comfits and—kisses. She had fled from him and he had pursued her, drawn by the attraction of her red cheeks as he had been drawn by the red cheeks of the Aunt Sally. And he had caught her in the end. . . .

He sat up straighter, flinging a stone more viciously than before in the direction of the stump. He hit it right enough, he felt sure, even though there was no answering rap from the sodden wood, but only a musical answer from the water. The pony munched a little nearer, making those loud, strange sounds that seem so much louder and stranger in the failing light. The dog opened its eyes and shut them again. Groping about in the dusk, he found another stone. . . .

Yes, he had caught her all right . . . and from the very first moment of their marriage things had gone all wrong. It seemed incredible to him now that he should ever have been foolish enough to believe that they could possibly go right. She had hated his life and all that it stood for from the start,—the valley and the sheep, the fratching hours when he was with her, and the empty hours when he was not. And by the end of the first month he had hated HER—her harsh voice and her hard soul, her red cheeks and her mocking mouth. . . .

He had grown more than ever to think of her as a sort of Aunt Sally, later on, seeing the colour fix in her cheeks and the tightening line of her lips. The likeness had accentuated the desire that had grown upon him to

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fling things at her coloured face. (He threw another stone now with an added force that made it sing in the air.) She had never known how often his hand had crept to his side, stinging and aching with the strength of that desire. That was why it would be better for him not to enter the cottage to-night. He had always been able to hold his hand until now, but he knew he would not be able to hold his hand to-night.

His mind swung back again over the pass, and sunk once more into the heart of the company he had left. The sheep-dog trials would be over by now, and shepherds and dogs would be thronging into the inn. There would be fire and light, drink and song. . . . The innkeeper's wife would be moving about the place, and the innkeeper's buxom lasses. Good-humoured, smiling women, satisfied with their lot. . . . Kindly and homely women, taking care of men, as men wanted to be taken care of, when the evening came. . . .

And for him there was nothing but the slatternly cottage across, with for wife and companion a foul-tongued Aunt Sally at which he might not throw. . . .

He got to his knees in a sudden frenzy of resentment and thwarted longing and something that was curiously like fear, flinging his stones in great, fierce flings at the motionless, sodden stump. He threw first with one hand and then with the other, the better to keep pace with the driving-power that was in him. He scrabbled furiously among the stones, and threw with both hands at once. . . . It was as if he flung his very self at the stump, his hatred and his long martyrdom and all the pent-up vengeance that he dared not wreak. He swore as he threw, and cried,—great, tearing sobs that set the dog whimpering in sympathy behind him. He threw until the whole world seemed full of whirling stones that yet went straight to their mark, until his arms slowed in spite of him . . . slowed and stopped . . . began and stopped . . . until at long last his strength gave out

altogether, and he sank down panting with his face against the grass. . . .

He stayed in that position for such a long time that when he lifted his head again the light had gone entirely. Only a grey streak against the greyer earth spoke to him of the river, with over it a more solid piece of the dark that he knew to be the bridge. He got to his feet unsteadily, feeling heavy in all his limbs. He knew himself to be tired beyond any tiredness he had ever known, and longed to be indoors. He must have the comfort of a roof-tree over him, he said to himself, even though it was the doubtful comfort of a roof that sheltered Cattie.

But at least there was no longer any reason why they should not be together. His rage had spent itself now, and had been succeeded by a dreary peace. He no longer felt any hatred for his wife, nor even his customary sensation of dull bitterness. For a moment, indeed, as he stood wrapped in the soft mantle of the thick hill-dark, a touch of glamour came to him out of the past, showing her as she had appeared to him on that first evening, mocking, indeed, but desirable and alluring, a laughing, coloured, dancing thing in a spinning circle of flame. . . .

The dog had risen silently as he rose, and at a wave of his hand rounded up the pony ; but when he got the latter to the bridge, he found that it would not cross it. Planting its forefeet, it leaned back against the rein, and by the vibration of the leather in his hand he knew that it was trembling. The dog had left his heels and was running up and down the bank, a piece of the dark that had got loose and was running, running, running. . . . It broke suddenly into loud barking,—crying and making little plunges at the old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge.

And suddenly he remembered that there was no old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge. . . .

THE ROAD TO DARMSTADT

By A. Lister-Kaye

I got into the train at Vienna. As we steamed through the Wienerwald I walked down the corridor to have a look at my fellow-travellers. By good fortune I discovered a friend. We greeted one another effusively, and inviting me to remain in his compartment he presented me to his friend—" Graf Keyserling " !

I looked in silent interest at this tall, much-discussed person. He seemed annoyed at the intrusion and at being interrupted. They were discussing the approaching end of our civilization. The baron put me *au courant.*

" The Graf was saying our culture is in danger unless we make an effort to save it. Its destruction may be compared to a Second Flood. Those who save our culture and transmit it to the future will be as the animals in the ark. The Graf is among those who are helping to build the Ark."

I mentally applied this simile of the Ark to his School of Wisdom. It came into being, I had been told, as a result of the " Travel Diary,* an appeal for further instruction having been made by so many of those who read this book. It may be wondered that so curiously objective a study should have been so inspiring. The reason is that " Knowledge operates in it, and the juxtaposition of the many world-views is not the essence, but that to each a deeper meaning is assigned." The journey had nothing actually to do with the book. He explains that . . . " its idea is that one whose centre

* Published April, 1925; by Jonathan Cape.

recedes far enough above all form can converse in the most varied cultured tongues." Its essence was bringing divergent rays to unity in a same centre. It is, of course, his effort to make thinks seem " worth while."

As we sped past the gloriously situated monastery of Melk, abode of much learning, we spoke of Progress. An ever-recurring theme in his teaching.

Progress, explained Keyserling, is not so much a change from false to right views as a growing convergence between idea and power of expressing it. We may always mean the same, but far later arrive at the suitable means of self-expression. The only real progress is greater depth, a deeper soul-consciousness.

He seemed to see Psyche lying in a heap in her pebbly stream, while Pan from his rock watches her with malignant pleasure. Materialism gloating over fainting soul. People are as desert sand, without soul, without faith, with no roots in the historical past. They disbelieve in and are impatient of authority. Authority, spiritual or temporal must be accepted in the idea or it ceases to exist. The roots of this disorder date back to the Reformation. Instead of authority, individual comprehension is the deciding factor. No one admits that individuals may be short-sighted, blind, or of inadequate understanding.

One of the signs of decay is the everything-made-easy system. Fatal to growth. An easy accumulation of facts, a smattering of superficial learning, this constitutes the standard of being well-educated. There is neither time nor inclination for thought. Life is arranged to avoid opportunity for thought. Acceleration is the only impetus. No one pauses to reflect that travelling is fastest when one is sliding downhill. Progress, we shout, as we tear madly along the road, oblivious that progress may be in the sense of the Nietzchean Wave. Change does not constitute progress upwards, it is the effort, the aim. Where there

is no effort and concentration there is no knowledge. Knowledge alone is creative. If our culture is to be saved an effort must be made.

No need to bring anything New to light, there is so much of the Old still unprobed! Confucius, the founder of Chinese culture, was proud of the fact that he gave form to the old. Keyserling's basis is, that acceptance of the reality of matter as opposed to spirit is fatal to soul. Spirit is reality. One of the happiest contributions to thought in the eighteenth century was Leibnitz's "infinite possibility." Reality, as we see it, is the symbol of the unseen; it is not the ultimate limit. Beyond the seen is possibility, which is unlimited. Beyond the "is," form, the word, lies the possible, the meaning, the idea. Western thought, following the lines of the Socratic inheritance, has laid stress on form, reality, and for the sake of accuracy and technical exactitude, on words as such. But beyond the literal interpretation of words lies their possible meaning, idea. They are means of contact with idea. Words are dead matter, without meaning, until vitalized by idea. Idea finds interpretation, like the sun in the dew-drops seeming a thousand, yet but one, in language, art, music, politics, to-day, yesterday, to-morrow. None separately gives the fulness of an idea. Only what expresses an idea is vital, and the expression of a vital idea demands the highest art. There are four stages in speech, articulation. First, a stringing together of words in which a man may be very eloquent and have nothing to say; second, the idea the writer or speaker intends to convey; third, the possible interpretation of his words; fourth, the coincidence of his idea with the one expressed, a unit of expression and idea.

In this now developing spiral we were brought to see that soul and man stand in the same relation to one another on a deeper level as idea to word. Hard as it is to express thought in words, it is even more so to live

thought. Thought should be lived. It should be the embodiment of a person's being. In proportion as we understand we can express, what we only half understand we only half express. Understanding comes by effort. Freedom, half understood, has been carried into the life of the soul, in disregard of the fact that to be free the soul must be a conscious soul and not an amorphous one. None but the most highly developed souls can find their fulfilment in the " Limitless without Name of Form." The lesser find in it their undoing.

A vision of motoring madly through the dark, dazzled by glaring head-lights rushing past one; the only thing preventing one from dashing into the oncoming motor, or from plunging off the road, was a thin white line delimiting a path on which one keeps a steady eye. What we need, he was saying, is a centre of steadiness, and it can only be found in the soul. More emphasis has been laid on establishing contact between words and things than between soul and the unseen. Without recognition of soul there can be no consciousness of it. For some time past there has been more concentration on intellect than on soul. But always qualities of soul outweigh intellect. England has more soul than intellect; Germany has more intellect.

It has become customary for logic or reason to be the deciding factor. This process has been not only not constructive but detrimental to soul. Reason is of matter, interprets materialism and has destroyed all the spirituality there was to destroy. Man having become its slave is a " prey to the contingency of the external." Socrates has remained for us the prototype of the " philosopher," or one who searches after truth, but not one who *knows*. There is no abstract truth. The only truth is idea, which transcends truth. Truth, as definition, recedes as we approach it, and leads away

from spiritual reality and Life. Christ saw beyond form and the appearance of things when He said : God is Love. By soul-vision He saw things contrary to what they seem. To an Oriental, who wants to express some detached idea from the unseen world, not to define the seen—a lie is nearer the truth. He believes that idea is of more importance than words. Untruth often conveys meaning more effectually than attempted exactitude. Women generally understand this indirect method of conveying an impression much better than men. The East has excelled in the spiritual sciences and the West in the exact. The one has concentrated on the unseen and the other on the seen.

A similar situation has arisen now to that when Socrates made his ill-fated attempt to raise the intellectual standard of his contemporaries. For his rash endeavour he was proclaimed a Perverter of Youth, condemned to death, and cultured Hellas came to an end. What could have saved them can save us : more Wisdom. Meaning a fusion of mind and soul. We suffer at present from the right amount to ruin ourselves. Wisdom is there ; it is for us to see it. Truth alone is not the quest, but wisdom. Those who *know* make a deeper impression than those who act. The Emperor Tschun sat with his face to the South and there was harmony. Repose. He knew. The most conscious is the most developed being, and consciousness is soul-consciousness, which alone can lead to wisdom. Our wise men have as a rule not been identified with philosophers, they are very often poets. Our greatest thinkers have rarely been wise. Socrates' work is ready for accomplishment ; Hegel having carried logic to its furthest apex, the era of Reason is now closed. The time has come for philosophy to demonstrate the deeper meaning underlying ethics, religion, and all which mankind has until now dimly intuited. The philosopher should strive for perfect wisdom,

fixing his centre in the realm of Idea, and externalize his deepest knowledge. Interpret anew, for instance, the eternal idea underlying Christ's words, beyond the form of which lies still unfathomed meaning to every age. Simple-looking sayings have often the deepest meaning, and the difficult no greater depth than their difficulty. Where nothing is explained all may be understood. Each individual within the limits of his capacity is able to understand what in the case of higher capacity becomes wisdom. Highest wisdom speaks not to the few but to the many. The wisdom of Christ, Krishna, or Buddha excludes no one, for all can understand without great knowledge and with great knowledge still understand. In the sphere of absolute values saint and sage are equal. They are the keynote of life.

Wisdom is for all, but the wise only should teach. The function of the wise is to define in new form the Eternal Idea. Form changes, Idea is imperishable. Idea must be expressed in terms of the Age. The spirit of an Age is oftenest intuited by its artists, who first give it interpretation. No really gifted artist expresses himself in an out-of-date style. But the men of deepest insight are not the artists but the statesmen. The Church was the school of Faith, the University for learning. We now require a school for Wisdom, where we can be taught not to be fragments or thought-machines, but to be our own thought, to act it, to live it. That the word become "flesh" in each one, our being the embodiment of our thought. The school of wisdom must primarily influence a man's being. It must be something between Church and University, for the building of a man's intellect and the spiritualizing of his soul, so that not faith alone, nor learning, but a trinity of faith, learning, and life become an active higher consciousness. Since we become what we can visualize and mould ourselves on the already known, by sketching saints people become saints. Also wise.

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But they must first have a distinct conception of what wise means.

If people only see in a philosopher a learned man or a professor they can derive no other impression from him. Words are limited to our knowledge of their meaning, but that does not prove that there is nothing more to understand in them. In itself a word tells us nothing, it is a senseless sound, like buzz of bees or a foreign tongue. It is our experience, knowledge, which gives it meaning. The idea only that gives it life, is Life. In the beginning all was silence,—chaos. Then God spoke and the World was. Slumbering Eros was quickened by Logos. Without Logos what was Eros? In this further sense, the grasp of the idea equals the degree of life. The Word is understanding consciousness, without which everything is meaningless. Our thought is our centre. What we think and live towards we realise, for the Life-principle is subjective. The Messiah came because the Jews had always expected Him. He was the externalisation of their thought. Each one can have his thought and live it, from labourer to statesman. It grows within. To know what we are and be it, is the Idea. Each has something to voice if he only knows it. There is no help for people who do not know what they want. The urge comes only from within. This urge is towards completion.

The complete fool, I thought hopefully, is better than half a fool. While Blake's comment was, "If a fool would but persist in his folly he would become wise."

Even the man of narrow views, Keyserling continued, unconscious of the interruption, who is consistent in his thought, whose thought is an integral part of himself, is doing more to express an idea than one of broad views, whose thought is general thought, herd-thought, no-thought. Even prejudices are a form of soul life.

It was not a surprise to hear him say that spiritual

awakening is always possible, that we are capable of growing, developing, unfolding soul. Inertia though is the line of least resistance. It was the line of least action that led to the belief in God, according to Maupertuis! What are needed, he told us, are initiative, vision, understanding, flexibility, for whatever is not expressive of the Age is like a dead language, an empty formula, which when it ceases to have meaning drops out of usage. This applies also to classes and types. A type exists only so long as it is representative of something, has some stimulus behind it. Without this initiative and personal effort derived from understanding there can be no improvement in the particular or in the universal. Life and History do not forgive those who do not understand. Witness the Last of the Romanoffs. If external circumstances are to improve, the inner man must be improved. The Chinese recognized this long ago, one of the many things understood by us now. We repeat it often, forget it again, and seldom live it. Suppose, for instance, all were Christians instead of only calling themselves so, there would be no difficulty in our understanding one another.

When we get deep enough men always mean the same, only they cannot understand one another from different levels. Minds dwelling on a same level understand one another without the necessity of explaining. If behind Socialism as such we understood that a deeper meaning, inadequately voiced in socialist programmes, and which was the economic and legal formula of the age for the eternal sense of solidarity, was trying to find expression we should pass beyond party and strife. It is some such dim recognition of this fact that has given Bolshevism its immense power. By grasping the deeper meaning we can also externalize a new form of it. Constantine the Great grasped the idea of the need for the Roman Empire of the spiritual support of the Christian Church. He transferred to a deeper level what on the shallow one appeared a peril.

Instead of opposing he understood the underlying unity of their aims : to rule. In this sense Lao-tse says : the weak are stronger than the strong ; and the flowing than the frozen. Total misapprehension was shown in the Treaty of Versailles. It formulated not peace but war. The Entente failed to co-relate on the deeper level what they recognize as true on the shallow, that not division but unity makes peace. In subsequently setting up the League of Nations they showed no progress in understanding. Ideologists grasp an idea but by incorporating it in arid systems and programmes they sterilize it. Neither the League nor an Ara Pacis has gone deep enough. Charlemagne with his "imperial idea" was nearer. Rays of light follow a curve, the straight line misses the mark. A Bismarck and a Stinnes have a deeper insight and very likely the peace of Europe will be achieved by men of far-sighted, egoistic and economic interests, and not by idealists. Why have ideals been found so shattering? Because ideals cannot conform to programmes, they must be lived. When there is dissonance between word and idea, life and thought, then "doth confusion make its masterpiece." It is a house divided against itself. Why did Germany stir world hatred against her? Because of her incompetence in self-ut·erance. There was a fatal divergence between what she expressed and what she was. Without knowledge, without soul-consciousness, there is no consonant self-expression.

This higher wisdom of which Keyserling speaks is not unattainable. He himself points out that the great figures of the past are the forerunners of a quite possible general standard. What Prometheus was the first to achieve every worker in a match-factory can do to-day. Again, in the England of to-day the standard of "gentleman" is a universal one. The progress we can make now is far greater than any in the world's history. The impulse given by Christ is ripe for realization. He can only now be fully understood. We

are at the beginning of an epoch when error can lose its dominion, for we have understood that it is our attitude of mind which determines the power of antagonistic forces. The strength of Sin is the Law. Good,—meaning tending to life as opposed to Evil tending to death,—can always retire to a level where Evil cannot reach it. That is why in the end Good must triumph. If there is to be real freedom it is not by the realization of any programmes of universal blessings, which are either utopias or swindles, but through a greater soul-consciousness by means of which complete freedom is attained and control of our destinies. The unmeasured depths of soul are as limitless as Space.

Never to turn or look back, like Lot's wife, but to press forward, beyond, to the furthest limits, in affirmation of life is Keyserling's idea. Andromeda bound to her bare rock of poverty is Negation, released by Perseus the sun-god, who is wealth, Affirmation of Life. Perseus always comes. It is for us to see him as the shining hero. If not, Andromeda remains bound by her chains of negativity. Our lives need to be fuller, richer, deeper. Wealth of life is in affirmation not in negation, not in a greater asceticism but in a fuller acceptance. Not to be less but to be more self-expressive in one's work and life, to render the best possible. There is no need to give up a "calling" but to put more into it. All work is equally important, and every "profession" equally noble. The inequality is in him who does it. He emphasizes,—and emphasis in the right place is all-important,—that every one has his "niveau" where fullest development is possible. There is no need to bother about what "one" should do. The question is only, what should "I" do? There is a life's work in that "I." "Better to fulfil one's own however humble Dharma than anyone else's illustrious one," says Khrishna. He says to business

people not to bring ideals into business : profit is its very essence, it is the basis of Life, and anyone acting in a contrary sense is not improving but spoiling his work. Wealth should be extended in a fuller return and a deeper *understanding of responsibility*. The quality of a man is what he gives to his fellow-creatures, not what he takes from them. Those who take and give nothing are parasites. If the least of workers wants to give his least work it is because the highest have set the standard of taking the most and giving the least. The acceptance of gifts without an equivalent return is dangerous to soul for all but the highest and best. Capitalism has arrogated to itself the "right" to take without giving an equal return : that is, to give amply in the interest of the Community, corresponding to the greatness of its economic power. The greatest Romans held it their privilege to spend their wealth in benefiting the community. Agrippa not only built baths and the Pantheon for the Romans, but provided them with games, distributions of food, &c. The responsibility of possession demands that in proportion as a man receives he must render in full measure. The claim that only workers have income rights is a re-statement of this elementary principle. Generosity is the measure of noble birth, and it is below not above, that nobility is most often found in these days. Less conscience and not more is the stamp of the topmost strata at present.

In conclusion, I have not pursued my journey further to Darmstadt. I have stood wavering at the cross-roads, reading the sign-post. His last words were : We become the prisoners of our decisions. Until we decide we are free. What is begun in this life finds completion in the next. There is no voluntary development in the next Life. It is this Life that determines.

A CHARMING OLD MAN

By Mary Arden

YOUTH ! Youth ! Firm chin, rounded cheek, laughing eyes. " What a delightful boy ! " Manhood. Tall and slight. Always holding himself erect, bearing his head with such splendid dignity through the years. " Sixty-five if a day, my dear, but *so* handsome ! " And then . . . " What a *charming* old man ! " Yes, charming. The perfect word. Incredibly right. Simply *complete*. That triumph to which he had come, as it were, through a travail of years, and which hung like a silver aura about him—perfect, complete. . . .

" Strictly amateur, my dear sir," he said, bending forward across the luncheon table, " strictly amateur, but I *do* like a good game now and then, and there's a lawn, a good lawn. . . ." With his left hand and his fork he made a little gesture towards the sunny boarding-house window, " You've tried it, I dare-say. . . ."

" Well, sir, no," said the little weak-voiced man opposite, " I can't say I have. Croquet? I don't think I've ever played, but there are experts here I fancy," and he let his languid blue eyes travel about the crowded dining-room, " Miss Stedworthy, for instance, and among all these August visitors, of course, one never knows. So many flowers are born to blush unseen, as they say. . . ."

" Hum, lose their tempers, these women. Never knew one that didn't yet. Playin' with them. What's in it? Keep out o' their way, that's all. *Go* for yer hoop. . . ."

" Quite right, sir, yes . . ." but he wasn't listening, the little man.

" Do you ever read poetry, Colonel? " he asked. " Some wonderful things have been done in that line, I think. I remember when I first read ' In Memoriam,' as a boy at school.

" Calm is the morn *without a sound.* . . ."

He stopped. He looked fixedly at the line of glittering sea that quivered out there beyond the lawn and the bright red arrogant clumps of geraniums and the railing and the esplanade, as if he were trying to catch through all this clatter of knives and forks a murmur—Mmm-ssh-ah-ah! of the waves.

" Wonderful! " he said.

" Eh? " said the Colonel. " No, I don't." And under his beautiful white moustache he let his mouth stay open. There were some things which after a long life, a very long life, one *wouldn't* a' believed. Or—or never had believed in an' couldn't now.

" My dear sir," he was beginning admonitory, " don't you. . . ." but a gentle hand pressed his arm.

" Father dear," said the voice of his only, his devoted daughter, " do eat your dinner now. Some people are almost at cheese. . . . These pears are really very nice. So cool, and I'm surprised that they know at a place like this *how* to cook them. I used to say to Freda, ' Now let them stew and stew and stew *very* slowly,' and she never would. She'd serve them all white and still quite hard. There were some things she never *could* understand, just as when I used to tell her *not* to put your things to warm so *near* the fire. . . ."

" I suppose you wouldn't care for game o' croquet, my dear? "

" Oh, no, father, not on a hot afternoon like this, and surely you wouldn't either, not in *that* sun. No, no, sunstroke 'd be the very least. You let me take your

deck-chair over to the clump of laurels in that nice patch of shade. I was there yesterday. You watch the sea and the people and are so cool and comfortable all the while. I was surprised. No one else came and invaded the whole afternoon. I was quite to myself."

"For you to sit in th' shade, my dear, is all very well, *very* nice. But you don't seem to realize—there's a difference. I shall—I shall go into th' town an' do some shoppin'."

"What is it you need, dear? I can——"

"Several things, Kate. Important. Do 'em myself. . . ." But even as he spoke the enthusiasm he had felt for—well, really, for what?—drained away. Like fine sand, Frooo! it went through the sieve and was gone. And he didn't care any more. Why care? One had no *part*. Why care? . . . Och, what was that beastly thing on his neck? He put down his knife. But Kate had already seen. With an abstracted air, as if she didn't know what her right hand did, she flicked with a corner of napkin and the fly was gone.

"Oh, well," he said, "a bit hot perhaps. After all I've not finished *The Times* to-day."

So together they carried out his deck-chair across the lawn.

"Let me carry it, let me!" He put one hand on to the end and kept it there. His feet, always unbent at the instep, made a pleasant noise on the soft grass. Very pleasant. But how hot it was! Under the little corduroy smoking cap he'd insisted on putting on, he thought he felt some sweat collect. A long way off, it seemed, they would come to the patch of shade. But he didn't mind the distance. He felt amiable and rather happy.

Three little children had begun to play ball. They shouted and laughed. What a butter-fingers that youngster was! Catch it, now, catch it! Aw, missed again! He'd never quite made up his mind whether

he really liked little children or not. Now he thought that he did. Fancy running about like that in the heat! Surely they oughtn't to be allowed!

"Don't you think it's rather hot for those children to be out, my dear?"

"Yes. Their mother's a careless woman. I saw her just now in the hall gossiping with that person Mrs. Weldon."

They crossed a narrow gravel path and here came the shade. Briskly Kate unfolded his chair. He lowered himself into it. On one side he could see the front—not many people walking along there now—on the other the lawn, the children playing, the flower-beds, the house.

"Now, dear, I'm going indoors for a while. You'll be quite comfortable here?"

"Yes, yes, Kate. Yes, quite, thank you. . . ." And he watched her thin, retreating figure. She was of his begetting. How strange that seemed! How strange! How alien she was! How different! Strange! Strange! Suddenly the word was a quintessence for him. Strange! And it seemed that in all this world he saw with his eyes nothing was familiar, nothing was close and real. Nothing. And yet, in a sort of way, those children on the lawn were more real, more familiar to him than Kate.

Now the smallest of them—a little girl in a blue and white check frock—suddenly, for no reason that he could see, broke away from the game and trotted over to the gravel path that ran along close before him. Now she was on the path itself. Going quickly. Tremendous purpose on her little face. Smack! Oh, dear, what a tumble! Up again. Let's see. No harm done. She managed to get to her feet and for a moment looked blankly astonished. Then came the storm. Oh-oh-oh! She wept drearily, and the tears spouted out so fast.

" Come, come," he said, getting up stiffly from his :hair, " let's see if we can't make things better again."

He went over to her. She let him guide her along nto the shade. She still wept and didn't look at him. He sat down again and held her between his knees, vhile he got out a beautiful smooth, yellowish silk andkerchief and fumblingly wiped her eyes with it, hen began to dab at a scratch there was on her knee.

" Oh, not much," he said, " looks much worse'n t is. Very soon be well. We'll tie the handkerchief ound, shall we? " Slowly he formed a knot behind he knee.

" There, there," he said, as she still wept, " we :an't have any more tears, nothin' to wipe them away vith now."

" Oh-oh-oh ! " But gradually she stopped, and ıow, yes, it was over. She stared at him critically.

" You've got a *big* tear," she said.

" Oh, yes, yes, but that's different. No good wipin' hat. It never goes away." He pulled her up on to ıis knee and began carefully to explain how a long ime ago in the wars he had got a piece of shot in by ıis tear gland, and now there would always be a tear.

" You get quite used to it," he said.

" Children, children ! Dickie ! Nellie ! Florrie ! Come in *at once* ! " There was the careless woman tanding in the door-way.

" I think that's your mother, isn't it, little girl? "

" Ye-es." She smiled crookedly, got off his knee ınd trotted away. Half-way across the lawn she had ın after-thought :

" Good-bye."

He waved one of his hands slowly to and fro like norse signalling and nodded his head.

Now the hot afternoon buzzed over the empty lawn, ver the almost deserted front. The green seat on the ther side of the railing. Phew ! It must be too hot

to touch! Over on the dazzling metallic sea there was one little boat with a white sail. He closed his eyes . . .

The fierceness went from the sun, the light changed. A little breeze sprang up and a lot of small sails appeared on the sea as if fanned there by the draught. The people walking along the front began to have long pointing shadows. There was a buzz of conversation now, in the welcome cool.

"Please, sir," a husky voice said in his ear, "Madame told me to tell you she's very sorry, but she's got a touch of headache and is lying down, and she says it's late and wouldn't you like some tea?"

He opened his eyes. There stood that little scared creature of a maid, twisting her large hands together over her apron.

"All right," he said, "I'll go in."

He got up, feeling as if all his bones had been screwed tight, went over to the house, and climbed the dark stairs.

Tap! Tap!

"May I come in, Kate?"

"Yes, do, dear," she said, and as he entered her room, "I've been wondering what you were doing."

"Have you had tea?" he asked.

"Of course. A long time ago. It'll be *dinner* time soon." She tossed her head fretfully on the pillow. "Why didn't you come in sooner than this?"

"Oh, I—I had a bit of a nap, y' know. The heat. How's your head now, my dear?"

"Oh, it might be worse. I shall get up for dinner, of course."

"Anythin' I can do?"

"No, no, dear, thank you very much. Nothing."

He stood awkwardly by the door, smoothing the handle with his hand. This mood of hers he felt was—difficult. Surely one ought to do *something*! But

what? What? Puzzled, he looked at that thin person lying on the bed.

"Would you rather I—I just left you quiet for a bit?"

"Yes, yes, dear, please."

"Very well." He went out, closing the door softly.

"In the old days, when she was a child," he thought, "what a sweet little thing she was! How we used to understand each other then!" And he saw himself sitting in the old drawing-room in his uniform at tea-time, sitting very straight up with Kate across one knee, while he fed her with bits of much-too-rich currant cake. His moustache moved up and down while he munched himself.

"I cut off your moustache. Snip, snip!" she said, and snipped an end with two stiff little fingers.

He didn't want any tea. He lit his pipe and wandered slowly out, through the garden and on to the esplanade. He had a queer feeling he couldn't define. He just said:

"It's all a strange business, very strange. . . ."

The sea was beginning to have that opaque, milky look of evening. The sky was clear and soft. He felt that it overarched a world that was strange indeed. Most of the people seemed to be couples walking arm-in-arm.

What place had he in such a world: what business there—he who had lived so long ago?

"A long time ago," he thought, "hoch! yes, not that it is. Not so many years after all. But yet—it is! . . . What a tongue-tied chap I am! Never could put a thought into words. What in the world do I mean, I wonder now? Well, well!" He sat down at the extreme end of a seat whose other end was occupied. The girl had her arm round the man's neck in a shameless way.

Puff! Puff! The Colonel drew on his pipe and

looked straight ahead. . . . And out of that other far-off life he heard :

" I'm so alone without you ! Ah, so alone ! I love you so ! "

I love you so ! Well, well ! But what was the good of thinking of things—just *thinking?* None whatever. Led to sentimentality, that was all. . . . Dinner time nearly by now, he supposed. Slowly he got up and slowly returned.

BROADCASTING

By A. C. Benson

CALL me the mirthful spirits, every one,
To solace me, to sate my craving ears
With all the babblement beneath the sun,
The jests men flourish to disguise their fears.

Fall from the sky, and ripple into song,
O sounding string, O wind made musical !
Conspiring dreams, that would your grace prolong
To cheat the silence that awaiteth all.

Hush, hush, ye chiding spirits ! Be content
With what ye prate of, with the world ye span.
Leave me the all-enfolding firmament !
This only know I,—that the heart of man
Is sweeter than the idle word he saith,
And silence is the noblest gift of Death.

A DAY WITH THE GOLDEN TREASURY

By L. A. Morrison

I think a day with *The Golden Treasury* is a day when labour is apt to wear an honest face, and the rewards are in the round and auriferous. Often I push aside in a fit of more or less honest petulance my Theories of this and Psychologies of that, and sundry other Studies and Monographs, and slip a cheap edition of Palgrave into the sagging pocket of my old golfing jacket (I am a duffer at golf, but the loose habiliments of the game suit my taste), and go out on to the uplands, and it may be climb the sunward slopes of Tinto to its mist-engulfed " Tap." Go out, if you please, like Thoreau : determined to make a day of it. There, on the verdurous flanks of Tinto if anywhere, is the place to browse on the Heliconian pastures, in company with and after the fashion of the nibbling tups and ewes. After all, their methodical cropping and munching of the succulent blades of green grass is very regulative to observe ; one cannot help ruminating (Gabriel Oak like) after their kind ; and the taste of some of the pastoral lyrics in Palgrave seems to borrow the flavour of the herbal juice which the sheep find so satisfying. But my chief reason for the companionship of the *Treasury* is other : that (as Wordsworth perceived) " the common, unaided senses of man are not equal to the realization of the world." I must borrow (unless I am one of them) the spectacles of the poets. They gather together the stray gleams of my vision, circumscribe and concentrate the powers of my affection. They

take the tossing hazels, flaming gorse, hyacinth patches, sombre pines, dappled sky, and, "with brede ethereal wove," compose them into a picture that is literal and yet a figure, luminous with a significance I should otherwise have missed. They reveal what shapes they are which haunt thought's wildernesses, shapes of tragedy, irony, umbered or scimitar-edged beauty. As I let my eye wander about me, from the bright watersmeet of tributary streams to Symington's russet woods in autumn glory, where

> with chiming Tweed
> The lintwhites sing in chorus,

and then glance between the covers of my little green book, it is a case of "beauty making beautiful old rhyme," and who shall deny that something fragmentary but imperishable remains with me (if only until dusk) between

> The beauty coming and the beauty gone?

Even the cacophony in the thickets towards Thankerton is a reminder of the time when England was a nest of singing birds, and when "a sudden song from some rare throat" pierces the thick skin of my consciousness and sets me subcutaneously tingling, I turn to relieve my feelings to the sonneteer who sang so sweetly and similarly from a bough by Avon. And what with Shakespeare and Shelley may only have been an imaginative experience becomes for me, as they distil it after long keeping in the wood, a spiritual experience. My soul (no longer spell-bound) swims out into the sea of life surrounding me, or that life imbues my soul with a sense of eternality. "When we bethink us," says a very fine writer, "that our hearts beat and our blood flows through a virtue which blossoms in the flowers, which for the birds is wings and happiness, and which night and day unfurls a new flower over our heads, then we have passed from the transitory to the permanent."

It is not difficult, for example, to hear " The horns of Elfland faintly blowing " as your heart swells with the music of the " Ode to the West Wind " while the elemental Æolus stirs among the birks about you,

> And each tall tapering crest is stirred,
> and the eternal whisper heard.

Or so I imagine. For it is not at all difficult to imagine (however handicapped you are in sensibility) when you have a volume of poetic imagery beside you clearly and beautifully embodying the ideas born in you of communication with Nature, ideas unresting until given substance and form in the felicity of exact poetic expression. But there is more in the *Treasury's* companionship than that; though indeed it is a great deal. Hear Emerson: " There is some *awe* mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, *that which I also had wellnigh thought and said* . . ."

This is where the *Treasury* comes in, a complementary channel to that by which Nature's delight flows to us.

> Sweet Robin sits on the bush
> Singing so rarely.

But the expression of the rarity of the song of so commonplace a bird (if any bird can be called commonplace) would have escaped us but for a Scott to articulate it. So, but for Keats, the " high requiem " of the nightingale when dusk, with its opiate wand, has touched us to fitting mood. So, at high noon, the " bee-loud glade," had not both Keats and Mr. Yeats moved us to accept its " magic murmuring." Sound, in truth, is a secret of the poets: the onomatopoetic communication of what hardly can be captured let alone communicated. " Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo."

It comes to this, then. " The economy of Heaven is

dark," as Charles Lamb cryptically muttered ; the opening of a flower may irradiate it ; but only with the aid of the spectacles of the poets can we see in the sudden illumination, and comprehend a revealed cosmos in which

> The swans on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow.

Only with the assistance of their hyper-sensitive imagination can we envisage the universe as it ideally is, as it blooms again in the poet's mind. In the words of that forgotten critic, Von Hans Hecht, of whom someone wrote so well in the old *Athenæum* : " A fine imagination, like the presence of Eve, gives a second vegetation to the beauties of Nature." It is this second vegetation which the companionship of the *Treasury* brings to pass as we explore the countryside.

Then, with the panorama of Nature unfolding about you and its ideal interpretation in your mind, esoteric problems seem to resolve themselves. In the face of Nature, it does not seem to matter very much whether its beauty exists apart from our consciousness or only exists because of it and in it and as it ; whether the attributes we distinguish in the objects we perceive are absolutely possessed by these objects, or whether, as Kant says, they are merely phenomena explicable from the nature of the mind itself. Objects would be objectless—or object-lesson-less—as far as our spiritual natures were concerned, if we were able somehow to separate them from the emotions they arouse and intelligence they convey as our senses come into contact with them. We may not dissever morality from beauty. " Art for art's sake " was never a more barren formula (if we divest it of what some sleight-of-word experts have introduced into it) than when confronted, say, with the " God's-eye view " from some intermediary standpoint like Tinto. We cannot, without paying dearly for our self-suppression, check our inner responses to

the external life about us. After all, if God created Nature, man in whom His Spirit dwells must recreate it in his own image. When he has done so, according to his conscience, he finds that " The whole of Nature is a metaphor of the human mind." It *is*, you see, in his own image. How could it be otherwise, when the human mind is a microcosm of the divine? When " the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens " is only the boundary between the visible dial-plate and the invisible workings? Surely it is extraordinarily satisfying to the mind of man in his contemplative hours to know that, as Emerson puts it, " day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God "? And that he—man—may, by his mind, penetrate to the essential core of these things, extract their ideas, and give them the symbolic expression for his own understanding of them? Surely his mind is in this way the link between the invisible God, on the one hand, and visible Nature on the other, by which the insoluble riddle of existence is solved, the meanings of the one interpreted in the language of the other, on which plane the two opposites meet and are seen as symmetrical about the pole of his being? The natural antagonism which Mr. Santayana's logic posits in his warning to those who " shatter Nature to discover God " is based on a false premise and does not exist, any more than the supposed antagonism between life and art, morality and beauty, patriotism and Christianity.

But it may be we are passing, now, beyond the bounds of our subject. It is a far cry from Palgrave to Santayana, though the leap through the void, when taken, leads to fascinating adventures in the realm of thought—which, be it said, is the golden purpose of a day with the " Treasury." No other. But there is this to be underlined: If we examine the language we employ—our stock of similes and metaphors and idioms

—old coinages and those newly struck—and believe (as we cannot help believing after a dispassionate inspection) in the "radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts," we must agree with Emerson, I fancy, that Nature *is* the mind in metaphor. Nature inspires the poet, and the poet animates Nature with his inspired expression of it. He has seen Nature as symbolic, and the result is poetic symbolism. And I think it happens thus. As he gazes deeply on the face of Nature with his "seeing eyes," material appearances seem to evanesce, fade, and dissolve themselves into their natural background, and their spiritual outlines to emerge, exquisitely defined where the light of the inner vision falls on them. His plastic mind consequently becomes engraven (as with letters on soft bark) with these symbolic lines and curves—these images. I think this was the origin of the theory of symbolism. Anyhow, all truly great poetry is symbolic, and its symbolism is taken from Nature, whose symbols were the first emanations of Divinity. "Who looks," asks Emerson, "upon a river in meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things?"

It is a pertinent question. And it is only one of the numberless questions aroused by a day in the country with *The Golden Treasury*. The mind is a lively fold indeed by the time we turn homeward, its beautiful flocks excitedly crowding each other and clamouring for outlet; which (God willing and scrivener's palsy abating) they shall have. But happen that as it may, the proximity of *The Golden Treasury* is a very present help when silence "sits drooping."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Rudolf Steiner: A Personal Impression.—At a French railway station a few weeks ago I procured an English newspaper: on opening it I saw the announcement of the death of Doctor Rudolf Steiner, the Founder of the Gœtheanum Theatre and School in Dornach, Switzerland.

Beyond one or two meagre notices, nothing to my knowledge has appeared in the English Press which would lead one to suppose that in this country the extraordinary powers of Rudolf Steiner have received recognition in spite of the fact that he has a following in every country in Europe, and also in America, and has exercised a profound influence in such various realms of science and art as architecture, in eurhythmy—a new art of movement—painting, sculpture, and in medicine.

Doctor Steiner was a theosophist and a master of the Rosicrucian system of Mysticism, who united in himself the two streams of Eastern and Western Esoteric wisdom. He possessed a profound knowledge of the ancient Indian scriptures and expressed the deepest veneration for the ancient religions communicated to the human race. He believed, however, that the divine revelation was continuous, given by widely differing manifestations, adapted to an ever changing condition of human development. As a European he felt the profound significance to Westerners of the Rosicrucian philososphy, and believed that in the lives and the writings of modern thinkers and poets and in particular in the life and the writings of the poet Goethe, were to be found the seeds of a new era, opening immediately to the more advanced portions of the human race. To occultists in general he was by almost universal consent the foremost living master, working in the world amongst men

and women, possessing the rare and extraordinary gift of a fully conscious clairvoyance entirely independent of any mediumship and independent of the condition of trance. Both mediumship and the condition of trance were deprecated by him. He believed these states to be a return to past conditions, rather than an advance towards the goal of spiritual development. He sought to instruct his pupils to reach the successive stages of Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition, by which those who aspire in these modern days to spiritual vision may attain access to the spiritual world which is connected with the physical world as cause is connected with its effect.

Upon me, a member of the outer circle of the Society which he founded, unable to bring any standard of my own as a measurement of his great wisdom, he made an impression as an incarnation of burning love —love breaking down barriers that hem in the human race, and love to those around him, expressed in daily life as a great gentleness which is the flower of great strength. All the kingdoms of the mind were open to him but it was not enough for him to see and to know : he was impelled to the almost impossible task of communicating his vision and his knowledge. His patience and persistence, his energy and sacrifice seemed illimitable. Day by day, depriving himself of the sleep to others indispensable, with incredible and apparently inexhaustible energy he laboured, teaching in the lecture room to graded classes ; ever ready to meet his pupils in private audience—founding schools for children based upon deep study and understanding of human nature, training the teachers, and keeping closely in touch with their work, conducting medical research ; and with all these and many other incessant activities showing unfailing courtesy to everyone. Complex as were his creative interests the keynote of his character was simplicity. He moved amongst crowds

unassuming as a well-bred child, and gave one, in a social assembly, an impression of almost shyness, apparently pleased if anyone went up to him and opened conversation ; yet he seemed to know by instinct if any in the gathering specially needed him, and in that case he would find them out at once.

I connect this love and gentleness with Steiner's interpretation of the mission of Christ to this earth. The wisdom manifested in all Nature, in the revolution of the stars, in the structure of the physical body, and in every adaptation of life, was, he held, by virtue of the incarnation of the Christ Spirit to develop in this present earth period into the manifestation of love, as the flower develops from its root. Humanity, when brought in the course of his appointed destiny to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ, was to be the hierarchy of love and freedom, and this earth planet had, he taught, been chosen as the sphere for the development of these particular qualities unknown in their perfection to the angels and archangels in all the companies of heaven.

It was this flame of divine love that inspired him with prodigious energy, and led him to the sacrifice of the natural physical powers with which he was endowed, so that the burning of the building*—the Goetheanum—which was his great work—became the symbol of the burning up of his own body. The most touching thing of all to me was that he wanted to remain with us—that he, to whom the world beyond mortal life was a homeland, fought with his spirit and with his will not to forsake those to whom he was a light and a way. He foresaw and foretold impending trouble on the earth, and he wanted to go through it with his disciples, his spiritual children. But great initiate as he was, he knew that he himself and all the human

* The disaster took place, a result of incendiarism, on the eve of New Year's Day, 1923.

race were under the direction of greater beings whose purpose and will he accepted.

Great as was the power of life manifested by Rudolf Steiner in his life on earth, to those who accept him as their teacher that power is greater upon them now that he has passed over into the unseen world and has made himself one with those spiritual forces which are bringing to birth a new era upon the earth.—MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

GOETHE'S CRITICAL CREDO.—Herewith receive a corroboration of the criticism of the criticism of Sinclair Lewis's novel in the April ADELPHI, from no less a man than Wolfgang von Goethe himself—a man as great as any of the great men you usually fall back upon when defending your religion against irreligious attackers—and one of *exactly* the same *kind* (for he is aware as much as any of them "worauf es eigentlich ankommt," and is always concerned and preoccupied with solving the elusive problem of the *livingness* of life, while his contemporaries—not altogether excluding Schiller—are engaged in crude theoretical discussions), in short, a man whom, for some curious reason, you persistently ignore.

Anyhow, the passage underlined, is *your* opinion, expressed a hundred and twenty-four years ago. But I enclose the whole correspondence on the subject, started by Schiller (also not a fool!), and dealt with by Goethe,—and I suggest that you have it printed in the ADELPHI for the illumination of mankind.

When one thinks of the works of Anton Tchehov and the criticism he was always met with in his time—that he had no *ideals*, &c!!!—or let us say, Goethe's own delightful *Hermann und Dorothea*, in the light of Goethe's critical credo, and compares these simple works of art, with, let us say, the poem of my

Innsbruck friend, called *Der Heereszug Gottes*—the most elevated kind of bunkum that you can think of, the difference becomes particularly acute. And it seems to me, moreover, that most of your opponents misunderstand you on this very point and think that you have grown solemn and didactic and so require from a novelist that he talk solemnly and ponderously of *elevated* things only, preferably of Man, God, and the Universe—at least the most stupid of them do.

Schiller to Goethe (March 27th, 1801).

A few days ago I attacked Schelling for an assertion in his *Transcendental Philosophy*: "In Nature the beginning is made from the Unconscious and the effort is to raise it to the Conscious; in Art, on the contrary, the movement is from the Conscious to the Unconscious." Certainly he is here concerned only to make the distinction between the product of Nature and the product of Art, and so far he is quite right. But I am afraid that these idealist gentlemen are prevented by their ideas from paying enough attention to fact; and in fact the Poet also begins only with the Unconscious, yes and must count himself lucky if through the clearest consciousness of his operations he manages to discover the first dim total idea of his work undiminished in the completed piece. Without a dim, but powerful total idea previous to all technical operations, no work of poetry can come into being; and poetry, it seems to me, consists precisely in the ability to utter and communicate that unconscious idea—that is, to transpose it into an object. The non-poet can be affected just as much as the poet by a poetical idea, but he cannot express it in an object, he cannot exhibit it as having a claim to necessary existence. So, likewise, the non-poet, just as much as the poet, can produce something with consciousness and necessity; but such a work does not begin in the Unconscious, and does not end therein. Unconsciousness and thoughtfulness combined make the poetic artist.

In recent years in the effort to raise Poetry to a higher *degree* of excellence, the conception of it has been confused. Anyone who is able to transpose his condition of feeling into an object in such a fashion that this object compels me to pass into that condition of feeling, thus having a living effect upon me—I call a Poet, a maker. But not every poet, by virtue of that, attains the highest *degree* of excel-

lence. The degree of his completeness depends upon the richness, the content, he has in himself, and therefore represents outside himself, and on the degree of necessity his work exercises. The more subjective his feeling, the more fortuitous it is. Totality of expression is demanded from every work of Poetry, because it must have individuality, or it is nothing; but the complete poet expresses the whole of humanity.

There are, at the present time, many men so cultivated that only the wholly excellent satisfies them, but they themselves are unable to produce even a little bit of good work. They cannot *make* anything; the road from subject to object is barred to them: but this is the very step that makes the Poet for me.

Similarly, there have been and are Poets enough, who can produce a good and individual piece of work, but they do not satisfy those high demands with their work. These, I say, lack the *degree;* the others lack the *kind;* and I think the distinction is not made clearly enough to-day. Whence comes an unprofitable and interminable controversy between them which does no good to art: for the former, who take up their position in the vague realm of the Absolute, oppose to their enemies only the obscure *idea of the highest,* but the latter have the *fact* on their side, which, though limited, is real. And nothing can come of an idea without a fact.

I do not know whether I have expressed myself clearly enough. I would like to know what you think on this matter. . . .

Goethe to Schiller.

As regards the questions touched on in your last, I am not merely of your own opinion, I go still further than you. I believe that everything that Genius, *quâ* Genius, does, is done unconsciously. The man of Genius can work rationally also, after careful consideration, from conviction; but that is all beside the mark. No work of Genius can be improved, or even freed from its mistakes by reflection and its immediate results; but Genius can, by reflection and practice, gradually perfect itself to a point at which it produces perfect works. The more genius the age itself possesses, the more is individual genius assisted.

As regards the high-falutin' demands which are now made upon the Poet, I too think that they will not assist in producing a poet. The art of Poetry demands in the man who is to exercise it, a certain generous, reality-loving

limitation, behind which the Absolute lies concealed. Demands from above destroy this innocent and creative condition, and instead of real poetry, set in the place of poetry something which, I say once for all, is simply not poetry—as we have learned to our cost in these days. The same state of things holds good in the different arts,—in Art in its widest sense.

This is my credo.

In connection with the article on "Personality and Immortality" and the poets with immortal "tremors," may I recall to you the end of Goethe's *Faust,* which is of the same kind :

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereignis;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

And I enclose a picture of a Vienna monument to the wonderful man. It's a bad picture, but a wonderful monument, in the Ring. A massive statue of a tall, big, strikingly good-looking man leaning back in a ponderous armchair, his arms resting on the sides and his hands hanging down perfunctorily. A clean-cut profile and wonderful large eyes. The expression of the eyes—in sculpture of all things!—is extraordinary. There he sits and looks before him, and the tram car passes in front of his nose, little people dash past him without cease and without noticing him, judges and statesmen and such, and old ladies and nurses with children. And, now and then, a foreigner visiting these parts, will halt before the striking figure, read the name in hushed awe, bow his head, and pass by.

I was going to tell you what a wonderful man I think he was, but I have let myself into describing the spectacular side of it, which has nothing to do with it. But never mind.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

THE STATUS OF ILLUSTRATIVE ART.—To turn the pages of the popular magazines of the last century is to experience, together with delight in the quality of even the most commonplace of their pictures—the sheer *quality* resulting from the work upon steel or wood of the immediate human hand—sorrow over the devitalization of the picture-book that has followed the use of elaborate mechanisms for the reproduction of pictures good and bad. Much, no doubt, on the whole, has been gained. And it is not the cheapness of quality resulting from mechanical methods that to-day denies even to first-class illustrative work the status of legitimate art. In any period and no matter in what manner his work is presented, the artist who consecrates himself, whether by direct interpretation, by commentary or by abstact decoration, to the illustration of the printed page, will be classed, until his work shines forth from a past, as a mere bondservant of literature. To-day, with art grown as abstract as higher mathematics, he is more than ever despised and rejected.

His triumphs, up to the closing years of the last century, have been popular triumphs. Rowlandson and Gilray, set now in the ranks of accredited artists, were as popular in their own time as are to-day Bateman and Morrow. And Blake, the father in England of the decorative book, although before his time and therefore never popular in the wide sense, produced in his best work—that accompanying the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Book of Job*—what was actually a cosmic extension of the coloured broadside, and, as such, a direct manifestation of the English spirit. In France, Gavarni and Daumier were from the first best-sellers—though Daumier, atrociously exploited, did not himself reap his harvest—and the one live book of that wasted comedic draughtsman Gustave Doré—his *Contes Drôlatiques*—was racy, of the soil, in every line. The work of this period, culminating in Daumier's tremendous *Don*

Quixote, left the illustrator, in the opinion of the eminent connoisseurs of the day, definitely in the basement. And those of to-day, compelled to canonize Daumier as one of the greatest or alternatively as the greatest graphic draughtsman the world has seen, have carefully ignored the fact that he was a cartoonist and, in the straitest sense of the word, an illustrator.

And while the use of the wood block by the Dalziel brothers temporarily raised the status of book illustration in England, it is doubtful whether these contributors to the Moxon Tennyson would have received contemporary recognition had they not also been painters. With them the illustrator ceased to be a hack, but was a long way from the salon where for a while in the 'nineties in the person of that revolutionary designer of illustrated books, Aubrey Beardsley, he was not only acclaimed but enthroned. For the first, possibly the last time in history an illustrator of books became in his own day the demi-god of the *élite*. Free from the taint of popular appeal, the decorated book was a thing that superior people could discuss and openly display upon their tables. The simple either ignored, or, seeing, called loudly for the police. Now that the incense is dispersed we see that Beardsley's influence, although technically strong, is more apparent than real. Finding the graphic arts bogged in a dull literality he broke fresh ground. But while influencing the material of our decorative art, upon its spirit he has had but little effect. For the bright new path he found ends all too soon in the *cul-de-sac* of the preciosity from which we have only recently escaped. That we have escaped is amply evident in the work of four young adventurers in book illustration now exhibiting in London and only by the scraps of tinsel adhering to their coats betrayed as having for a while hung over the shoulder of that amazing technician, entranced, watching him at work. But each of them stands now upright on his feet and is in

his way an innovator, with his own idea of the book as an entity. Mr. John Austen is perhaps the most thoroughgoing bookman of the four. The drawings for his *Hamlet* and the Regency beaux of his *Rogues in Porcelain,* pieces of perfect penmanship exhibiting an adorable purity of line, are as much parts of a carefully balanced whole as things in themselves. Though his pen-and-ink work has depth and intensity, Mr. Harry Clarke's medium is colour, pure illumination. He sees in terms of colour and it is by colour used in a manner recalling the richly imaged rêveries of mediæval illuminated manuscripts and stained glass that he attains cohesion. Hearing that he is himself a designer of stained glass, one could wish that all colourists might serve the same apprenticeship. The powerful draughtsmanship of Mr. Austin Spare at his best is Oriental, that is to say distinctively mystical in quality. All his work is indirect, saturated with symbolical intention and always, in comparison with that of his co-exhibitors, pure interpretation rather than illustration or improvisation. Mr. Alan Odle, preoccupied with the humanities and with a strong tendency to satire, looks at the world with his author, drops on occasion into drama—his comedy scenes from *Candide* testify that the direct dramatic method of Hogarth and Rowlandson can still score heavily if handled with speed and vigour—but keeps the reins in his own hands, flicking from time to time a barbed tail-piece in his author's face by way of reminder that the artist sees both ways. Between whiles an accomplished decorator, he tends to subordinate decoration to exposition, and although his grotesques and *boutades* are characterized by a powerful and strongly individual technique that gives them a secure place in the development of English Baroque, his use of the tail-piece as a sort of lineal epigram is perhaps his most significant contribution to the art of illustration. All four men possess the three essentials: ability to

decorate the page, to expound the author, and to improvise in the same vein.

Book illustration reaches with these four artists (to whose names many more might be added) an interesting stage in its devclopment, and its lovers need have no fear that its future will be less splendid than its past. As an art-form it needs no justification. Those constrained to belittle it should be reminded that half the surviving masterpieces in the world's galleries are either direct illustrations of, or literary improvisations based upon, the Bible and the classics.—DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

THE LATE WORK OF SARGENT.—It is easy to compare unfavourably the work of Sargent with Manet's or, for the matter of that, with Orpen's, but it is also easy to overlook the fact that in several of his paintings of the last decade he approached more nearly to an individual point of view than in the brilliance of his middle period, striking though it is at first glance.

There was in Sargent a real strain of the baroque, a delight in doing what had been done before with rich and flamboyant additions. And it seems that while he was at the beck and call of wealth, this gift could not find an outlet in spite of magnificent—if "magnificent" be the word to use—manipulation of surface effects.

But recently, perhaps because our modern costume gives little excuse for bravura, Sargent depended more and more upon reminiscence of the old masters. He produced Vandyck-Sargents, Kneller-Sargents, Velasquez-Sargents. The bravura was still there, but unity was there too. His colour began at last to play a part in his pictures. Instead of looking like pieces of nature with a sheet of bluish glass in front of them—his pictures took on a life of their own. A life of the memory perhaps, but enough to make Sargent's name more permanent that it might have been.—EDWARD FAZACKERLY.

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."—The Birmingham Repertory Company has paid another tribute to Mr. Shaw in reproducing this "history." He, it will be remembered, has stated his conviction that the theatre is more valuable than any other medium of expression for expounding problems or correcting misconceptions. The attitude is manifestly valid ; but with it, the vitality of the characters and their human appeal to the audience must depend on the urgency of restating a specific lesson or argument. That the audience laughed continually over the play does not prove that Mr. Shaw has judged the urgency well ; it suggested rather that neither those who understood, nor those who misunderstood, cared very much about the lessons.

To use the meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra partly as a peg for satire on the late Victorians, partly to demonstrate that the interests of imperial nobility and cunning involved in that meeting were no more tainted with barbarism than those of 1898, seems at best to be asking for three hours' attention to inessentials. If the late Victorian mind denied a culture to Cæsar (and presumably it did for Mr. Shaw to have been aroused) it is safe to say that the play was as unintelligible to it as the denial is to us. Moreover, the humour would be as cheap to those who had no respect for the great Roman as it now appears unnecessary. For Cæsar, having had a bag put before him by his secretary, Britannus, with the words, "Our enemies are delivered into our hands," to make reply, "In that bag?" would merely have confirmed their feeling that he was a barbarian and an imbecile ; to us, it is simply a silly joke.

The wit with which Mr. Shaw is universally credited is a strange possession : it displays an acute understanding of stage necessities and of life, yet it has the immediate effect of devitalizing any character made to employ it. Perhaps it is that each stroke is designed to strengthen caricature, to disengage the characters

:rom their humanity, for the purer enunciation of the ntellectual motive, while achieving *en route* enough aughter to maintain the interest of the audience. The echnique is, in many cases, too apparent. For instance, he youthful Cleopatra's repeated allusions to the ' strong brown arms" of Mark Antony, who was no nore than a childish memory to her. Mere probability ıpart, the effect is simply caricature. Cleopatra is not nade to live by the trick. Cæsar himself, moulded into ı solid, but unconvincing figure, part candour, part ›latitude, part generosity, part "foxing," is the rock ,gainst which the lesser figures strike their wit, in the ıope of occasional sparks. The hope is sometimes ustified.

The actors all display the sound, pleasing skill which omes of Repertory work, and are to be congratulated n their harmony and cohesion. The scenery and cos-umes are in no way remarkable. Indeed, the scene howing the Sphinx, and the curtains behind which :leopatra's nurse is slain, might well be changed. The lose black and white stripes of the curtains put a posi-ive strain upon the eyes.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

An Epitaph

LOVE, here lies your child,
Whose heart was wild, wild. . . .
Stilled in death now : for ever
Faithful,—unreconciled.

MARGARET RADFORD.

THE WRONG BOOK?

By The Journeyman

THERE has been a religious call to arms. It was drowned in the noise of the Budget. Unfortunately, the change in the price of silk stockings obscured the change in the Church calendar, which the Anglo-Catholics have been making, and against which one hundred and fifty good men and true have called upon English Churchmen to defend themselves.

A plague on both your houses!—were it not by far too violent—might express the attitude of the modern man. He is profoundly indifferent to the whole business. Sixpence off the income tax—that is something. But whether or not Corpus Christi should be slipped into the Church festivals, or the Assumption dubbed a Saints' day on carpet consideration—that is remote from his concerns. Why should two, or twenty, more Church services give a sleepless night to a man who never dreams of going to one? Therefore, why should the editor of the *Daily Anything* waste a precious headline on a manifesto which would have divided the nation and sent a Government packing only fifty years ago?

I am not so indifferent. I have an affection for the English Prayer-Book, and hate the thought of its being transmogrified by a set of Romanizing hot-heads, who, if they want to go to Rome, would do it more decently and more courageously, by resigning their cures in a Church which has its origin in a deliberate separation from Rome. That seems a matter of simple honesty and elementary good faith. But reference to those virtues is notoriously irrelevant in religious controversy. Sectarians never see, and never believe, that one

straightforward act of self-sacrifice more powerfully declares the glory of God than a thousand back-stair *victories.*

For these unassuming reasons I am with those who call upon us to defend the principles of the Church of England against those who would denature it from within, and I hope there will be some active response to their appeal. Moreover, I freely confess that I do not want to see the Roman Catholic Church gaining ground in England, even though I know its gains will always be more apparent than real. If it advances it will be because there is a real indifference concerning religion in its established forms in this country. If that is so, we must accept the fact. It will probably turn out to be less deplorable than it sounds. Anyhow, I am certain that if the advanced Anglo-Catholics dream of subtly reconquering this country for Rome, and they achieve their dream, they will have won a Pyrrhic victory. They may have the Church, but they will not have the people: nor will they have the money—the people will see to that.

I am not a wholly detached spectator. My sympathies are quite definitely engaged on one side. And yet I cannot help feeling that the main interest of this "call to action" lies in the possibility that it may show, sooner or later, whether the nation as a whole has become irrecoverably indifferent to the forms of religion. It *looks* as though it had become indifferent; and, if it is really so, there is no call to lament over it. The reality of religion will never disappear from among men: it is as necessary to their lives as the casing air. And if Englishmen in the long run refuse to rally to the defence of the Established Church it will be because they have begun to look for the religious reality elsewhere. Those who cannot do without forms will have gone where the forms are most comprehensive, namely, to Rome; those who desire to dispense with forms—

and these I believe will be found in the majority—will have gone their own individual way.

In this there would be nothing to be alarmed at. It seems to stand in the nature of a Church that is founded, as the authors of the "call to action" themselves acknowledge, on the claim that the individual soul has access to "a direct communion with God," that it should one day evolve itself out of existence. You can hardly build an everlasting institution on the principle of private judgment.

Nevertheless, on second thoughts, an institution, without being everlasting, may endure a long time; what is bound to happen "one day" may well take centuries in the process. Of English institutions, in particular, it is singularly rash to prophesy impending dissolution. They have a trick of being uncommonly tough at the core. And though the signatories to the "call to action" are responsible men who would certainly not have sounded the alarm without good cause to show, I cannot help wondering whether they have not underestimated the powers of resistance to essential innovation that lurk in the hearts of the thousands of simple-minded church-goers in the English countryside. The House of Clergy may resolve that Corpus Christi is to be an English festival, and seriously argue that "The Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin"—the very phrase has a hot-house religiosity that the English soul abhors—should be received among Saints' Days with a Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of its own; but perhaps the Anglo-Catholics in the House of Clergy, and their perturbed opponents, have both forgotten an important fact. I do not pretend to know; but I am inclined to suspect that the main reason why the House of Clergy is suffered to perform its alarming antics is that nine out of ten of the simple-minded country church-goers neither know nor care that the House of Clergy exists.

It may be said that this is very wrong of them, and that they ought to know and care. But why? Why should they be required to scratch their heads over the manœuvres of ecclesiastical wire-pullers? They go to Church, once a week, to praise the Lord according to the fashion of their fathers, not torture themselves with the subtleties of the Thirty-nine Articles after the manner of John Henry Newman. Who's in, who's out in Church politics is no affair of theirs. And it is a very good thing it is not. If they began to attend to the wrangles of the House of Clergy, they might begin to have an even more sceptical attitude towards parsons than they have yet acquired.

But their indifference is dangerous? The enemy is sowing tares while they sleep? No doubt he is. But when it shows above ground a countryman can tell a tare from a wheat-blade without much risk of error. And perhaps, when these innovations of the Anglo-Catholics have ripened from resolutions into full-sized ceremonies and the words in the Prayer-Book begin to look queer, the countryman will simply refuse them. It may take a long while for him to realize what is being done. I cannot imagine my friend Isaac Gill readily changing his prayer-book (which belonged to his grandfather and enjoins him to pray for a George who more needed assistance than this one) for a new-fangled missal *ad usum Anglo-Catholicum* with Corpus Christi and The Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin in it. When he is told to do so, there may be trouble.

Not spectacular trouble, of the kind that sectarian zealots (be they Anglo-Catholic or Kensitite) are zealous to provoke with their banners and processions; but respectful, solid, stolid, insuperable trouble of the sort so well described by Thomas Hardy:

> "Now perhaps (said Parson Torkingham) we had better sol-fa the tune. Eyes on your books, please. Sol-sol! Fa-fa! me."

"I can't sing like that, not I," said Sammy Blore, with condemnatory astonishment. "I can sing genuine music, like F and G, but not anything so much out of order of nater as that."

"Perhaps you've brought the wrong book, sir?" chimed in Haymoss, kindly. "I've knowed music early in life, and late—in short, ever since Luke Sneap broke his new fiddlebow in the wedding psalm, when Pa'son Wilton brought home his bride. . . . I've knowed music ever since then, I say, sir, and never heard the like o' that. Every martel note had its name of A, B, C at that time."

"Yes, yes, men, but this is a more recent system."

"Still, you can't alter a old-established note that's A or B by nater," rejoined Haymoss, with yet deeper conviction that Mr. Torkingham was getting off his head. "Now sound A, neighbour Sammy, and let's have a slap at 'Christen Sojers' again, and show the Pa'son the way."

"Perhaps you've brought the wrong book, sir," may turn out to be the impregnable defence of the real Church of England against the zealots of the House of Clergy.

Antipater of Sidon

WHERE, Corinth, charm incarnate, are your shrines?
Your citadel? Your towered wall? Your line
Of noble women? Your ancient treasure?
And that ten thousand of your people lost?

War wreaked on you his hideous ravishment;
We, we alone, Nereids inviolate,
Remain to weep, with the sea-birds to chant:
Corinth is lost, Corinth is desolate.

H. D.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Madame Tussaud's.—For many persons Madame Tussaud's has ever persisted curiously in the memory, lingering with a definition which cannot be quite explained. The strangeness and diversity of human endeavour manifested there always seemed to fascinate the recollection; and its humble, naive style had long since grown into a novelty. Indeed Time, which had conquered most other waxworks, had formed with Madame Tussaud's an alliance which he perpetually strengthened and cherished, so that in these latter days it came to possess a certain intrinsic interest as an exhibition. That was perhaps half its charm; that there existed, unchanged in outlook, although augmented in property, an institution which had entertained our grandfathers; although its attraction, moulded into delicacy in this recognition, was still firmly centred in the wax figures themselves.

There is a most singular impressiveness about a ceroplastic image, modelled to have a lively semblance to the individual. Charles II. peers through the scratched glass panes of his case in Westminster Abbey in a truly remarkable way. He peeps out, not as a king, but as the wax image of a king, stolidly, deadly, a funeral semblance of wax. That is his significance, a semblance. Yet how real and vital is the thought of him, as was that of Fouquier-Tinville, Robespierre, Carrier, or Marie Antoinette, whose features, modelled after execution by order of the National Convention, were in Madame Tussaud's. Those lost days, closing in the agony of death, seemed to filter, real and rigid, from the poor crimson wax on their necks . . .

The Chamber of Horrors was a misnomer. It was never precisely that. It was, more than anything else, another statement of interrupted life, of murderers, prisoners, assassins who perished suddenly on the judg-

ment of their fellow men. Their crimes seemed to surround them quietly, yet the impression—so strangely compelled by the graven, gloomy features—was always one of abrupt, cleaving termination. The whole gallery was a monument, more consistently convincing to the imagination than any similar exhibition, to ceaseless change, futile endeavour and to the continuity of human experience.

There appears to have been a necessary distinction between this solidity of semblance, and the utter lifelessness which could not be denied to many of the exhibits. When they were intended to represent pictorially alone they were least successful. Tableaux of kings and queens were quite meaningless, although to many of the visitors they were as traditionally valuable as most others. That was a curious fact, though in part responsible for the popularity of the exhibition, and exemplifying that affection for what had pleased their fathers before them.

Those relics so ably reflecting, in their singular manner, the violent action of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period which were consumed in the recent fire, together with much useless wax, can never be replaced, and it is doubtful if Mr. Tussaud's words: "We shall be born again," will be fully realized. The charm of his exhibition went away in smoke as intangible as itself.—A. G.

Picture-Selling.—It has become necessary for the writer to discover under what conditions modern pictures are sold and to what people other than the few almost "professional" picture-collectors. Investigation of recent exhibitions—especially of an exhibition famed for its quality as a market—revealed the fact that casual purchase of pictures depends chiefly upon idea—a cow well seen and drawn, for instance, has no advantage *from the selling point of view* over one badly

done. The work of those artists who depend upon their technical skill, a class dominant to-day, is, it would appear, bought for the most part by amateurs in the branch in which the artists specialize.

For the benefit of an imaginary person who is adopting art as a profession, I have drawn out in my notebook the table below :

To Catch	It is Necessary to Produce
1. Casual purchasers.	Work of any class with emphasized idea.
2. Amateurs.	Work of any class with emphasized technique.
3. Connoisseurs.	Portraits and subject pictures with emphasized reference to the old masters.

(2) is the most difficult of the three classes to attempt, but provides the quicker return for capital outlay ; (3) is undoubtedly the course to recommend to the young person of moderate gifts, as it will also bring good Press notices, which are often valuable.

Good framing is essential, but this can safely be left to any well-known framer. Cheap framing will take quite 50 per cent. of the value of a picture away in the eyes of an intending purchaser, though he will very often not be aware of it.—E. F.

Jazz.—Though I am not a professional musician, I know something of the technique of music and I would like to express my wonder at the form which popular music has now taken. It is no longer a watered-down version of what is loosely termed "classical" music, but is absolutely distinct from it, employing as it does instruments which, with the exception of the trumpet and cornet (usually played muted with the hand or

top-hat), and the piano, are unknown to the concert orchestra.

Some of the tunes which this music employs are undoubtedly humorous and entertaining in themselves, and perhaps this is the reason for its popularity (one must remember that bands playing the music can easily fill the Queen's Hall), but since whatever individuality the tunes may possess is immediately and invariably stamped out by them by an exaggerated monotonous rhythm, in combination with meaningless solo work for the various instruments comprising the band, it is not easy to see how this music maintains its hold on the public.

I would not have troubled THE ADELPHI with this minor point, except that it is impossible to go into any place of amusement at the present moment without hearing these too familiar sounds. By the way, the orchestras providing the sounds have fanciful titles. One such band advertises itself as "The Shakespeare-Rutterford Rhythmonic Combination"!—J. H. W.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.—Cross-word enthusiasts can be roughly divided into two main groups. There are those who, in their march through this mechanised world, set an almost symbolic value upon the activity, as a test of ingenuity *per se*; and there are those who, instinctively frightened of loneliness, seek alliance of any kind, and assume that alliance is stabilized by wholesale participation.

Further examination compels us to transfer, temporarily at least, many from the first group to the second, and makes the boundary impermanent. For it will be perhaps admitted that the pleasure of solving any puzzle, as distinct from the pleasure involved in pronouncing upon its "goodness," is limited entirely by the ability of the intelligence; while its "goodness"

varies as the process of solving has, consciously or unconsciously, flattered the vanity of the solver.

A riddle is propounded to the intelligence; unravelling proceeds apace to solution; and two effects arise, shared by the thousands of minds which accepted the riddle. The first is the common bond of triumph, the second a presumed ascendancy over the intelligence of the author. The second brings a curious addition to personal and intellectual security.

It is interesting to observe the policies successively adopted by the popular Press, which exists for the specious purpose of welding such "civilized" alliances, in return for pennies.

Interest was revived after the decline of the first, "geometrical" era by resorting to unsymmetrical designs and erratica contrived in the form of houses, dogs, top-hats, and other objects. Care was even taken to set out the clues in rhyme, after the manner of acrostics. A second decline was followed by a third period, in which the words suggested by the clues were "curtailed," "beheaded," and abbreviated, and much ingenuity was expended in devising time-limits for solution. To maintain interest, recourse was even had to mechanically ingenious aids, resulting in tedious, inevitable repetitions of certain words.

Along a totally different line of evolution, the services of eminent persons were engaged for the construction of the puzzles. This line of development seemed promising, but it prematurely revealed its limitations by the fact that the most eminent person so far engaged has been Mr. Gilbert Frankau. This suggests the nice abstract problem: What degree of eminence is compatible with being generally accepted as an authoritative deviser of cross-word puzzles? Or, in the concrete: Which would be the greatest personal triumph for the greatest number of cross-word devotees—to solve Dean Inge's puzzle, or Sir Oliver Lodge's, or

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's—remember what Sherlock Holmes has done for spiritualism—or Steve Donoghue's, or Horatio Bottomley's, or Winston Churchill's, or Montagu Newton's, or Mrs. Asquith's? Let the *Daily Mail* decide.

Certain more serious speculators, who believe that a definite vision or message may be communicated by a group of words not linked in grammatical sequence but co-ordinated by an original thought, have suggested that possibly some higher mind, making use of a cross-word-puzzle-author's intelligence, may actually convey a message to each of the many solvers' minds. Such a possibility, though apparently at variance with the practice of the popular Press, is an interesting hypothesis.—E. H. O.

BOOKS TO READ

PLOTINUS. Vol. III. "On the Nature of the Soul." Being the Fourth Ennead. Translated by Stephen Mackenna. (Medici Society.) £1 1s.

This is, we believe, the first systematic English rendering of the Enneads since the enthusiastic Thomas Taylor and his follower T. M. Johnson. Plotinus had an ontological genius of almost the highest order; but the system of which he was the true creator (though not the actual originator) suffered much at the hands of his disciples. *Rerum cognoscebat causas*, after his fashion. This elaborate discussion of the essence, problems and destiny of the soul depends on and develops his conception of the soul as the only source of knowledge, capable alone of reaching by intuition the intangible godhead, the One or Unity, through the world-soul. That the world-soul, comprehensible by the individual in a state of ecstasy, can reach the reason (*Nous*) that is the overflow of divine or immanent spirit, is Plotinus' most remarkable theory and that which did most havoc among his followers. Philosophers should be grateful for Mr. Mackenna's scholarly translation, which is most elegantly produced—the series would adorn any library.

THE ANGLICAN REVIVAL. By the Rev. Yngve Brilioth. Preface by the Bishop of Gloucester. (Longmans, Green.) 16s. net.

This critical study of the Oxford Movement, which comes from Scandinavia, is a remarkable achievement for a foreign scholar. Dr. Brilioth's learning and his presentation of his subject are unimpeachable: but, curiously enough, we are less impressed by the purely theological side of his argument than by his vivid realization of the haunting spiritual glamour of mid-century Oxford; and his carefully grounded conception of the Movement as a phase in the Romantic revival in English feeling as a whole. The Movement certainly averted stagnation from the Anglican Church: but perhaps it is still too early to see its influences in full perspective. The anonymous translator has served Dr. Brilioth well.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: BEFORE AND AFTER ROUSSEAU. By C. E. Vaughan. In 2 vols. (Manchester Univ. Press: Longmans, Green.) 42s. net.

We regret that we have not space here to deal adequately with this massive work; but we are anxious that it should not escape the notice of any serious student of political history and theory. The late Charles Edwyn Vaughan had been engaged on it over many years; but as he was a busy professor of literature and had given much time to the work on Rousseau of which it is the complement, it is perforce incomplete. It shows profound learning, keen insight and acute reasoning power; and contains the most able discussion of the theory of Contract in its bearings on the Individual and the State that we have met. Mr. A. G. Little, the editor, contributes an interesting memoir of one of the most admirable (and least recognized) academic figures of the last half-century. A full list of Vaughan's miscellaneous writings, by Mr. H. B. Charlton, is also included; and the whole is well produced.

INDUSTRY AND CIVILIZATION. By C. Delisle Burns. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

A study of the bases of modern industrial Economics: perhaps the most thorough work of this distinguished sociologist. All his arguments are closely knit and impartial: on the neglected theme of the Nature of Demand he is particularly strong. His ethical assumptions are, we fear, a little rosy; though he avoids *explicitly* moral lines in his treatment.

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES. By Ernest Boyd. (Scribner's.) 12s. 6d. net.

Some years ago, we formed a considerable respect for Mr. Boyd, critic and historian of the Irish Renaissance. Since then, a journalistic imp has laid hold on him. We find the tone of these dashing essays quite intolerable. He has wide, if not deep, reading and keenness of observation: but he is intolerant, aggressive, "knowing," and hasty to a degree. Almost all his readers will find introductions to unfamiliar foreign writers: but this obligation may become a grievance. If his judgment of the known provokes mistrust at every turn, how accept him as a guide to the unknown?

THE TRAVEL-DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. 2 vols. (Cape.) 36s. net.

For what is to be found in this remarkable book see *The Road to Darmstadt* (page 22). Mr. Reece is to be congratulated and thanked for a very unusual piece of translation.

THE NOVELS OF FIELDING. By Aurélien Digeon. (Routledge.) 10s. 6d. net.

It is at once a pain and a pleasure to acknowledge that it has been given to a foreigner to write the most thorough, the most sympathetic and most critical study yet achieved of an author accounted above all others "English." This book is a triumph of international culture and purely French intelligence. We cannot praise too highly M. Digeon's interpretations of the four great novels, and his profound appreciation of the moral attitude of Fielding, which "is not yet the romantic motive of sincerity which redeems and passion which purifies: it is its prelude." M. Digeon's moral criticism of Fielding, both as man and author, is as indispensable to the enthusiast as to "Richardsonians"—these are still numerous.

A HISTORY OF EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA: 1700-1750. By Allardyce Nicoll. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 18s. net.

Professor Nicoll approaches his theme more from the angle of the social historian than of the literary critic. He sees the drama from the point of view of the theatre. His knowledge of his period is exhaustive; his methodical documentation of it rather exhausting. He has to exhibit, and account for, a dramatic output prolific enough but increasingly decadent and dull: his expositions are elaborate and conscientious, if not always convincing. The most marked influence on the period was the rise of the middle-classes, sentimentalizing both tragedy and comedy. It is strange that so "Augustan" an age had so provincial a drama. Mr. Nicoll appends a list of every individual stage production in London and every known play written during the fifty years—such industry is almost provocative! The book is, of course, quite invaluable to students of the subject.

THE COMMON READER. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Woolf emerges from partial anonymity—we admired many of these essays in the *Times Literary Supplement*—as perhaps our most brilliant *interpretative critic*. That is, although her method is not philosophic or analytical, she is altogether more judicious and satisfying than the merely appreciative critics. Her estimates of Montaigne and George Eliot, for instance, place these authors *as* authors almost perfectly, without relating their work to universal standards. The feminine element, her humorous, graceful, and whimsical manner, does not affect these: though it is the very breath of her slighter biographical studies. Historical sense and wideness of sympathy are Mrs. Woolf's birthright: when she touches two foreign literatures, the Greek and the Russian, we find a remarkable insight beneath her diffidence.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is not the most interesting volume in Mr. Baring's Collected works. His verse, which belongs essentially to a transition period, is delicate, scholarly, and high-minded; but it almost never achieves vigour or real originality of thought. The masque "Proserpine," for example, is pretty and graceful; but it only evokes faintly, it does not bring to life. Mr. Baring's lyre is in no manner "a wingèd instrument."

MASKS OF TIME. By Edmund Blunden. (Beaumont Press.) 25s. net.

For a poet who reached, when so young, so matured an expression, these new poems seem curiously tentative and unfinished. The second part, dealing with the War, is not good; lacks both cogency and serenity. The first part, containing "rusticities, reflections and fancies" never rises to Mr. Blunden's best: here and there, as in *On the Death-Mask of John Clare*, one meets his true quality; but generally there is a disappointing technical looseness. Mr. Blunden's reputation will not be enhanced among the few who buy this elegant limited edition; nor is one quite sure that he is feeling his way to a new achievement as valuable as the old.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. (Martin Secker.) 21s.

This collection follows hard upon Mr. Aiken's *Selection* and the *Life and Letters* by the poet's niece, M. D. Bianchi (who contributes an Introduction), but it adds little that is of inherent value. Emily Dickinson was one of the most genuine poets America has produced; but the great mass of her work is rather the raw material of poetry than its consummation. Never, surely, have we encountered a more defective sense of rhyme and rhythm. The flashes of inspiration are rare and seem to "come across" almost by accident: yet, somehow, one never escapes the sense of ardent mind and spirit beneath. The inner history of the poet shows a fine triumph over circumstance and over the hopeless intellectual environment that did so much to stifle her actual expression. The suppressed radiance of resignation—that, perhaps, is the essence of Emily Dickinson.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1924. Selected by Thomas Moult. Decorations by P. Hagreen. (Cape.) 6s. net.

We envy Mr. Moult the cheerful enthusiasm he shows in his Introduction for more and more poets and poetry. It is no doubt due to his restricted field of selection that many of the leading English and American poets are absent; and the rest poorly represented. Nothing here will be likely to adorn a Golden Treasury. Mr. Church's *The Flight*, Mr. Shanks's *The Bitten Grass*, Mr. Coppard's *Stay, O Stay*, and Mr. Humbert Wolfe's *Torchbearer* are notable. The little book is very prettily produced.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR, AND OTHER POEMS. By Herbert Edward Palmer. (Heinemann.) 5s. net.

That we consider Mr. Palmer's poems unusual has been sufficiently shown by the number of them we have published in these pages. Mr. Palmer's work is entirely individual; he is perfectly described by his own apt phrase—"a star-struck singing-man." At his best his verses sing themselves, and are simple, passionate and of a strange beauty. He has all the essentials of a popular poet in the best sense; and it is a wonder to us, after reading such a piece as the lovely *Woman's Love Song*, that he has not become one. Our readers will be doing their plain duty if they buy his book.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

BRING! BRING! By Conrad Aiken. (Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Aiken is an analyst of moods. He deals little in action; and that mainly symbolical action. He is not subjective: he has the dramatic instinct; but his stories are weakened in both construction and style by being too abstract. Though eminently balanced and intelligent, he confines himself to the unusual, often the bizarre. He is in rebellion against the *facts* of modern America: but he neither assimilates nor transcends them.

THE HOUSE OF MENERDUE. By A. C. Benson. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

The Master of Magdalene suffuses his romance with that cultured, slightly old-world charm and grace that mark his essays. The half-dozen characters, whose relations are the material of a tale as full of human interest as it is deficient in construction and plot, are most delicately studied; there is, above all, that *beaucoup de tendresse* which Joubert pronounced to be the essence of a novel. We are slightly puzzled by the concluding episodes, in which four of the characters seem to act inconsistently; and the mellow beauty of the whole does not quite atone for one curious lapse in the author's spiritual insight.

THE NEW DECAMERON. Vol. IV. Edited by Blair. (Blackwell.) 7s. 6d. net.

The device indicated in the title seems rather purposeless. Mr. Rickword is trivial yet amusing. Blair is more serious, but dullish. Mr. Sadleir's *A Mother's Comedy* is the best thing in the volume. Storm Jamieson's *Monotony* is *technically* a very good story. Mr. Lawrence is not up to his standard, but has some rare descriptive touches.

MYRTLE. By Stephen Hudson. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hudson's experiment in presenting the latest heroine of his "Kurt" series through the eyes of nine soliloquists is something of a *tour de force*; but the reader is slightly confused; and so the artistic impression weakened. A strong *dramatic* sense is needed; and it is not forthcoming.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

A very convincing and human story, staged partly in the author's favourite county and partly in Sark. The hapless Dan Sheather is an appealing figure, drawn with tenderness and restraint. Miss Kaye-Smith's dramatic sense has never, her poetic sense rarely, been better displayed.

CORAL. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

This sequel to *Carnival* has much of its author's stimulating comedy, but it suffers in comparison from diminished creative vigour and a more artificial and sophisticated style. Mr. Mackenzie's satirical grasp of incident and dialogue is admirable; but his characters are not always convincing.

THE PAINTED VEIL. By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Maugham writes of the frivolous young wife of a doctor, taken in adultery and forced to do penance in a cholera-stricken Chinese town, where her husband dies a martyr to science, leaving her to return home a little improved. It is all rather sordid and futile. Mr. Maugham has observation and a cynical cleverness; but his vision of life strikes us as superficial, arid, uninspiring.

MY NAME IS LEGION. By Charles Morgan. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Heinemann have a keen eye for unusual first novels. There is a good deal that is obvious and even crude in Mr. Morgan's book; but one is conscious of latent power. The achievement is by no means negligible: the promise is undeniable.

THE UNHURRYING CHASE. By H. F. M. Prescott. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

A good book, but not good enough to conceal the *effort* that a historical novel demands of a modern mind. The manner is cramped. Mr. Prescott's scope impels admiration: but his power shows itself more in characterization than in the religious theme (based on *The Hound of Heaven*), which is not modulated by a sufficient historical sense.

THE TRAP. By Dorothy M. Richardson. (Duckworth.) 7s. 6d. net.

Another stage in the emotional life of the interminably interesting Miriam. She *does* nothing except go to live with a fellow-member of the Club. Those who dislike impressionism will at least be grateful that there is so good an impressionist. Dorothy Richardson's sensitiveness and subtlety of perception are very rare: but it must be confessed there are longueurs.

WILLIAM. By E. H. Young. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a sympathetic and humorous study of a large middle-class family; and the units, especially father, are skilfully delineated. But such motive as there is is too slight to sustain so long a record of everyday happenings, however pleasurable they be.

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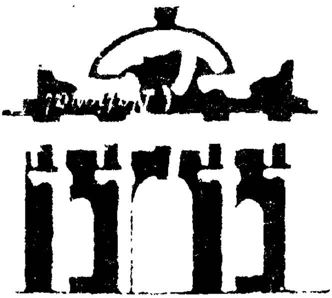
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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

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A THEOLOGICAL ENCOUNTER

By John Middleton Murry

IN *The Guardian* of May 8th last an able theologian criticized, with an unexpected tolerance, some recent remarks of mine on "Personality and Immortality." I was greatly interested in this writer's views, first, because I found them extremely difficult to grasp in spite of the obvious skill with which they were presented, and secondly, because his habit of mind was unfamiliar to me. Though I have read a little in Thomas Aquinas and a little more in some of the mediæval Christian mystics, I am a complete stranger to the thoughts and methods of modern theology.

I have never doubted that the very personal views which I have from time to time expressed in these pages had points of contact (though probably of hostile contact) with the conceptions of modern theology. To have ascertained precisely where these points of contact, or conflict, lay would have meant my going too far out of my way; for I regard myself primarily as a literary critic who has been forced by circumstances, both private and professional, to wander for a season in the debatable land wherein both literature and religion find their culmination. I have been involved, *invitâ Minervâ*, in a voyage of discovery, but not in a punitive expedition. The notion of making a détour in search of

enemies is to me fantastic : I have found quite enough, unsought, on my own road and in my own profession.

But now that an able modern theologian has planted himself squarely in my path, I have no choice but to deal with him to the best of my ability, just as I should try to deal with any literary critic who seriously opposed my views.

My critic begins his article by admitting the difficulties and ambiguities which surround the conception of "immortality." "From time to time, therefore, it becomes a duty to face the difficulties and examine with care the nature of the doctrine peculiar to the Church."

What could be more admirable? I am filled with hope and expectation. It seems to me almost a matter for regret that I should at this moment appear to interrupt the exposition. Nevertheless, I do appear with my statement that there is no paradox in "the simultaneous assertion of a disbelief in personal immortality and a disbelief in annihilation." To this my critic replies that "the thought of an immortality less than personal is both ancient and various in form." There is, for example, the "attenuated immortality of fame" (excellent phrase !), the immortality of the species, and the immortality which "consists in reabsorption into the one Eternal Mind."

At this point I must demur. My statement that I find no paradox in simultaneously disbelieving both in personal immortality and in annihilation has been quite arbitrarily interpreted. Did I say that I believed in an immortality "*less* than personal"? Might it not be, did not my own article persistently imply, that I believed in an immortality that is *more* than personal? Did I not maintain that "personality," in any current and intelligible use of the word, is a limitation which at various moments of our mortal lives we do in fact transcend, and thereby make contact with a deeper and a truer self? Did I not assert that these momentary

and profound experiences of a self beyond, and greater than, " personality " are indeed our " intimations of immortality," and the only ones we have? I tried to make this clear; I believe I did make it clear. Why then am I straightway represented as saying that I believed in an immortality *less* than personal?

I am convinced that this serious and to me crucial misrepresentation of my statements was not deliberate. The internal evidence proves that my critic is an honourable man. Therefore I conclude that this misrepresentation was instinctive: for him an immortality which is other than personal *must* be *less* than personal. By what necessity, save one of his own temperament?

Henceforward, he is incapacitated from criticizing my belief. He is not controverting me, but some imaginary disputant whom he endows with my name. All that I can conclude from his inability to grasp what I did say is that my conception of immortality is not that of the Church. I never supposed it was. What I do know is that some of the greatest sons of the Church have held a belief that is not, in essence, unlike my own. But of the doctrine of the Church itself I know nothing, for the simple reason that I have never been able to understand it when well-meaning people have tried to present it to me.

Fortunately, it is precisely on this point of the Church doctrine of immortality that my critic proposes to instruct me. " Christianity, it is needless to add," he goes on, " can be satisfied with none of these," that is to say, these doctrines of an immortality less than personal. " Moreover, we cannot remind ourselves too often that faith in ' the resurrection of the body ' is radically distinct from the pagan belief in the immortality of the soul." Here, I fancy, " should be " is more appropriate than " is." Otherwise, what need to remind yourself so often? And, as a matter of history, that " pagan " doctrine of the immortality of the soul

had a very potent influence in softening the asperities of the primitive Christian belief in "the resurrection of the body."

Still, my critic is right in insisting that the distinctively Christian belief is in the resurrection, and the immortality, of the body. What I should like to know is whether he *believes* in it? Whether, indeed, any theologian who is not content with the vain repetition of a dogmatic clause, does believe in it. I understand Saint Paul when he declares: "We know not yet what we shall be"; I can attach no meaning to a vague and general declaration of faith in "the resurrection of the body." I am not saying that those who make that declaration are insincere or perfunctory: I do not know what other men can believe. I merely insist that the mind of a man who can honestly declare that he believes in "the resurrection of the body" is utterly different from my own. I take it for granted that my critic does believe it, simply, literally, without reservations or symbolic interpretations. He must, for he says, and I agree, that it is the central and distinctive doctrine of the Christian Church. Yet his next paragraph, the substance of which I have met before in Christian apologetic, would make me doubtful.

> We venture to say that "the resurrection of the body" represents, in a philosophical sense, an immense advance upon the older doctrine of the soul's escape from its material prison or tomb. The Christian view is the one effective protest against a dualism which can only end in intellectual disaster. Thus alone does "the body" cease to be a disparate and inimical substance, and thus does the "resurrection of the body" come to signify the survival or restoration of personality in the eternal life.

On that paragraph one could write volumes. Let me simply ask one or two questions. Was Plato's fate really intellectual disaster? Is "the resurrection of the body" a philosophical doctrine at all? Does belief in it make the body cease to be a disparate and inimical

substance? Did it have that effect on Saint Paul, or on countless Christian ascetics who have followed his noble and vertiginous example? How does "the resurrection of the body" *come to signify* (dangerous phrase!) anything at all but what it says? If it is become simply a symbol of some ineffable condition, as Jesus' answer to the Sadducees indicates that he held it to be, then why not proclaim it openly?

At this point, however, I re-enter the debate.

> Mr. Murry appears to argue, strangely enough, that because "this personality" is mortal, it cannot be this same personality which is to pass into the immortal condition. As well almost might one argue that the identity of a human being could not survive the cutting of his wisdom teeth. Outside abstractions like the mathematical unit, there is no identity which does not endure in spite of—nay rather, because of—perpetual development and change. Were human personality—the most complex of all things known to us—exempt from this law, it would indeed be strange.

Such reasoning, I confess, seems to me disingenuous. The *conception* of "personality" is difficult, so is the *conception* of life; but the fact of personality is capable of being apprehended as simply as the fact of life. We know what we mean when we speak of personal possessions or personal charm; we know what men are asking for when they ask for personal immortality, and what they think they are getting when the theologian tells them that Christianity offers it to them. They ask to be reunited with their loved ones, or to be given some share of the earthly felicity that was denied them. The theologian who promises personal immortality promises men that they shall have such things as these. If he were to say to them: "No, the life everlasting is something infinitely better, an ineffable condition, wherein they are neither married nor given in marriage, and all mundane conceptions, including that of personality itself, are meaningless, a condition which transcends the

human existence that we know as far as human existence itself transcends the existence of the brute creation," they would reply : " That is not what we want, that is not what you promised." Nor would they be satisfied if they were told : " But, my friends, I promised you personality. The conception of personality is fraught with difficulties. But, in general, I may inform you there is no personality which does not endure in spite of—nay, rather because of—perpetual development and change."

> On any hypothesis, pagan or Christian (my critic proceeds), the philosophy of body and soul is infinitely difficult. . . . It scarcely follows, however, that the whole problem is beyond the range of rational discussion. " If we put resolutely aside the dogmas of theologians," says Mr. Murry, " and refuse to accept anything but the immediate experience of mankind . . . it is to these ' intimations of immortality ' that we are reduced for the basis of a faith concerning the spiritual reality of man." On the same principle, we might offer to put aside the dogmas of scientists, and to stick to " the immediate experience of mankind " as the basis of our faith concerning the nature of matter. The two proposals are, in fact, about equally intelligent. Wordsworthian intimations, chorus-endings from Euripides, and so forth, are challenges to the intelligence, not substitutes for thought. The poet's vision, no doubt, is untranslatable into argument, but so is a pain in one's finger. Theologians attempt to explain one kind of experience, physiologists another. The best of their theories or " dogmas " may be no more than shadows; but, as long as men are afflicted with rationality, so long will such theories continue to appear.

Let me pause at this paragraph : it needs some unravelling. Suddenly we find that the dogmas of theologians concerning immortality are on the same footing as the dogmas of scientists concerning matter. If my critic were a stupid man, I should pass this by as a mere stupidity. Since he is clever, I must suspect him of trying to throw dust in his readers' eyes. For surely this is a travesty of argument.

A scientist, *quâ* scientist, has no dogmas. He has hypotheses which he propounds as an explanation of certain facts; the moment a new fact is discovered that is outside the scope of his hypothesis, the hypothesis is discarded and a new one sought. Science is, by nature, completely undogmatic. Therefore, to declare that my proposal to put aside the dogmas of theologians concerning immortality is equivalent or analogous to putting aside the dogmas of scientists concerning matter is either to be nonsensical, or to imply that the dogmas of theologians are merely hypotheses. That, I gather from the concluding sentence, is what my critic means to imply. Or does he merely mean to seem to imply it? He cannot seriously suggest that the theological dogma of "the resurrection of the body" is a hypothesis? That is a simple fact, for the simple Christian; not a fact at all, for the sceptic. Therefore, I presume that he means that the explanations given by theology of this "fact" are merely hypothetical. I can well believe it.

But the incidental definition of theology interests me. "Theology explains one kind of experience; physiology another." Let us, for clarity's sake, stick to one particular question: "the resurrection of the body." Two things are really combined in that phrase. One is a belief in the reality of the resurrection of Jesus in the body; the other is a declaration of belief that all men will be resurrected in the body. One is therefore a belief in the reality of a certain event in history, the other a belief in a certain future event. These are, I presume, the experiences which theology explains. How does it explain them? For the first, I suppose, no explanation is possible or necessary, if you believe that Jesus did indeed rise bodily from the dead. You simply believe that the Gospel narratives of the resurrection, with all their insuperable discrepancies, are true: the event really happened, and hap-

ɪened in several different ways at the same time. I o not see what theology can explain in this ; history, sychology, or anthropology might attempt an explanaion of the discrepancy of those narratives, on the ssumption that the event did not really happen, but ras sincerely believed to have happened. But I cannot ee what explanation theology can give, or needs to ive. The fact was a fact.

And, if this fact was indeed a fact, what necessity is ıere for theology to seek or give an explanation of the ıture resurrection of all men bodily from the dead? f the past fact was a fact, there is no difficulty in elieving in the future fact. Yet apparently there are ifficulties ; hypotheses have to be framed and theories ropounded, "so long as mankind is afflicted with ationality." This is the task and function of theology –to supply rational explanations of matters of faith. t strikes me as a chimerical and fantastic occupation. t was all very well in the Middle Ages, when theoloical conceptions were the only intellectual conceptions rhich men possessed, and, for example, substance or ıatter could be easily and naturally identified with God. 'hen the theological and the rational activity were one. ʃut now they are separated ; and theology (as distinct om the history of theology) presents the pathetic specıcle of trying to find scientific support for beliefs and ıcts which science cannot recognize.

My critic's next paragraph supplies me with an illuıinating example :—

> Annihilation is a doctrine repudiated by natural philosophy in the very hour of its birth. In the lower grades of Nature, where the corruption of one thing is the origin of another, the thread of individuality does indeed appear to be broken at every transition. Yet it has to be remembered that individuality itself, vague and hazy at the lower levels, is for ever advancing towards clearer definition in the long evolutionary process towards human personality. Analogy in such a case, though it must fall

> far short of proof, is strong enough to authorize the suggestion that the virtual immortality of the germ-plasm may be an anticipation or symbol of the real immortality of the individual soul.

What on earth has the continuity of the germ-plasm do with the resurrection of the body or personal ımortality? Nothing at all. Moreover, it seems a tle—let me speak softly—inconsistent, first to proach me (falsely) with believing in a "less than ersonal" immortality, and then to offer me as "a mbol" of the true doctrine the least personal kind of ımortality my mind can conceive. Is that what theogy calls "explaining an experience"? I should call whittling away an article of faith, in order that some eople who are slightly afflicted with rationality may able to say, "I believe in the continuity of the erm-plasm," but to pronounce it, "I believe in the surrection of the body and the life everlasting." To y non-theological mind there is a difference between ese things, and I infinitely prefer the attitude of old ertullian: *Credo quia impossibile est.* Then I know here I am; I am bewildered by a science which makes business to demonstrate (by analogy) that the impossible is possible.

At this point, however, my critic returns, takes his ot off the scientific stool, and plants it, rather circumectly, on the religious.

> The Christian faith in resurrection rests, however, on no analogies [Why, then, I cannot refrain from asking, make use of them?], but primarily upon belief in the resurrection of Christ as a historical fact. Of those who deny the reality of that alleged event [curious phrase!], something like one hundred per cent. deny it not (as they suppose) for purely historical reasons, but upon some *a priori* ground.

What is a *purely* historical reason, I wonder, in the ew of my critic? Does the fact that the narratives that "alleged event" are hopelessly contradictory

constitute a purely historical reason for rejecting them? If it does (and I think of none purer), then the purely historical objection is overwhelming. But it may be said there is the same, or at least a similar, purely historical reason for rejecting all the Gospel narratives of the life of Jesus. If we deny that he rose from the dead on purely historical grounds, then we must be consistent and deny that he ever lived at all. Very few people are foolish enough to deny that. To this extent, therefore, my critic is correct in saying that the great majority of those who deny the fact of the resurrection do not deny it on purely historical grounds.

But that does not mean that the reasons for which they deny it are *a priori* reasons. They have to deal, in the case of the Gospel narratives of the resurrection of Jesus, with four utterly discrepant narratives of an event which is unparalleled in human experience. Still, it is true that even if those narratives were concordant in every detail, they would reject them. But still not on *a priori* grounds. The *a priorism* is to be imputed to those who maintain that a miracle did, in fact, occur, not to those who deny the possibility of miracle. They reject the Gospel narratives of the resurrection of Jesus in the body, on precisely the same grounds that they reject Livy's prodigies, or the mediæval accounts of men with eyes in their stomachs; and so do I.

But in absolutely rejecting these narratives I am far from denying that Mary of Magdala, or Peter, or Paul, had a real experience of the existence of Jesus after his mortal death. There may well be, and I for my own part believe that there are, conditions —" whether in the body or out of the body "—in which soul may make contact with soul; that men have moments of exaltation when they for an instant possess faculties and acquire knowledge which are quite incommensurable with their ordinary faculties and ordinary knowledge, and cannot be translated into their terms. And I believe that men

and women who loved such a man as Jesus was as passionately as his followers loved him certainly did have such moments of exaltation and communion. They described their experiences according to their conceptions and their powers ; if they had been educated men of the twentieth century they would have described them differently : that is all.

And here, I think, I touch the root of my dissatisfaction with my critic's attitude, which is, I presume, typical of contemporary theology. It seems to me an attitude that is half of this century and half of rustic Palestine in the first century. It wants to sit on two stools at once, and has acquired the art of transferring itself from one to the other with such rapidity that a momentary illusion is created. Sober reflection tells me that the theologian *cannot* be sitting on both at the same moment ; but there is a whirl, a commotion, and a glitter, my eyes are dazzled, and it seems for one incredible second that the two positions have coalesced. It is acrobatics or prestidigitation. Hence comes the general distrust of modern theology and the general disrepute into which it is fallen.

Is it presumptuous to suggest that the only way for modern theology to rehabilitate itself is for it to become truly modern. By that I mean that it should base itself squarely on a critical attitude (which is not a merely sceptical attitude) to the Gospel narratives and the New Testament as a whole. The religious substance that is contained in them, the personality, the teaching, the heroism, the influence of Jesus, the story of the greatest of all human tragedies and the greatest of all human victories, would suffer no diminution. The religious experience exists ; it has been and always will be the most universal means of communion with the reality that eludes all intellectual search. There would still be a God, still a devoted and heroic Mediator and Saviour, of whom it would still be true that

where two or three are gathered together in his name, there is he in the midst of them. The choice in these modern times is not between dogmatic Christianity and no Christianity, as perhaps it was two hundred or a hundred years ago; nor, again, is it a choice between dogmatic Christianity and a kind of ethical humanitarianism. The personality, the teaching, and the heroism of Jesus were not made of benevolence and uplift; he did not preach what Renan called "la délicieuse théologie de l'amour." As we see him, and we can see him plainly enough if we look hard enough, he was the man who had the fullest religious experience in human history, and who lived and died completely in accordance with the fullness of his knowledge. For every gentle saying the humanitarians would anthologize there is a hard and terrible one which a truly modern theology would not even desire to extenuate. This harmony in a living man of complete joy in life and complete rejection of it, of extreme love and extreme anger, made Jesus what he believed he was, the Messiah indeed, the prophetic type of perfect man.

There has lived but one man whose life and words and works and death were such that countless generations of men have felt that he who conquered life *must* have conquered also the last enemy, death. The essential Christian faith in the resurrection of the body rests not on the fact of resurrection of Jesus from the dead, which is no fact at all, but on the fact, which is a fact, that no one who knows him (and we can know him as well as the men who saw him) has ever been able to believe that he died. Somehow or other they have created an immortality for him, and always the highest immortality that they could truly conceive. Let modern theology do the same; then it will not need to call "the virtual immortality of the germ-plasm" to its aid.

ESTHER'S DAUGHTER

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

I.

One thing that used to annoy our cook Alita very much was the fact that Esther, the cook next door, being coloured, could ride in a tram, while she, Alita, being black, could not.

" In Bloemfontein," she said, " they don't make this nonsense. In Bloemfontein it is not as here, in Johannesburg. The first thing is they don't let the Indians or the Chinamen live there at all. And the second thing is that there a Bastaard is a black person and not a white person, and we don't any of us ride in the tram. Black or brown or yellow, it is all the same. And so it should be."

But, of course, Alita never let Esther know that she had heart-burnings over the social distinctions which exist in Johannesburg between black and brown. Indeed, she even went so far as to tell her that she would much rather walk the two miles to town than be grudgingly accommodated, as is Esther, on top of a tram.

" I am my master's and my missis's Kaffir," she said to her, " but not everybody's Kaffir."

Whether Esther really believed, as she self-consciously stepped on the tram, and rode past poor, trudging Alita, that Alita did not envy her her privilege, I should not like to say.

But, in any case, Alita has had her revenge.

II.

It was not only the matter of tram-riding that troubled Alita in her relationship with Esther. It was that Esther generally put on airs with Alita.

Quite soon after Esther arrived next door, Alita went to see her. She pressed her white apron very carefully, and she put on her Sunday head-cloth, and she brought as an offering a pumpkin of her own growing and some mint, which we are unsuccessfully trying to eradicate from the flower-beds.

Esther accepted the pumpkin and the mint, and Alita stayed for about half-an-hour gallantly making formal conversation about the Church and the rain and things like that. I say " gallantly " because, from what I could gather, Esther did not give Alita much encouragement. " I think, missis," Alita explained wistfully, " I think Esther is going to keep herself high with me."

That was not treatment to which Alita is accustomed. Even the white nurse-girls stop their perambulators while Alita leans over to comment on the beauty of their charges, and the bigger children who walk with the nurses have learnt to expect that Alita will give them the sweets she buys with the money she makes by the sale of bones and bottles. They even come, the nurses and children, to play in our back garden.

Esther apparently did not realize that Alita was a privileged person in our street.

Perhaps she feels strange," I comforted Alita. " Perhaps she will behave differently when she comes to see you."

" *Will* she come to see me ? " said Alita.

We both awaited with anxiety the return call of Esther.

III.

But the weeks passed and Esther did not come. She sent the house boy sometimes to borrow house-

hold things, she spoke a chance word or two over th garden wall, but she never herself walked into ou kitchen to have a little friendly chat with Alita.

In a way, I did not exactly blame Esther. It wa not as if, like the nursemaids, she was so safe abou her colour that there could be no question of equalit between her and Alita. After all, even white peopl are like that. They are less friendly with oncomin potential associates than they are with their unquestion able inferiors.

And then Esther was, in other ways too, in a diffi cult position. She really had to hold on most desper ately to what was hers. The trouble with Esther wa that she had once had a white husband, and that he child had inherited his white skin. What woul Esther's daughter say if she saw her mother hob nobbing with Alita?

Alita pointed Elizabeth out to me one day as she wa walking past our house to see her mother.

"Missis! Quick! Make as if you are not looking. It is the daughter of Esther. It is Elizabeth."

"That white girl!"

Alita nodded. She had created the sensation she wanted to create. I really was surprised. For I have seen colour manifesting itself in many ways, but I have not seen anything stranger than that a thoroughly brown woman like Esther should have a child as fair as Elizabeth.

"The nursemaid that comes here with the twins," Alita went on, "tells me that this Elizabeth has got a young man, and he works on one of the mines. His name is Mr. Periguano."

I noted how Alita gave to the man his courtesy title, but not to the girl who was the daughter of Esther.

"He must be an Italian," I commented, and it ran quickly through my mind that if Elizabeth should, by an unlucky chance, have very dark children, it could

always be pointed out that they were of Italian descent. I was relieved to think that Elizabeth was going to marry an Italian.

But Alita denied Elizabeth's young man the grandeur that was Rome.

" He is not an Italian, missis. They say he is English, or perhaps Irish, and that his hair is red."

" Periguano is not an English or Irish name, Alita," I said.

Alita yielded politely.

" Missis knows, of course. But still that is what he is called. I have heard it with my own ears. Mr. Periguano."

" You have not seen him yourself?" I asked.

Alita shook her head.

" He does not visit Esther," she said very pleasantly.

IV.

And why was that, I wondered. Why did not Mr. Periguano visit his future mother-in-law? . . .

Esther was always going about these days with sewing in her hand. So Alita told me. " She is making things for her daughter like the white people have. In two months' time they are going to marry. It will be a grand wedding, I hear, with flower-girls and what-not, and Esther is putting all her money in the post-office for the wedding-dress. Missis, I would like very much to see that wedding."

" Well, you can go if you want to," I told her.

" I would not give Esther the pleasure," said Alita, " to stand like a dog outside the church making 'Aie-e' when her daughter walks in to get married."

Nevertheless, in the end, she did go. " I will stand behind the crowd," she said. " As long as Esther does not see me, that is all that matters."

She returned after an hour, and I asked her how it had been.

There was, I thought, a curiously charged expression on Alita's face, as if she were primed to the very edge with excitement. Although she spoke equably, it was only, I could see, from the surface.

" Well, and so the people came, missis, and there were three motor-cars. In one was Mr. Periguano with a friend, and it is true he has red hair. And in another was Elizabeth with a man, and the flower girls, and in another were folk I don't know. Then some came in carriages, and some came walking. And everyone was really white, missis."

And did the bride look beautiful?"

Alita made a sound signifying the very absolute in appreciation. " Missis should have seen her. The veil and the lace and the dress all full of beads. I can swear that dress must have cost Esther more than a little money. Perhaps five pounds. No, what do I say? Five pounds? Six or seven pounds even!"

I expressed my overwhelmed astonishment.

" And Esther?" I asked. " What was she wearing? Had she a nice dress, too?"

Alita did not reply. It was the dramatic pause. I had leapt to the very heart of Alita's story.

" Esther?" she said, tasting privately her thrilling climax.

" Yes. How did she look?"

" Esther?" Alita repeated in a quiet, demure voice. " No, she was not looking very wonderful. She came just as missis can see her every day."

I certainly was surprised.

" But why was that? Was it because all her money was spent on Elizabeth's clothes?"

Alita shook her head.

" No, missis."

She spread out her arms, and delivered herself of her news. " No, it was not for that. It was because it did not matter how Esther looked. Esther, my missis,

was not in the motor cars. She was not in the carriages. She was not in the church. Esther . . . . Esther was standing at the back of the crowd where Alita was standing. And when Elizabeth drives past, she puts out her head, and she makes a little noise in her throat, and then she quickly hides herself that Elizabeth shall not see her. And I too—that she may not be shamed more—I look too as if I don't see Esther. And that, missis, is how Esther went to her child's wedding."

It was not necessary that Alita should speak further. We both understood what had happened between Esther and Elizabeth. Elizabeth had married white, and was done with her mother. Quite probably Mr. Periguano had never even seen his mother-in-law, and knew nothing of Elizabeth's African blood.

"Are you not sorry for Esther, Alita?" I asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, I am sorry," said Alita. "I hoped evil would happen to Esther because she kept herself proud with me. I said, in my heart, 'Let the Old Man on High show Esther what it is to feel as she makes Alita feel.' But now I wish He had not listened to me."

V.

In the newspaper next morning I saw the announcement of a marriage between Joseph Baragwanath and Elizabeth Twentyman. For a second it conveyed nothing to me. Then I realized that Joseph Baragwanath must be Alita's Mr. Periguano; and I thought to myself how, if Elizabeth's children were not white, she would not, after all, be able to excuse their colour by an Italian ancestry.

THE LOVE-STORY OF LADY MARY MONTAGUE

By G. H. Stevenson

THE story of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's marriage is well known. No match could have been more romantic or have ended so strangely.

A daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, afterwards Duke of Kingston, she was born in May, 1689, and was fourteen ("I came young into the hurry of the world," so on one occasion she writes pathetically to her lover) when she first attracted the notice of Mr. Edward Wortley. Six years later we find her in intimate correspondence with his sister. Girlish, gushing effusions are those "long scrawls," as she calls them, though even they are not without their shrewd humour and salt of wit. Only hearken to these scraps of wisdom that the sweating postboy carried from Thoresby that summer of 1709. "I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world than in following our own inclinations! . . ." "Nature is seldom in the wrong—custom always. . . ." "All people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, equipage . . . I look upon no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses."

Mrs. Anne Wortley twits her young friend with being in love. "I passed the days of Nottingham Races," protests the lady, "without seeing or wishing to see one of the sex. . . . Pray, tell me the name of him I love that I may sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts and teach it to the echo. . . . You see, being

in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule." And then : " What do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? . . . To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley is as ridiculous if not as criminal as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf ! "

Her first letter to the brother of " the woman I tenderly loved " (for " my dear, dear Mrs. Wortley is dead ") is dated March 28th, 1710, and is a note, " the first I ever writ to one of your sex and shall be the last " thanking him for some copies of the *Tatler*. That Mr. Wortley had slipped some communication of a tender sort between the pages of the *Tatler* is obvious from her warning " to think otherwise of me or not at all." And by April the affair had advanced apace.

It is common history how the then Marquis of Dorchester received Mr. Wortley's proposal for his daughter's hand. He insisted upon a deed of entail which Mr. Wortley refused to make. Lady Mary discusses the affair in many letters. " Since I am so unfortunate," she writes, " to have nothing in my own disposal, I do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves."

" If this breaks off I shall not complain of you . . . whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion you have behaved yourself well." And finally, with a confidence unshaken by one mean or paltry doubt, " I say nothing of my letters. I think them entirely safe in your hands."

Unfortunately a quarrel occurs. " Our aunts and grandmothers," writes Lady Mary tartly, " always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox, I could never believe, experience has taught me the truth of it." " I have resolved," she writes two months later, " to give over all thoughts of you. . . . While I foolishly fancied you loved me . . . there's no

condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you. . . I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you . . . I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me I shall not be happy with you ; if you do I need add no further."

So bold a declaration, as she calls it, had its effect. To be secure of his mistress's heart, Mr. Wortley would even die. "That expression, perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter," is her unfeeling comment, though she adds : "were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you ? "

A year later, on the fourth of July, 1712, we find her dispatching what she calls "a plain, long letter." Affairs have come to a crisis. Another suitor has appeared, more agreeable to the Marquis than Mr. Edward Wortley, with his obstinacy about entail. Not only is the engagement announced, the marriage fixed, but £400 have been spent upon "wedding cloathes." In vain, like Fielding's sweet Sophie Western, had Lady Mary offered never to marry at all ; the Marquis proved as obdurate as the Somerset squire. He advised his daughter to consult her relations, who told her "they were sorry I would ruin myself, but if I was so unreasonable, they could not blame my father whatever he inflicted on me. I objected I did not love him. They made answer they found no necessity of loving. It was in vain to dispute with such prudent people."

Sophie Western, we know, was shut up in her chamber ; the Marquis threatened to confine his daughter "where she might repent at leisure." "I retired," says Lady Mary, "where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome . . . but I was in his hands and he might dispose of me as he thought fit."

Unfortunately, the Marquis took his daughter at her word and proceeded "as if I had given a willing con-

sent." "I have told you all my affairs," concluded the distressed damsel, "with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer, and I have not persuaded you to a treaty, which I am sure my family will never agree to. *I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.*"

Lady Mary's "plain long letter" was written in July; early in August their decision was made. If they could not marry with the Marquis's consent, they would marry without it.

"I am sorry I cannot do it," writes the lady (she means elope), "entirely as to Friday or Saturday." She wishes to take into confidence a sympathetic relation, but having stated her reason for delay she concludes dutifully enough, "in this minute I have no will that does not agree with yours . . . Sunday I shall see you, if you do not hear from me Monday."

But in spite of a sentiment so pleasing to a would-be husband, it is clear that by Saturday morning there have been scruples on Mr. Wortley's side, qualms on hers.

"I am afraid," she writes, "you flatter yourself my F. may at last be reconciled. I am convinced . . . he never will. Reflect now," she cautions him frankly, "for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and a petticoat, and that is all you will get with me."

Her friend has offered them her house. "I did not accept this," she writes, "till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will if I am your wife. I shall think no place unfit for me where you are."

There is one more short letter, written on Friday night, the fifteenth of August, 1712. One can imagine her penning it in the fading summer dusk by the window giving on to the balcony ("she and I will be on the balcony that looks on the road; you have nothing

to do but stop under it and we will come to you"). Possibly as she wrote the chairmen were waiting below to carry her off to some drum or rout, as the fashionable parties were called in Queen Anne's days. Was the street quiet after the bustle of the long hot day, or noisy with the noises of her London—the cries of the link-boys, the swearing of the chairmen, the pad of cows being driven home from the parks?

Her agitation is manifest. "I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope." Her maid enters with a note, and again she takes up her scratching quill:

"Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please. You shall hear from me again to-morrow, not to contradict, but to give some directions. My resolution is taken. Love me and use me well."

They were married on August 16th, 1712; in October occurs their first separation.

"I don't know very well how to begin," writes the bride of two months, "I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile (sic). After all, I think 'tis better to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence as if you was still my lover and I am impatient to hear . . . that you have fixed a time for your return."

The letter is headed in her graphic way: "Watling Wells, Oct. 22, 1712, which is the first post I could write; Monday night being so fatigued and sick I went straight to bed from the coach." It overflows with affection. Even "the impertinent picture" of the familv with whom she is lodged, is but a peg on which to hang her own fond illusions about the future, "when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the music of an opera."

Whimsically she writes, half laughing at herself, half

mocking him; but the real thing is there so unmistakably that it seems almost a profanation to read her tender words, "I check myself when I grieve for your absence by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. . . . I assist every day at public prayers in this family and never forget . . . how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours." And then, laughing again, she thus adjures him, "Pray, my dear, begin at the top and read till you come to the bottom."

Now had Mr. Wortley replied to his wife's letter with the same celerity and lover-like warmth, I am ready almost to swear that there would have been no separation in later years. But he didn't even write at all.

"I sometimes imagine you are not well and sometimes that you think it of small importance to write. . . . You should remember I want to know you are safe at Durham. I shall imagine you have had some fall from your horse . . . there is nothing too extravagant for a woman's and a lover's fears."

Her next letter, dated December 6th, 1712, is from Hinchinbrook, the seat of her husband's family, so dear to Pepys. She amuses herself during the short winter days by exploring the old house and discovers an old trunk of papers, "which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich, and am in hopes that those from his lady will tend to my eddification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life." Her words recall Mr. Pepys's rueful entry: "Dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again."

Reading and walking on the terrace, perhaps that same "cloyster" Mr. Pepys once feared would be so dark, are, so she writes, "the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a

good-natured robin redbreast kept me company almost all the afternoon, with so much good humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the 'Children in the Wood.'" And her letter ends, as letters should end between husbands and wives, with the hope that Mr. Wortley's business will not detain him long from "her that cannot be happy without you."

But Mr. Wortley Montague was no correspondent to relieve a lonely wife. "Your short letter," she writes on the 11th, "came to me this morning, but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health." And she goes on to relate with spirit a scrap of local scandal. The forsaken first love of a Huntingdon burgher had forbidden his banns.

"The great prudes," comments Lady Mary, "say the young woman should have suffered in silence, the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served . . . For my part, I never rejoiced at anything more in my life . . . it furnished discourse all the afternoon when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon."

And finally comes this little picture of her solitude: "I write and read till I can't see and then I walk; sleep succeeds, and thus my whole time is devoted . . . I see nothing but I think of everything, and indulge my imagination which is chiefly employed upon you." "I am alone," she writes wistfully in another letter, "I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements" (she was expecting the birth of her first child), ". . . Should I tell you" (and her veiled reproach is significant), "that I am uneasy . . . should I see you half an hour sooner? I believe you have kindness enough for me to be very sorry . . . and things remain in their primitive state."

Her next letter, six months later, is from Yorkshire, where she is house-hunting. The quest even in those

days was not easy. "I sent for Mr. Banks," she writes, "and find by him the house you mentioned at Sheffield is entirely unfurnished and *he says he told you so*. He says there is a house five miles from York, extremely well furnished . . . but the gentleman is gone to France."

"I am in great perplexity," concluded the harassed lady, "I know not what to do, but I know I shall be unhappy till I see you again . . . I am afraid of everything . . . there wants little of my being afraid of the small-pox for you" (her brother had just died of it). "If I lose you, I cannot bear that 'if.'"

She is still, you see, the devoted wife, he her one thought, whilst he—well, he is certainly a very deliberate correspondent.

"You know where I am and I have not heard from you," is the burden of a letter from Watling Wells, indorsed July 25th, 1713, "I am tired of this place because I do not, and if you persist in your silence, I will return to Wharncliffe. I had rather be quite alone and hear sometimes from you, than in any company and not have that satisfaction."

Though Mr. Wortley Montague was too decorous a character to cause his wife that sort of uneasiness, which makes Mrs. Ellison in "Amelia" declare herself "no stranger to the melancholy tone of the midnight clock," she must have watched for the postboy with the sickness of hope deferred. How gay, how responsive she could be when he did write, her letters prove again and again.

"I return you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment," she writes from York in November, and then follows a stream of lively gossip about "our York lovers, love being as much forced up here as melons."

The summer finds her at Middlethorpe. Their boy is ill, and "my heart aches about him very often. The

house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do till I have some." And then occurs the too familiar plaint, "I am concerned that I have not heard from you." And again on August 7th, "you made me cry for two hours last night. I cannot imagine why you use me so ill."

On August 9th, George the First was proclaimed King at York, and Lady Mary pens a lively picture of the ringing of bells, bonfires and illuminations and the mob crying "Liberty and Property," and "Long Live King George." But there was fear of a Jacobite rising and she judges it prudent to take refuge with Lord Wharncliffe's daughters at Castle Howard. "'Tis the same thing," she adds with a touch of her native drollery, "as pensioning in a nunnery for no mortal man ever enters the door in the absence of their father."

The autumn is devoted to electioneering. Mr. Wortley is standing for a seat, and possible boroughs and shrewd advice fill his wife's letters. Whether he profited by her counsel I know not, that he answered her many letters with his usual deliberation we gather from her own pointed hint, "I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife."

Her patience if not her loyalty is at last exhausted. It is on November 24th, 1714, that we find the two at a parting of the ways which was probably even more real a separation than that which took place twenty-five years later. "I have taken up and laid down my pen several times, very much unresolved in what stile I ought to write to you." Thus she begins, and it seems almost a desecration that other eyes than his should ever read her words, so bleeding even now with hurt affection and yet so dignified and wise.

"I know very well," she writes, "that nobody was ever teized into a liking, and 'tis harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion, but I cannot forbear

any longer telling you. I think you use me ve unkindly. . . . I parted with you in July and 'tis no the middle of November. . . . You write seldom an with so much indifference as shews you hardly thir of me at all. I complain of ill health and you only sa you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. *You neve enquire after your child*. . . . I am very sensible," sh continues, "how far I ought to be contented when you affairs oblige you to be without me. . . . I do not bi you lose anything by hasting to see me, but I woul have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder.

Poignant, pitiful words! But they are her last com plaint. "I have concealed," she writes, "as long a I can the uneasiness—*the nothingness* of your letter has given me . . . but dissimulation always sits awk wardly upon me. . . . If your inclination is gone, I ha rather never receive a letter from you, than one whicl in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me pai beyond it."

There is no knowing how Mr. Wortley replied Whether, as she threatened, his next of the kind wen back to him "enclosed in blank paper," or if he wrot off post-haste to make peace. That peace was mad and held good, so long as she considered herself of us to him in his public life, we know. Scandal at this perio would have been disastrous to them both, but whe twenty-five years later she left him to live abroad, onl fools could prate of infidelity or the ribald cast a slu upon them.

And how did she herself look back upon her mar riage? Did disillusion sour her? Not in the least Tolerant and humorous she remained to the last; loya to her husband to the last. "I know him to be more capable of a generous action," she tells their daughter "than any man I know."

"When are people matched?" she writes to sister, the Countess of Mar, "I

right in Heaven, as in a country dance the hands rangely given and taken while they are in motion, t all meet their partners when the jig is done." in another letter to the same sister, "Don't you mber how miserable we were in the little parlour at esby? We then thought marrying would put us e into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though all I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to it to ill-fortune. One should pluck up spirit and upon cordials when one can have no other shment."

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arrived too late to see him, and she survived ardly a year.

Return

SILENT I seek familiar vales
And slow, familiar streams,
My homing eyes on Attic sails
And stately quinqueremes,
Flaking the blue Myrtoan seas
Past Melos and the Cyclades.

Hence had I sped an Argonaut
In vagrant pride of youth,
Questing far treasuries of thought
For dragon-guarded Truth,
And under quiet stars I come
Bearing my broken armour home.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

any longer telling you. I think you use me very unkindly. . . . I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November. . . . You write seldom and with so much indifference as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. *You never enquire after your child.* . . . I am very sensible," she continues, " how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. . . . I do not bid you lose anything by hasting to see me, but I would have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder."

Poignant, pitiful words! But they are her last complaint. " I have concealed," she writes, " as long as I can the uneasiness—*the nothingness* of your letters has given me . . . but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me. . . . If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you, than one which, in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me pain beyond it."

There is no knowing how Mr. Wortley replied. Whether, as she threatened, his next of the kind went back to him " enclosed in blank paper," or if he wrote off post-haste to make peace. That peace was made and held good, so long as she considered herself of use to him in his public life, we know. Scandal at this period would have been disastrous to them both, but when twenty-five years later she left him to live abroad, only fools could prate of infidelity or the ribald cast a slur upon them.

And how did she herself look back upon her marriage? Did disillusion sour her? Not in the least. Tolerant and humorous she remained to the last; loyal to her husband to the last. " I know him to be more capable of a generous action," she tells their daughter, " than any man I know."

" When are people matched?" she writes to her sister, the Countess of Mar, " I suppose we shall all

come right in Heaven, as in a country dance the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done." And in another letter to the same sister, "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though after all I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up spirit and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment."

We know the end of her story. Her husband was taken ill and her impulse was at once to return. "I am dragging," she writes from Rotterdam to her grandson in November, 1761, "my ragged remnant of life to England. The wind and the tide are against me."

She arrived too late to see him, and she survived him hardly a year.

Return

SILENT I seek familiar vales
And slow, familiar streams,
My homing eyes on Attic sails
And stately quinqueremes,
Flaking the blue Myrtoan seas
Past Melos and the Cyclades.

Hence had I sped an Argonaut
In vagrant pride of youth,
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And under quiet stars I come
Bearing my broken armour home.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

ADVERTISING AND JOURNALISM

By Henry King

APPROPRIATELY enough in a large advertisement, in *The Times* of May 23rd, Lord Beaverbrook, the owner of the *Daily Express*, gave the following candid and instructive account of the formation and achievement of his ideal as a newspaper-proprietor :—

> Before I had any practical knowledge of journalism, Mr. Lloyd George asked me to go and see Lord Northcliffe on his behalf. I have forgotten the particular occasion, for I often acted as intermediary between the two most interesting personalities I have ever come across—but I have never forgotten that morning. I found Lord Northcliffe in a little house overlooking the green of St. James's Park. The position was so beautiful that I vowed on the spot that some time I would have a house in London with the same sort of outlook. And this year I have one.
>
> But it was the second episode which determined years afterwards the existing relations between the great Drapers, the Public and the *Daily Express*. Lord Northcliffe was called to the telephone while we were talking, and of necessity I heard what he was saying. It was the late Sir Richard Burbidge (of Harrod's Stores) who was ringing him up to suggest that he should call on Lord Northcliffe to discuss some business point. Northcliffe immediately replied: " No, I will come round and see you."
>
> I was immensely surprised and not a little intrigued. Finally, I determined to solve the mystery, and I put this question to Lord Northcliffe—" How is that while all the great statesmen and politicians and diplomats are ready to come and see you, you are ready to go round and see the head of a big store? " He answered at once—" Because, as a journalist, it is imperative that I should understand

the character and scope of the Big Stores, and my relations with the drapery business are closer and more important than with any other class of business. The great drapers are my big advertisers. It is through my columns that they reach their public of buyers. They are essential to me and I am essential to them."

The episode remained so vividly in my memory that when ultimately I came to the *Daily Express*, I was determined that the kind of relationship Lord Northcliffe had indicated should subsist between that newspaper and the great shopping centres of London—the organisations which draw their purchasers through their advertisements and dispatch many of their goods outwards in answer to the letters of those who order from advertisement pages. That is why the *Daily Express* carries more drapery and store advertising than any other penny Morning Newspaper. . . .

When Lord Northcliffe spoke to me on this matter, I only saw in an intuitive kind of way that he was right. I did not reason about the matter or really understand it. I did not see, as I do now, what a great service was rendered to the public by means of these advertisements, and how the Press and the great high-class advertising houses are really performing an identical task, that of giving out the news.

For the advertisements of great Drapers are news. They are a complete and, indeed, a necessary supplement to the Woman's page. They are a guide as much as the City columns to current prices, or as the Social columns to women's fashions. Above all, they give to men and women alike a chance to study comparative prices, and to see where their money will reap the greatest return.

It would be foolish to waste time and paper in a lament over conditions in which a Prime Minister of England, in time of war, has humbly to send an envoy to a great newspaper-proprietor, who regards only the head of a great department-store as his equal. That is one of the penalties of modern democracy. Nor need we wonder that the discovery came as flash of revelation to Lord Beaverbrook, very much as the light came to Paul on the road to Damascus. Before that moment Lord Beaverbrook had no doubt desired to become a

second Lord Northcliffe. After all, that is the supreme position in modern democracy, and Lord Beaverbrook naturally aspired to it. Suddenly, by a stroke of fortune, he saw how it was done. "I only saw in an intuitive kind of way that he was right. I did not reason about the matter or really understand it." The phraseology, as well as the fact, is interesting. They show that our modern captains, like the old, have their moments of inspiration.

But the point of chief interest is that Lord Beaverbrook was right. Lord Northcliffe had discovered the secret; he was the original genius: but Lord Beaverbrook had the genius to recognize the secret of genius. The modern English circulation newspaper and the modern department-store are complementary to each other: neither could exist without the other. The next development would therefore seem to be that the department stores and the circulation newspapers should be amalgamated. Perhaps that is already happening. One might describe the next phase as one in which the public will pay a penny a day for the catalogues of the great stores.

"For the advertisements of the great drapers are news," as Lord Beaverbrook says. That is not a high-sounding pretence; it is a fact. Let anyone who lives in a country village inquire at the newspaper shop which newspaper sells most copies. He will find that it is the newspaper with the most advertisements. From them the country woman (and the country man) learns the price of commodities, and can determine whether things sold locally are dear or cheap. "They are a guide as much as the City columns to current prices": the analogy is exact. What the record of the previous day's dealings on 'Change is to the man of investments on affairs, the advertisement pages of the circulation press are to the vast majority of ordinary men and women.

Therefore, the primary object of a circulation news-

paper is to obtain the greatest possible number of pages of advertisements of the kind that has the attractiveness of news. At this point in his account Lord Beaverbrook is a little confused, when he says " it must not be supposed that the main object of *The Daily Express* is to secure " such advertisements. He is not, I think, being disingenuous ; he is merely in a tangle ; not unnaturally, for the subject is complicated. However, the main object *is* to secure news-advertisements, and the main problem is *how* to secure them. Lord Beaverbrook is not talking bunkum, though he is using words strangely, when he says—"Advertisements of this class only come to newspapers which have courage and character and make a wide and honourable appeal to the public on quite other grounds." For it is true that though circulation is immensely important, it is not *all*-important. *The News of the World*, for example, has a much larger circulation than either *The Daily Mail* or *The Daily Express* ; but it does not thereby secure the same amount of news-advertising as they do. The big stores know their business : *The News of the World* is *low* ; it does not give them the kind of circulation they need.

But " courage and character "—hardly. " Courage and character " is not what is needed, in any ordinary sense of those words. And Lord Beaverbrook unconsciously admits it, for he gives as the supreme instance of " courage " the fact that *The Daily Express* now keeps its front page for news. That was a good move, and it probably seemed a bold one to Lord Beaverbrook : its real object was (1) to differentiate *The Daily Express* from *The Daily Mail*, and (2) to justify a particular appeal to the great advertising houses on the ground that the people who preferred a newspaper without advertisements on its front page would be more likely to be the kind of people the drapery houses wished to reach with their advertisements.

But see how subtle and profound a change has come

over the meanings of the commonest terms in journalism. Lord Beaverbrook claims, quite sincerely, that the "policy" of his newspaper is "courageous." The policy of a newspaper not so long ago meant its attitude to the political affairs of the nation: now it means simply the methods it adopts to obtain the maximum of news-advertising. The courage of a newspaper not long ago meant its boldness in criticising a popular or championing an unpopular cause; now it means simply its boldness in departing from the average methods of obtaining news-advertisements. And, I verily believe, Lord Beaverbrook imagines that in speaking of "courage" and "policy" in journalism he is speaking of the things that a Morley, a Massingham, a Spender, a Garvin, or a Geoffrey Robinson would mean by the words.

As I say, it is a waste of time to lament over an evolution that was inevitable. Lord Northcliffe saw the opening and took it; Lord Beaverbrook is more truly his successor than Lord Rothermere, and he will deserve his success. It is an absolutely legitimate form of commerce, with the traditional English reward for commercial success—a peerage—at the end of it. But the mention of some of the famous independent editors of recent times makes one aware of one typical change which is become so familiar that I had forgotten it. It is no longer the editor, but the proprietor who speaks for the newspaper.

I do not believe that the position will change essentially for many years to come. The perfunctory optimist says that the public will lose faith in the circulation-press. The public will not do anything of the kind, because the public has not got faith of this kind in the circulation-press. Its opinions and judgments are not governed by it. They may be to a certain extent influenced by it; but the nature of the influence is far from clear. Consider these three facts: (1) Probably

one-half at least of the readers of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* vote Labour ; (2) *The Daily Mail* made every effort to crab the German Loan : it failed utterly ; (3) *The Daily Mail* employed physicians and chemists of authority to expose "Yadil" ; it stopped the enormous sale of that product in a week. Those facts do not warrant a generalization, but they indicate that the influence of the circulation-press upon opinion is of a very peculiar and restricted kind. The circulation newspaper is becoming more and more an interesting and variously attractive catalogue of the news which chiefly interest the great public—sport, *causes célèbres,* stores advertisements, and the Prince of Wales.

Meanwhile the future of independent journalism seems to depend on the ability of independent journalists to see that independent journalism can exist by the side, and in the shadow, of the circulation-press. The independent journal of opinion can gradually gain a small foothold : the slow but sure progress of *The New Statesman* in a time of great difficulty proves it. But the independent journalist must be prepared to make sacrifices : he must not expect to have a comfortable salary, or a discreet home in Mayfair. He must be prepared to pay the price for the independence he professes to value. After all, to speak frankly, it is preposterous that he should expect rich proprietors to pay the piper without calling the tune. What right has he to expect a greater disinterestedness from them than he himself displays? When he is prepared to go into the wilderness and work for five instead of fifty pounds a week, then he may accomplish something. To expect to be subsidized for obeying one's conscience is childish.

A NIGHT ON PICQUET

By Ian Mars

NIGHT! Here and there a lonely star gleaming faintly but resolutely in the cold blue-black depths of the vaulted heavens, as if defiant of the effort of the ominous clouds to cast a veil of melancholy over all the land beneath.

On the summit of a bare wind-swept hill, a quaintly rugged outline; a sentinel of Empire—a picquet. In the picquet all is darkness. Not even a flicker of light strays through the chinks of the rough wall of loose stones from the inner chamber. In the passage between the inner chamber and the outer wall all is deadly silent, immobile. The wind moans eerily round the picquet, searching with tentative feelers for cracks and crevices through which to pour its chill breath on the humans huddled inside those crazy walls. On the top of the outer wall the outline is broken here and there by formless blobs rising to a height of about eighteen inches. Man's subterfuge to speed uncertainty into the mind of the sniper.

Of a sudden, there comes a soft sibilant rustle, an accidental click of steel on stone and one of the mysterious blobs moves, ever so little, almost indistinguishably. To a watcher in the picquet it seems that the subtle movement is sensed rather than seen. Realization comes that one of the sandbags looming grotesquely skywards, is indeed no sack of gravelly soil but a human head muffled in the folds of a turban. The watcher moves silently along the narrow trench towards the sentry and immediately, without any corresponding

movement of the head or form, there comes a sharp whispering hiss, "Halt! Who goes there?" "Picquet-commander Sahib." The whispered reply steals across the intervening two yards and just reaches the sentry's ears, only just—as it was meant to do. "Pass friend. All's well." The time-honoured phrase wings itself across the separating space, spoken with a quaint accent. And the watcher marvels to himself at the might of that Britain who can teach these lawless children of another land something of her customs, her discipline, her inefficiency, and her glorious steadfastness. He glides on towards the solitary sentinel, feeling along the rough walls to make certain that bombs and flares, spare ammunition and verey-pistol are all in their appointed places.

Pausing beside the muffled figure leaning statuesquely against the outer wall, rifle tightly gripped in clenched hand, he whispers in the man's ear, "All is correct?" "Correct, Sahib," the man answers stolidly, reassuringly. The picquet-commander thanks his god that his men, poor superstitious children, have at least no imagination clawing frenziedly at their hearts, turning flaming courage to ice-cold fear. "What is that?" he snaps, suddenly on the alert, his reverie forgotten, every nerve and sinew of brain and body strung to breaking pitch as he points carefully at a black object some fifty yards away. Then sentry peers into the blackness, a little excitedly, a little nervously. Then, an almost reluctant reassurance in his voice, replies: "It is a small bush." Almost he could have wished it were an enemy. His fingers are twitching to press the trigger. Still gazing at the blurred object he fancies it has moved slightly. For a moment his soul has been fired by a spark of imagination. Then the peering eyes relax their strained intensity. A calm stolid Oriental smile flits across his grave face and, like a good soldier, he releases the trigger and places his forefinger behind the trigger-

guard. Years of training, discipline, and mountain warfare have indelibly impressed on his mind the utter stupidity of firing at a dubious target.

He has seen his brother tempted sorely and to breaking-point, fire at one of those bushes which at night seem to be endowed with a miraculous gift of assuming human identity and movement. It was only a bush, sinister in the blackness of night, innocent enough in daylight. The flash of a rifle, a shattering report ringing with dull reverberations through the echoes—and even before the last of these had died down, phut! crack!—the noise of a bullet hitting its mark, followed seconds after by the crack of the charge that had sped it on its death-dealing way and his brother quietly crumpled up and slid to the ground. His skull had been neatly drilled by a bullet, a sniper's bullet from the right. The bush he had fired at had been to the left. His train of thought snapped abruptly. His officer was questioning him. "What are your orders in the event of——?" Mechanically he grappled with the question, realized the sense and meaning of it, and replied with the correct answer, an answer he had learnt, parrot-wise, by heart. The officer moved away. The sentry wondered for a moment how long it would be before his relief, and then settled down in his old position, a machine, a human automaton with one purpose and only one—the protection of his picquet.

The sentry's lonely vigil was drawing to a close. He himself, numb with cold, lashed by the biting wind, was beginning to suffer from the overpowering pangs of drowsiness. He eased his cramped fingers in their mitten-gloves. His overcoat and Gilgit boots had almost ceased to be blessed containers of warmth and become merely odiously heavy weights, dragging on his tired shoulders and sagging knees. His hands strayed to his equipment to ease the webbing straps which were burning their way into his aching shoulders, and, sud-

denly ceasing to fumble, clenched the straps in tense alertness. A stone started to rattle down the steep hill-side, rapidly gained momentum as it bounded down-wards until its progress was arrested by a small shrub, and silence once more ensued.

But now a subtle sinister silence, fraught with danger, full of evil forebodings. Like a flash, the thoughts chased through the sentry's rapidly clearing brain. "Was it a sniper? Or an attacking force? Those Mahsuds, sons of pigs, were so stealthy, so quick to strike. Or was it just a pebble loosed by some crum-bling earth?" He knew that to wake up the entire garrison of the picquet for a false alarm would bring, if not punishment, at least dire unpopularity on his head. The leather thong* which was fastened round his wrist and led to the wrist of the picquet-commander drew taut as he stiffened into a crouching position, rifle fiercely clutched, eyes peering into the non-committal darkness, ears strained to their uttermost. Suddenly his gaze wavered, paused, and concentrated on a small dark object distant from the picquet by some thirty yards. A bush? Surely not! He was certain there had been no bush in that place half an hour since. Scarcely daring to breathe, he gazed at it fascinated. Yet he had seen that very self-same bush only a few minutes before. But had it not seemed a trifle farther away? His eyes rivetted on the suspicious object, his brain thrashed out the question, stumbled, and paused uncertain. And then—the bush moved, ever so slightly, but move it did. Gone was indecision, banished all ill-forebodings. In their place reigned an intense excitement. The thong attached to his wrist tightened. Quickly he jerked his arm once, twice, thrice.

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* A device used on the Frontier whereby a sentry can rouse the picquet-commander without any noise and without leaving his post.

No sound answered him, but there came back one single tug of the leather thong. Satisfied that the Picquet-commander Sahib was awake the man remained mute and immobile, never taking his eyes off that eccentric bush. In less than thirty seconds a burly, indistinct form was beside him, eager lips touched his ear, and a keen, sharp voice whispered, " What is it? "

" The enemy, sahib," he breathed softly and described the situation and the position of the pseudo-bush. The picquet-commander gazed intently at the mysterious shadow. He could see nothing unusual, and he knew that a futile expenditure of verey-lights, bombs, or ammunition, would only bring censure on his head. But he knew also that the Indian could see and hear things clearly that were as in a fog to himself. He hesitated, and then fancying he too saw a slight movement, made up his mind on the spur of the moment.

The garrison had already flitted, each to his appointed post like so many ghosts. The officer passed round a whispered message. They had been drilled for this occasion for weeks. And each man knew exactly what the first few steps to be taken would be. After that, naturally it depended on the enemy. The officer crouched slightly lower down, his arm pivoted back slowly from the shoulder, then with a jerk it swung up in a semi-circle, something black and oval sped from his hand rising and falling in a clumsy arc. Bang! Zip-zip-ping-ee! As the bomb exploded, the Havildar fired a verey-light. In the glaring whiteness several things happened suddenly and almost simultaneously. The bush metamorphosed itself into a human body. The body hurtled into the air, a convulsed mass of struggling limbs, crashed back to earth and started to roll down the steep incline. For a few yards it rolled on, an ungainly bundle of seared and torn flesh intermingled with filthy rags. Then it slithered over a precipitous edge, and after seconds that seemed an eternity

there echoed up from the rocks below a dull thud. A rattle of rifle fire broke out from the picquet and over-aweing that sounded the harsh, strident chatter of a Lewis gun. Immediately an answering fusillade broke out from all around the picquet. Every rock and shrub, each hollow and patch of shadow seemed to harbour and conceal an enemy.

Flashes of flame leapt out of the darkness and occasionally a hoarse shriek or muffled curse rent the medley of mechanical sounds. A man in the picquet, next to the officer, exposed himself rashly to hurl a bomb, shuddered abruptly, swayed back and crumpled up in a limp heap. The officer, acting mechanically, stooped, seized the fallen bomb and flung it outside the picquet just in time. And then as suddenly as it had all started there came an absolute cessation of the furious hail of death, a lull more ghastly than the actual noise had been.

The officer stumbled into the inner chamber bearing the body of the erstwhile bomber in his arms. There, a dim form showed faintly in a corner whence came the unmistakable sound of a field telephone buzzing away feverishly. The man obtained communication and called softly " Sahib, the Adjutant-Sahib is speaking." The officer laid his pathetic burden on the ground and groped his way across the uneven floor, over a tangled mass of hurriedly discarded blankets and camp paraphernalia, to the instrument. Picking up the receiver he spoke, sharp staccato sentences. " Hallo! hallo! Is that the camp?" " Yes,' slanged back the excited reply, " Is that X picquet? B speaking."

" Oh! it's you, Rupert, is it? Well, look here, we are having a regular picnic. It's D—— speaking. The devils are all round the picquet fairly thirsting for our blood. Can't signal by lamp yet—too dangerous. Most of the telephone lines to the other picquets have been cut. I'm trying to get communication with them,

but I've only got A. However, they'll signal the others for us. No, guns can't help us yet, the blighters are too near. They are thinking things over just at present. We've had one man badly hit—he's dead, I think, and I've had a scratch. No, thanks, nothing much. It's too beastly quiet, I don't like—Ah! There they go like all the fiends in hell let loose. Must crash off. The signaller will stay at the 'phone. Cheerio!"

The subaltern relinquished the instruments with a few curt words of instruction and lurched out into the outer passage.

The din that assailed the Englishman's ears as he reached the outer breastwork was indescribably fiendish. The mechanical noises peculiar to modern warfare were now reinforced by blood-curdling yells from the Mahsuds and hoarse curses from the garrison of the picquet. The enemy swarmed up to the encircling belt of fire and miraculously through it. In a few seconds they were tearing frenziedly at the stones of the outer breastwork. The officer thrust the muzzle of his revolver into a yelling face and blew its head to bits. The sepoy on his right jabbed viciously with his bayonet at the stomach of a man who was kneeling on the parapet. On his left the naik was reeling back dizzily, a cruel knife sticking out of his ribs. He suddenly became aware of the fact that he was pulling the trigger of his revolver without any answering reports. There was no time to reload. He struck out shrewdly at a blurred silhouette scrambling over the sandbags and laughed exultantly as he felt the blow go home. A hand and arm appeared clawing at a large stone and he brought the barrel of the revolver down on the wrist with all his might. And then, just as he was wondering how long this hell would last, he saw indistinct figures stumbling, running away from the picquet and a ragged cheer broke out all round him. He leaned against the para-

pet feeling deadly sick and faint. Vaguely he heard a shout of "Khabadar!"* from the Havildar; there was a scurry of slipping feet followed by an ear-splitting explosion and a medley of groaning cries. A great blackness enveloped him. He felt himself gradually slipping until he was falling through space.

After an eternity came a jarring crash and he recovered consciousness to find the Havildar and his orderly laying him on the floor of the inner chamber. He tried to speak, but for some seconds no words came. His orderly who had been rummaging in his kit crept back and held a flask to his lips. As he drank he suddenly became aware of ghastly pains in his abdomen, shoulder, and both legs. "What happened?" he asked, glaring round wildly. "Your honour has eaten a wound," the Havildar answered, tears in his eyes. "The enemy, where is he?" gasped the wounded man. "Having run, they are gone, Hero-Sahib," came the reassuring reply.

Occasionally a shot rang out. He knew what that meant. The Mahsuds were trying to steal away the bodies of their dead and wounded according to their invariable custom. Sharply he gave orders for a vigilant watch to be kept on all bodies lying round the picquet; the Lewis gun to be trained on a favourable mark; the entire picquet to stand-to till dawn. The Havildar straightened himself. "It is a good word, O Presence," he acknowledged, saluting, and went to see the orders carried out.

The orderly remained crouching by D——. "Sundar Singh," spoke D——. "Protector of the Poor," answered the orderly. "How many dead and wounded are there?" "Three dead and five wounded, Sahib, of whom two will surely die," he answered phlegmatically. "Have the wounded been dressed?" "No,

* Khabadar = look-out!

Sahib." "Then go and bandage them and afterwards return to me." "Very good, Sahib." The man moved away languidly, apathetically. What did these others matter? They could be easily replaced. How could he tend them when his Sahib was dying? The wounded man was aching for the solace of a cigarette but he knew it was unsafe to light one. As far as he could make out he was wounded in the shoulder and both legs beside the stomach. He thought to himself that recovery was scarcely to be expected.

Dreamily his thoughts turned to England; to a quaint old gabled house in the heart of Somersetshire; to his father and mother, his sisters and brother. He sighed as illusive memories of galloping after hounds through the crisp air, mounted on his favourite hunter, surged across his fogged mental vision. With a jerk he recalled his mind to the present and all its responsibilities.

"Sundar Singh," he called in a faint voice, "give me wine." The orderly knelt down and raised his shoulders carefully while he eagerly sipped the spirit. "Who is that groaning?" D—— presently asked in stronger tones. "Ram Chand, Sahib," the man answered. "He is hit in the stomach." "Double his legs up over his stomach, bind them so and give him nothing to drink, do you understand?" "Very good, Sahib." He thought whimsically how he himself had drunk although he too was similarly wounded. But he knew he must have stimulant to carry him through to dawn. And if the enemy were to attack again it was essential that he should be able to conduct operations, give orders, think of all the hundred and one necessary details to be complied with. What he was aching for was a long drink of cool water. Such a draught as he had been wont to refresh himself with from sparkling moorland springs when beagling.

The Havildar came in and reported that the Mahsuds were surely born of the devil for they had already suc-

ceeded in withdrawing many of the shadowy bodies from the vicinity of the wire despite the vigilance of the sepoys. The subaltern called the signaller. "Ask the Adjutant Sahib to get the topkhana* to fire as near the picquet as they can," he ordered. The man squatted down on the earthen floor by the telephone and began buzzing. Then his droning voice became audible, apparently in argumentative converse with a sleepy office orderly in the camp. A silence followed, then a further one-sided conversation in the same monotonous tones, deferential this time, however. The man came across and reported that the "Ajitan-sahib" had said he would tell the topkhana sahib. The picquet-commander, suffering agonies, wondered how he could possibly stick it out till dawn. How interminably long the minutes were. From round about came the desultory fire of Lewis guns and the muffled roar of occasional rifle grenades from anxious picquets desirous of helping, but uncertain where to fire. Of a sudden, there was a droning noise in the air, a loud explosion, succeeded by a faint report and the echo rumbled like thunder. The guns were at work.

He dozed fitfully, giving orders in his brief periods of consciousness but for the most part struggling in silence with his pain. As time progressed, the lucid intervals became fewer and farther apart. Once he thought vaguely that this agony was his Gethsemane but his tired mind refused to follow the comparison. After what seemed to be hours, the first silver streak of dawn crept tentatively across the sky. After that, every minute the light increased in strength with a rapidity peculiar to the East.

He was much weaker now. He whispered to the Havildar, who had come to look at him, that a double tot of rum should be served to every man, and then

* Topkhana = artillery.

relapsed into a vague phantom world peopled by the ghosts of long ago years spent in England. He awoke from this trance-like state to hear the Havildar speaking to him. A relief column from camp was nearing. They were already in flag communication. The Colonel Sahib had sent a message, " Well done D Company." The young man smiled the contented smile of a child. Hours later it seemed he heard footsteps outside the picquet and a moment after there entered the C.O., Adjutant, and the M.O. " Why D——, what's up, old man?" asked the C.O. with gruff kindliness, as he came across to the recumbent figure. " I'm done for, sir, I'm afraid," said the subaltern. " Nonsense," replied the C.O. " You'll be as right as rain as soon as Mac here has had a look at you."

The doctor stepped forward, knelt down, and began his examination. " It's no use looking at me, Mac," D—— said. " But there is a poor devil over there hit in the stomach. You might be able to save him." " He'll be all right for a minute or two, old chap," said the M.O. soothingly, and continued his examination with deft fingers. Presently he got up grave of face, crossed to where the C.O. was standing, and conversed with him in whispered undertones.

D—— smiled grimly. He knew what that meant. Well, he had had a run for his money and it was the best way to go out anyhow. There only remained to go out game despite the gnawing pains.

The doctor came back, produced a syringe and inserted the needle in the patient's right thigh. " Morphia?" whispered D——. The M.O. nodded. He couldn't have trusted himself to speak at that moment. " Tell me straight, Mac, I haven't a hope, have I?" asked D——. The doctor clasped his hand. " Old man, you've run your race," he answered. " How long?" D—— queried calmly. " Twenty minutes at most. Has the morphia stopped the pain, old chap?"

"Yes, thanks, Mac. I want to speak to the C.O."

The doctor called the C.O. and he came across, his eyes moist, and his voice was very husky as he spoke. "What is it, old boy?" "I haven't got long, sir," gasped D——, fighting for breath. "I want to make my last report." And he grinned, a ghastly replica of the dare-devil debonair smile he imagined it to be, a grin that tore at the elder man's heartstrings.

"I want to recommend Havildar Narain Singh for the I.O.M.* for conspicuous gallantry and calm initiative in the defence of the picquet. And Sepoy Tulsi Ram for the I.D.S.M.† for setting a courageous example to the men." He paused and gulped. "The men were splendid, sir," he added, and closed his eyes.

Presently he became delirious. He mistook the C.O. for his own father, and clutched his hand with the instinct of a child seeking protection from vague horrors of nightmare. Then he thought the Havildar was the old groom who had taught him to ride as a boy. For a moment he became semi-conscious and was puzzled by the man's beard. "Your face seems all black, somehow," he murmured petulantly. He rambled on, half coherent words to his mother mixed up with a jargon of jumbled English and Hindustani, for the most part senseless.

"For God's sake give him another dose of morphia, Mac," pleaded the C.O. The doctor searched for the syringe with a glance of sympathetic understanding. As he bent down by the boy the eyelids flickered and opened, revealing eyes completely sane at last, and he knew that the end was very near, that the drug was not needed. To the C.O. he seemed to have regained a little strength, but the M.O. knew it for a last flicker of the tired soul that was almost spent.

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* I.O.M. = Indian Order of Merit.

† I.D.M.S. = Indian Distinguished Service Medal.

He asked for the Havildar and his Orderly and said good-bye to both with a smile on his pain-wracked lips. Bravely he said his last words to the C.O. with a jest on his tongue. Then he sank down and asked in a weak voice for the Adjutant, who had gone outside, unable to stand seeing his friend tortured by suffering. He came in quickly to the call and gripped his hand. " I've got a favour to ask, Rupert," he heard the weak voice articulate with difficulty, " I'm going, old chap. Write to the people and tell them—tell them how I went out. Say I had no pain." He paused expectantly while his friend mumbled a reassuring reply. " The game's finished, old chap," he whispered faintly. " I'm off to —— the happy hunting-ground." A serene smile flitted across the wan, twisted features and the other softly releasing the hand of his dead comrade murmured, " Good hunting, old man."

The barbed-wire entanglement round the picquet had been repaired. The walls of the picquet itself had been rebuilt and the dead and wounded conveyed down the hillside on stretchers. The men had gleefully collected the few remaining bodies of the dead and wounded Mahsuds that still lay round the picquet. The picquet garrison had been made up to strength. The C.O. issued his final instructions to the new picquet-commander and the little headquarters party started down the hillside on its way back to camp.

The journey back was accomplished for the most part in strained silence. Just as they were nearing camp the Adjutant burst out, " Poor old chap! Good Lord, sir, isn't it damned futile—the whole blasted show. One of the very best, a *pukka* white man. Oh Christ!" Tears ran unashamed down his tanned cheeks. " God blast those damned Mahsuds," he raved impotently, and the C.O., who was a man of intimate understanding and pity, said never a word.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

"H. W. M."—It is surprising how much of the elusive personality of H. W. Massingham is conveyed through the book of selections from his writings now published by his son, H. J. Massingham (Jonathan Cape : 12s. 6d. net) ; still more surprising how much he lives in the valedictory essays of Vaughan Nash, Bernard Shaw, J. L. Hammond, and H. M. Tomlinson (which appeared in these pages a year ago). Two of those four writers are writers with a touch or more of genius ; the other two are more than usually practised with the pen. But the cause of their success lies not in this, I fancy. They loved the man ; but again that is not all. They loved him in the only way he could be loved—with the half-whimsical, wholly affectionate detachment that the man feels towards the boy. They were grown up in their various ways ; H. W. M. was not. They saw his bounding outline, tenuous and delicate though it was, more completely than most men can see another man's.

It seems a fantastic thing to say that H. W. M. was a child. And yet I can think of no better word to express that queer petulant waywardness of his, or above all, that sense of inscrutable aloofness and complete autonomy which he produced. If he was not a child, he was as different from men and as concealed from them (even from those who loved and served him) as a child is different and concealed from a man. I have no claim to compare in knowledge of Massingham with the four men of whom I have spoken. I met him first only in 1917 : I worked in close personal contact with him only for two years. But since my impression of him agrees with that of greater authorities, it seems that I may trust it. If I insist on the "childishness" in him it is for the sake of more sharply defining a

quality which was, in the opinion of all competent witnesses, his peculiar possession.

One trick of Massingham's is graven on my memory. He was curiously fond of using the word "bloody." He would twitch his sensitive nose, hitch his gold spectacles, jump up nervously with a big blue pencil in his fingers, turn over the file of the *Times* on the high pulpit desk, point to a paragraph, "Did you see that? It's *bloody!*" Or he would suddenly say of his pet-aversion among latter-day politicians: "That *bloody* man!" Very many things, very many persons were "bloody" for Massingham. They are for most of us, and most of us have used the word as often as Massingham. It is so familiar and so necessary an epithet that I do not notice it. But, whenever Massingham used it, it came "sharp to my startled senses." No man I have ever known uttered that word in a way remotely resembling H. W. M.'s. How can I describe it?

He used the word as though it came awkwardly to him, as though he were somehow forcing himself to the utterance. Then there was a faint but perceptible tinge of delighted bravado, as who should say: "See I can do it with the best of you." But he could not: the word came always finicking, vehement, yet unnatural, from his lips.

Am I pressing a single clue too hard? Perhaps: but even while I heard him, week by week, say "Bloody!" in this strange way, I used to feel "There is the man. Squeeze that hard enough and you will have his essence."

I believe my instinct was right; as I read this memory-laden book I find, or seem to find, its truth confirmed on every page. In this coarse, sweating, luxuriant physical world, where "bloody" is the very fulcrum of man's natural speech, Massingham was always a stranger and changeling. Yet he forced himself to be of it with a kind of nervous gusto; he was con-

vivial, he could be Rabelaisian even, but his conviviality and his Rabelaisianism were not *de bon aloi.* Even his taste in red wine, which was a fine one, seemed to me detached and incorporeal, as though he were indulging an exacting *alter ego.* He smoked a cigarette like a girl. Beneath his resolute abandon to the carnal man was a fundamental and unmistakeable asceticism; at moments almost an austerity of saintliness. A pure, white flame, a devouring incandescence, was raging somewhere, as though some inviolable and unconquerable element in him believed that the Kingdom of Heaven would, but for the wickedness of men, be here on earth to-morrow. Not that he became gluttonous and a wine-bibber to call sinners to repentance. The war was within his own soul; he did not believe his own belief; and he furiously mortified his own austerity. Did he hope to exorcise it? Was he trying, by the strangest of hair-shirt methods, to cure himself of expecting the super-human from humanity, and from himself.

I think so. And I am sure it is no accident that Manichee, and Manicheism, strange and half-forgotten words, continually recur in his writings. Queer emphases in conversation that I remember make me think that he more than half believed in a real devil, to whom politician after politician sold himself. There is something childish in Manicheism, but also something apocalyptically swift and devouring. All truly passionate reformers, all fierce satirists, are Manichees at heart. Massingham, who knew himself well, was quick to detect the condition in another. Trust a heretic for hunting heresies. He adored Swift; and how certainly he transfixes his own heart with the arrow he let fly at Bernard Shaw.

> Something incurably fastidious in his nature has always forbidden him to conceive a truly religious affection for the human being. For a killing, vivisecting, flesh-eating,

> coarsely love-making, woodenly selfish, and yet absurdly complacent animal like that, the best that Shaw could predict was a deliverance from the body of this death. That was as far as his thought would reach. His artist wings have never been quite strong enough to carry him into the mystic region where both the Christian and the humanist poet saw God as the centre of radiant energy, eternally renewed. Sick of materialism in life and thought, he has turned, he says, to metaphysics. In reality, he ends as a Christian heretic, a Manichee of the twentieth century.

That is criticism: masterly. But it is, also, the Puritan anatomising the Puritan. See how aptly, how naturally, comes in the Pauline phrase—"the body of this death."

Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? What was he doing in political journalism? In a world wherein the man after the flesh is the supreme reality? His penitential dissipations of speech were but a vain effort to persuade himself that in it he had an abiding city. Far from it. His politics were, after all, purely apocalyptic; he went out to see, and to cheer, one Messiah after another: he found him merely a man, and he cursed him. He could laugh at himself for it—he was a very modern apostle—but the habit of soul was ineradicable.

Therefore he was the most impossible of political journalists of his generation, and the greatest. There were good ones beside him: Spender and Garvin; but not one with his touch of devouring eschatology. He had no policy: only an invincible suspicion that in the twinkling of an eye we should all be changed. He had no party. What did he say of his own? "The Liberal Party seems to me something that can't be either cursed or blessed. There's nothing really human about it as there is in Jingoism or Fisherism, or all the straightforward cults of hell. . . ." At last he joined the Labour Party. He would have slipped out of that in the same old way, for really he knew that all political

parties, simply because they are political, are either straightforward or variously crooked "cults of hell," or 'really human"—for it is the same thing for a Manichee.—J. M. MURRY.

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD."—Tchehov was aware of a purity which was far higher than a deliberate acceptance of life. That could be, as it was to Dostoevsky, a sincere, passionate loving acceptance in spite of God; a love tortured by the intellectual stresses which had conceived it, incomplete and agonizing compared with the transcendent freedom which Tchehov grew to understand. With the pains of labour and acceptance it was born in him, establishing above the intelligence and reasoned course of life a tranquil awareness of cosmic unity. It was perhaps an advaitistic knowledge, a belief in "not-twoness," rather than a definitely apparent monistic apprehension. Yet the enchantment which filled his mind, the bliss, the quietness of the spiritual life was certainly that of a deeply contemplative and coherent thinker.

There is a strong reason for believing that this is so. In his stories and plays there is not left in the reader's or spectator's thought any of the pain of the unfitness of the world. It is accepted, proportioned, presented so delicately, with such deep emotional intuition that the whole is inevitable. Each circumstance, each character is inevitable. The hurts, the weaknesses which these people portray do not wound by their intense humanity. There is no searing, gaping laceration of the heart such as Dmitri Karamazov or Ilia Luneff occasion. All is quiet, joyful, exacting a sympathy so profound that it is almost inexpressible except as an active desire for a new behaviour and conduct.

The Cherry Orchard, which Mr. Fagan has produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, demonstrates most tenderly this essential sureness of Life. Tchehov seems

not merely to say "Here is the real Beauty, transient yet surely existing. Do not worry." Rather does he suggest that any mode of living which cannot identify this reality as in and of itself is intolerable, incomplete, and most deserving of help. The purchase of a beautiful estate for villa building plots from a weak, debt-smothered woman by a capitalist who was once a serf, is no new theme. The treatment of it, however, the seeming irrelevancies, the interjections, the queer introspective statements, the "strangeness" of the emotions of these people, is what bears it directly into a reality neither temporal nor illusory, but absolute. Perhaps Trofimov is the most concrete exposition of human endeavour. He is a "perpetual student," seeking truth, earnestly, with great loving-kindness in his heart, but seeking self-consciously and in vain. He is a pathetic figure, as inevitable in his failure as are the misfortunes of Epihodov, the clerk. Yet his significance, his position as a fundamental of human consciousness is offered with such dignity that the tragedy of his life is lost in intense beauty. Even at the end, when everyone has left the old house in the orchard, the cold October sunlight striking through the shuttered room on to the servant Firs, disregarded and locked in the empty house, is pure and peaceful. To a mind fevered like Dostoevsky's such an incident would quiver with an awful barrenness of eternity.

The production is, on the whole, a creditable one, and Mr. Fagan is to be thanked for attempting to give Tchehov a wider popularity. It is played a trifle too slowly perhaps, but during the new lease it is to have at the Royalty Theatre, this may be remedied.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.—**Are all teachers, then, just a little bitter, always lamenting?** Dorothy Johnson's *Looking Back* is the sanest thing

I have read by a schoolmistress. And she had discarded teaching.

The laments published in THE ADELPHI make one feel not altogether sympathetic. They remind one of that very old remark, "Teachers are underfed and underpaid, but not understood."

It seems to me that these teachers are approaching teaching in a wrong spirit, with a false attitude. They want to find in teaching an outlet, a mode of self-expression. That cannot be. Miss Johnson truly said that for "the daily policing of the young" a conventional mind was needed. The school-room does not exist to afford an opportunity for the extension of the personality of the teacher.

"The shackles, both social and moral, so heavy on the wretched young teacher." But this is not peculiar to the teacher. None of us has freedom from social and moral restraints. "She must become a social hermit and an intellectual snob." It is an adventure which comes to how few of us—and then for how brief a time—to find perfect spiritual companionship. A glimpse of Paradise! And most never have that. Hilary West's complaint is that of every sensitive, thoughtful person. It is not a peculiarity of the schoolmistress that, alone, she must seek beauty and truth.

Undoubtedly teaching is dull, disheartening. Why? Because the schoolmistress expects too much from it. Do accountants write to THE ADELPHI bewailing the dullness of their work, moaning because they cannot revolutionize book-keeping? They regard their work as a means to a living and look for an outlet, an expression of personality, elsewhere. Why cannot teachers admit frankly that they teach because they must—to support themselves? Surely the work is honourable and necessary. Why blush to work for hire? (This false attitude accounts in part at least for teachers' being

miserably paid. Teachers strike for a higher wage! Where are their ideals? What is to become of civilization?) *If teaching is accepted as a means of livelihood,* it is no more "appalling" than any other profession.

The young do not need their teachers to emancipate them, to help them to a glimpse over the "high walls of convention." The teacher is really outside their lives—a necessary obstacle to living. Dreams of a special school for the few? Those who are to find freedom will do so. They need no schools. It is the teacher who wants such a school for her own personal development.

Teaching is not creative work like writing, painting. It cannot make a life for the teacher. It must be incidental to her real life. Let it be well done, conscientiously done, and then let her find her own life where she must always find it—within herself. (Lack of time? We have time for that which we deeply crave. How much time had Lamb for his real life?)

These teachers do not complain that their work demands too much of them. Their sad story is that it does not demand enough. They want to immolate themselves, to find themselves completely in their work. They expect to give themselves up to teaching as to a lover, a husband, a baby. And later they will find that even these cannot make a life for them. Everything comes back to the same source—we must find our real life within ourselves. Nobody, nothing can make it for us.—VERA MCCORMICK.

"THE FIND."—The bedroom was at once stuffy and bitterly cold. Fog hung about it like something one could touch, about the eloquent and active gas flame, about the bedclothes. Especially the bedclothes. She dreaded their touch. Nightly she dreaded

tip-toeing across the icy, greasy carpet, having put out the jumping light, dreaded the feel of the clammy sheets.

A hot-water bottle was "a hextra," and there was no margin for extras.

Night after night she lay down and the room and the days were before her eyes. The room swept but dirty, with the dirt of peeled paint, of varnish entirely worn, of a carpet threadbare.

She had asked her landlady in the early days if she might "do" the room herself, and the woman with a rather contemptuous smile had accepted this tentative claim for cleanliness. In winter the cold of the room was a horror. It was like something living which waited behind the door ready to seize upon you. In summer its heat was torture.

She could see when she closed her eyes the sagging blue blind, the curtained row of pegs where her clothes were hanging, the blotchy mirror over its stand of useless drawers.

Her days were a little like the furniture, she thought, of not much use and of no beauty. Anyone could do her job. No one would wish to do it. From nine in the morning to six at night to type-type. A fight for a 'bus going Citywards in the morning, a fight for a 'bus coming Hammersmith way at night. Tea and bun for lunch, endless vista of tea and bun, endless avenue of insipid "dinners," those dinners of which the landlady had spoken so loftily at the beginning, the tasteless mince, the milk puddings made with water, the dessert of frosted bananas.

She would pull the clothes over her face when she got into bed and ask herself wretchedly what it was for, what was anything for, why was one here, what use aimless, meaningless days spent in getting enough to live more days?

But to-night things felt different. She lay in bed

and saw visions that were not replicas of the furniture, were not rehearsals of days past.

She forgot the cold in wondering just how she should spend the money.

She knew that early in the spending she would have several real meals. She would go into a restaurant and for just once or twice would satisfy that sick longing for steak and chips, for boiling soup, for something hot and with a taste, that assailed her when she ordered her midday tea.

She buried her face in the pillow in a fury of hunger at the thought. She would spend pounds and pounds on food. She would spend it all on food. She thought of the twopennyworths of sweets she had bought sometimes to stay her faintness. Yes, she would spend it all on food. Nothing was desirable compared with two square meals a day.

She began to giggle to herself under the clothes. "I'm growing weak-minded on Mrs. Cocker's mince," she said. "What I really *will* buy . . ."

She could get a winter coat—boots—meals—her mind would stray sickeningly back to meals. She began to wonder what manner of man the owner of the wallet might be. A man who could carry seventy-five pounds about in notes, not to mention valuable papers, must be of a wealth undreamed. He must be able to eat when and what he chose.

She shook with cold under the thin coverings. She would buy a pair of blankets. No, perhaps she would go on this winter as she would have been obliged to do had the money not been coming to her, and put it all away for a holiday in the summer. She had never had a holiday that she had not shared with the nation, and these she had not been able to afford.

What *would* the reward be? Perhaps the loser of the wallet had himself been poor. It might be as much as ten pounds. If he were mean, or if he had never

known how awful things can be, it might only be five, but then it might be fifteen. He might send for her, might perhaps get her a better job. These delirious flights were doubtless due to a prolonged course of bun. Would there be a letter in the morning? She remembered how kindly the policeman had looked when he was talking to her, taking notes about her find. He had been very particular about her address.

Presently she slept.

The fog had not lifted when she wakened. It seemed :o penetrate her bones. Her clothes felt icy as she lressed. But she felt happier than she remembered :eeling for a long time. She heard the postman drop etters into the box. She told herself that she must not expect to hear by the first post. She assured herself that no word might come for days. She said she vas not expecting a letter. She said she would not ook at her plate for a letter. The moment she came ound the door she looked. There was an envelope it her place. She swallowed her dubious egg without asting it, and went quickly upstairs. She must read he letter without interruption.

She could scarcely see for the fog, and went to the vindow for more light. The single sheet of notepaper vas stamped with a Richmond address.

She read :

" Mr. Jevons is grateful to Miss Merrivale for the peedy return of his wallet, and is extremely glad that t fell into honest hands."—H. Bardsley.

Epstein in the Park.—The nauseating thing about he Hudson Memorial uproar is the " publicity stunt " lement behind it all. Words to the effect that " the reat British art-loving public will not tolerate this ffront to their sense of beauty," have been written y journalists on nearly all the dailies. Now this is

obviously all nonsense. Epstein's work is a small carved panel hidden away in the middle of Hyde Park set twenty-five yards back from the railings of the battery. Yet this is going to affront the British art-loving public, the same art-loving public that puts up with the huge Germanic memorial to Nurse Cavell in front of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields!

In view of this agitation one naturally hesitates to join the band of artistic tourists from the newspapers, waving their alpenstocks of "art terms" as they clamber about on this molehill in the park.

However, by the time this note appears they will have forgotten that there is a sculptor called Epstein, and so I dare to point out to the Hudson readers a point that *they* may have forgotten.

It is not fair to demand of a sculptor that his memorial should remind the public of the work of the man to whose memory it is set up, *i.e.*, that the sculptor chosen should be a good literary critic—if he is, so much the better, but the important thing is, that if he has to cut a carved panel and make it "carry" twenty-five yards, he should know how to do it. For all I know, the Peter Pan statue—to take another piece of sculpture in the Park—is excellent appreciation of literature. It may be so, but it is not sculpture.—EDWARD FAZACKERLY.

DEATH AS A SOLUTION.—Life, after all, can be neither as good nor as bad as we think, since death is a part of it. It cannot be as good, for putting aside hopes of immortality—and, judging quite plainly by the way people live, it would seem as if they expected to be immortal in this world rather than in the next, as if that were the natural instinct—a state of being which is bound up with decay and extermination must, on the whole, be regarded as a failure. Nor can it be as bad; for the alternative is seldom, on a reasoned consideration, adopted. It must be that death is the worst thing

the world, for there it is, quite accessible, and we ·efer to it the distresses of life.

And there is not much difference in the contemplation ' one death or a hundred thousand deaths. For, on e one hand, when the individual ends, the whole cor-)real universe, as far as he is concerned, ends too; ıd, on the other hand, since no man can suffer more an it is possible for a man to suffer, the total of suffer- g is only one man's suffering.

Again, it cannot be said that death often solves the oblems of existence. To scrap a thing is not to plain it. To be given a sum to do and to tear up in sgust the paper it is written on is not to have solved at sum. Death does not often come opportunely.

How far, then, is a writer of fiction entitled to avail nself, for the purposes of his story, of this most awful ng life holds? Is it not a betrayal of both life and to use death cheaply? Is it not shameful to behave e a lazy servant and, stealing Azrael's broom, to eep a mess into a dark corner instead of decently posing of it?

It is not suggested, of course, that death has not its e place in a work of imagination. It is as much titled to take its part in fiction as in life. It may even since fiction is selected, and life is not—have a larger rt in fiction than in life. But, to be justified, it must ve an impression of inevitability. The reader must ·l that if this character did not die it would be actually natural. He may be induced to such a state of mind the light of his own common sense or by the essen- l atmosphere of the book; but he must not be left th the uneasy feeling that this wasn't really a fair mination; and that, in short, the author has cheated n.—SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

ON WIRELESS AND NIGHTINGALES

By The Journeyman

In this respect, I am one of the "die-hards," for I cannot imagine many who, like me, have never listened in. I have never yet felt even the faint stirring of a desire to do so; on the contrary, I find in myself an instinctive aversion from wireless and all its ways. I do not want to have anything to do with it. The feeling is so deeply rooted that I can hardly render to myself an intelligible account of it.

I have, it is true, a dislike of mechanisms. To speak over the telephone is an ordeal for which I have to brace myself almost by fasting and prayer. I cannot explain the inhibition. The explanations which I give to myself leave me quite unconvinced. It is not enough to put it down to the utter incapability of understanding a mechanism with which I am afflicted. That is strange enough. I have a very small motor-car which I have learned to drive. Sometimes, quite often, it stops when it is not required to stop. That recurrent catastrophe seems to me always like an act of God. Of my own self I can do nothing against it. I know that any other man would give a turn with the spanner here and a touch with the screwdriver there and the trouble would be over. That I should be able to apply such a remedy is inconceivable. Other men may do these things, but not I. I have but two solutions: the first is to walk resolutely away from the car as though it did not belong to me. After the space of about an hour, I return to it, jump in with a show of confidence, pull up the handle with a sort of airy insouciance, and three

times out of four, it really does start again. It sounds incredible, but it really is so. No doubt there are sound mechanical reasons for this apparent miracle. To me it is just a miracle, for I am, in regard to my motor-car, in the mental condition of the savage. I have bluffed the demon of the machinery; I have deceived him into thinking it was not me. Had he had time to realize that it was only me, after all, he would never have begun to work again. Sometimes I do not act my part confidently enough: he sees through my deception. Then there is nothing to do but turn to my second solution, which is to wait for the other man. He is the medicine-man; I am the savage.

A complicated mechanism is completely beyond my understanding. My upward limits in this regard are push-bicycles and lawn-mowers. In them I can *see* what is happening. My eyes understand. When the processes are hidden from view, above all, when electricity plays a part in them, I am utterly bewildered. No doubt that counts for much in my deep distrust of wireless; but it will not account for it all. Nor is the difference merely the difference between incomprehensible mechanisms which I sometimes have to use, and an incomprehensible mechanism which I do not have to use. If I did not use a motor-car once a week I should starve, so remote is my home from the places where things are bought and sold. There is no such compulsion upon me to listen in. I can quite happily live in complete detachment from wireless.

Yet the thought of it irritates and disturbs me. I wish it had never been invented, just as I wish motor-cars had never been invented. If motor-cars had not been invented, I should not starve, I should simply use a horse and cart. Then why not have a horse and cart now? It is a silly question. It was all very well to use a horse and cart when there was nothing but horses and carts on the road: but things have changed. What

was once a comfort and a necessity is now become an unnecessary discomfort. The moment always comes when you are bound to yield to the march of progress. No sane man is a die-hard for the mere sake of dying hard. It is for the sake of some end which he values. I value remoteness; more precious to me than pearls is the possibility of living free from trivial disturbance by my fellow-men. If I were now to change my motor-car for a horse and cart I should not be exchanging more disturbance for less, but less for more. I do not value the being able to do the journey to my market town in a quarter of the time. That a two hours' amble with a horse and cart should be reduced to a half-hour's dash in a motor-car means in itself nothing to me. Fifteen years ago a two hours' drive behind a lazy horse was a heavenly experience; to-day it is become a torture. To save what I can of my own peace I hoot and toot with the rest of mankind.

And, sooner or later, I feel, I shall be compelled to listen in, for the same reason, to save what I can of my own peace. In but a few years' time, I foresee, every-one will carry a portable telephone. People from miles away will insist on speaking to me, and I, to save myself the trouble that will come of disregarding their messages, will be forced to acquire and use yet another machine. I resent this coming compulsion. Wherever I turn I discover the same universal conspiracy, to rob me of my remoteness. Perhaps, if I had been born to remoteness, I should welcome these diminutions of solitude; but I was not. I have had to work hard to gain it: I have to work hard to keep it. And it fills me with disquiet, even with dismay, to realize that the march of events is against me and my ideal.

How much against, I felt with a shock as I read this paragraph from the *Times* of May 30th:

> A further attempt will be made to-night from 2LO to broadcast the song of the nightingale. It is hoped that

> listeners may hear the notes of the bird at about 11 o'clock. As recently stated in *The Times*, two microphones are being taken to Oxted to-day, and will be placed near a nest. Miss Beatrice Harrison will play her violoncello to induce the birds to sing. Suitable corrections will be applied in the amplifiers on the spot to reduce extraneous sounds as far as possible and to make the song of the birds stand out clearly.

'hat announcement fairly horrified me. In vain I tell ıyself that my horror is a mere sentimentality. What ; sentimentality anyhow? Who will define it? Who 'ill distinguish between sentimentality and sentiment?

There is, I suppose, in the notion of sentimentality ıe notion of some excess, or falsity in the feeling. 'rowning's famous line:

> God's in his heaven: all's right with the world,

'hen it is taken, as it always is, apart from its context, to me sentimental. Not that I deny that God is in is heaven, or that all is right with the world. It may e true; but, if it is true, it cannot be truly said in those 'ords or in that tone. That Pangloss chirpiness is enerally to be found at the bottom of a beer-can. The notion is not true. But to speak of the truth or falsity : an emotion lands us straightway in difficulties. It is ard to say that when Rachel wept for her daughters ıd would *not* be comforted, her emotion was untrue. he felt it. But that is not enough; and the problem hy it is not enough is the fundamental problem of :erary criticism. (That shows, incidentally, how vastly nportant literary criticism is, for it touches immedi- :ely on the profoundest problems of human life and onduct.)

We may say that in an elementary sense all emotions, eing felt, are true. One kind of sentimentality will ppear when we have reason to suspect that the emotion not really felt. I should not care to charge Browning ith not having felt the emotion which he expressed.

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In his line I find a sentimentality of a different kind, which is excessively difficult to define. It seems to consist in a surrender to a moment of *mere* emotion. Emotions, in order to be of the kind that one can judge true or false, have to have an element of thought in them. It is, after all, almost (perhaps quite) meaningless to say that an emotion because it is really felt is true. A toothache is neither true nor false ; so with all the primitive emotions that closely border on mere sensations. When the element of thought enters into them, however, they become amenable to the judgment: true or false? But a thought-emotion is not necessarily true because the judgment contained in it is true. For all we know, the assertion contained in Browning's line may be true. But, if it is true, an apprehension of its truth would not arouse so blithe and chirpy an emotion. If all is right with the world, it is right with it in a mysterious way ; and we, if we could see the secret, would be inclined not to carol about it, but rather to chant a solemn *Nunc dimittis*.

A thought-emotion (that is, in itself, not an easy conception) seems to be true when there is a kind of correspondence (again mysterious) between the truth of the thought and the quality of the emotion that accompanies it. Dante's assertion,

> Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria,

somehow proves itself. Possibly there are greater griefs than remembering past happiness in a time of woe. But that Dante believed and felt the truth of what he said is guaranteed by his words. Dante, by the way, was one of the two mightiest masters of this communication of truth in thought-emotion. In this supreme poetic gift he is second to Shakespeare alone. Let me give another example : his invocation of Virgil :

O anima cortese Mantovana
Di cui la fama ancor nel mundo dura
E durerà quanto il moto lontana.

lity of those lines—the precise tone of their seems to prove the truth of Dante's faith con- Virgil. And yet, of course, that is hardly . What has happened, I suppose, is that we me up against an absolute limit to the capacity age : here rational criticism is non-plussed. For of those lines is not merely a true description l, but it is the kind of true description of a great it another great poet alone can give. Virgil's ıl, the soul that is uttered in his poetry, and can uttered in poetry, is in those four words : "O ortese Mantovana." Ten thousand volumes ıt say as much of the truth about Virgil as those rds. Deep speaks to deep in them ; yet they fectly simple. This is the *absolute* truth of

am wandering. In such fields I would gladly for ever, and satisfy my hunger for something ın the starve-crow criticism of poetry which we et to-day. It seems to me that people no longer ıat pure poetry is : they do not understand the us voice which makes truth and beauty one. n judge truth, they can admire beauty ; but they separate them. In pure poetry the two are one parable. The truth *is* the beauty, the beauty uth. It seems easy to understand, until you r to understand it. Then it seems the hardest the world. And, I verily believe, it is the thing in the world, something that can be only in moments of vision, and can never be d. How can one *explain* that the single *ortese* in Dante's line is poetry *in excelsis*? It imply beautiful nor simply true ; it has the f beauty-truth, of something other and higher

than either beauty or truth. Truth absolute, beauty absolute; and they are absolute only at the point where they are one.

Keats said this long before me, and more.

"That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." All we know, the topmost pinnacle of our most piercing knowledge: all we need to know, could we not know it for more than a moment. How many men, I wonder, have understood even dimly what Keats meant? Even the elect fail utterly to comprehend. Have I not myself lately read in "Q's" book—*Charles Dickens and Other Victorians*—those extraordinary lines quoted, with this astounding commentary:

> But, of course, to put it solidly, what is vague observation—to anyone whom life has taught to face facts and define his terms—actually an *uneducated* conclusion, albeit most pardonable in one so young and ardent.

"An uneducated conclusion!" *Gott im Himmel!* The utmost term of human knowledge—the vision vouchsafed only to the captain-souls among men, that which Plato, Christ, Shakespeare, Dante, saw and could not speak, very god of very god, seen no longer through a glass darkly, but for a moment face to face.

Let me get back to my nightingale, or I shall say something of which I shall be ashamed, and once more for my pains be called an incoherent mystic. I am tired of that vain parrot-cry: mystic! mystic! mystic! Let any critic of poetry who would avoid mysticism honestly face the simple fact of that one line, those four simple words of Dante:

> O anima cortese Mantovana.

When he has faced it, lived with it, pondered it, brooded over it, then let him read the two lines of Keats and brood over them, and tell me whether they are true or not. If I am a mystic, it is simply because I am a critic. *Omnia abeunt in mysterium.*

But back to my nightingale. "Miss Beatrice Harri-n will play her violoncello to induce the bird to sing."

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
> No hungry generations tread thee down,
> The voice I hear this passing night was heard
> In ancient days by emperor and clown:
> Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
> The same that oft-times hath
> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Let me consider. Were it any other bird—if, for xample, it were that cuckoo who has been swooping om one gate-rail to another round my house for the st six weeks, whose note was to be broadcast, should care? Not in the least. Nor would Miss Harrison eed to play her 'cello. It is simply because it is the ightingale that I am dismayed. And, to go one rther, it is simply because the song of the nightingale what it is that I am perturbed. It is the most secret, ie most thrilling, the most rapturous, the most inviol-ble voice of nature. Inviolable—that is the secret of iy dismay. That is why the microphones, and Miss Iarrison, and her 'cello seem to me a kind of elaborate acrilege.

Yet why not? Why should not those many who ave never heard the song of the nightingale have the hance of hearing it in the only way they can? I do ot know. I have nothing to say. In what respect is roadcasting the nightingale's song worse than printing ff Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne by the thousand on Wharfedale machine? In none that I can see. The onclusion is unescapable: there is no correspondence etween the quality of my emotion and the truth of my hought. Whether or not I am a mystic, I stand self-ondemned as a sentimentalist, for though I can see hat my regret is nonsensical, the regret remains.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"TOWARDS THE STARS."—*Mr. Dennis Bradley (as medium—soliloquizing),* "I am surrounded by Ektoplasm. The spirits whenever they happen to be in my neighbourhood are compelled to draw near. They are attracted to me as to a magnet. I can compel them to speak to me—indeed they are only too delighted to do so. They are always craving to speak to humans on this sphere. I am one of the very few whom they can use. Oh that there were many more!

(Darkened room—silver trumpets on table—lights appear here and there before the eyes—perhaps the result of biliousness—but taken as an effort on the part of spirits to make themselves manifest.)

Spirit of John Jones (hisses through trumpet and speaks), "You are a great man, Dennis Bradley—a very great man—a sort of revealer. You have a great work to do—to reveal to men a better revelation than that of the New Testament. You are to make men more sure of a life hereafter than Jesus Christ could. You are to revolutionize the ideas of the well-to-do of suburbia who are now afraid of the future because of self-indulgence and slums. You are to make them unafraid. There is no hell. The very worst that happens is that they go back to a lower state of development and take billions of years in getting up to what they were in the careless days of a born-with-a-silver-spoon-in-your-mouth youth. There is no heaven—or at any rate the ideas of heaven are all wrong. You will still smoke cigarettes and have your whiskeys and sodas in the other world—in heaven. You have a great revelation to make to mankind. There is a great work before you. I am always with you—at your elbow as you write your beautiful ideas of our perfect happiness in the other world, where we are content and understand things. Christianity is all wrong and will soon be played

out, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and his £15,000 a year. When you have written your wonderful book millions will see that you are right. I, John Jones, who speak to you, lived in Ireland before the days of St. Patrick and I have been evolving and evolving, and hoping and hoping that some day I should come across a man like you, so filled with ektoplasm that he could compel me to make a revelation. You are that man. Proceed with your work. You are the great St. Paul of Spiritualism. Through you the twentieth century is to be entirely changed in its religious ideas. My half hour is up. Good-bye."—T. A. D.

Mr. Noel Coward.—Thirty years ago there were nasty men who were stimulated into active sin by the sight of an ankle beneath a mass of frilled and embroidered white petticoats. The discreet revelation of a garter on a plump leg, or a wink from a sparkling eye fired these gentlemen into a wildness of passion. They drank champagne from slippers, smirked in an agony of carnal devotion, and went home early in the morning; whilst the ladies who owned the slippers, the garters and the ankles, and dressed in tight corsets, sequins and strange hats knew themselves to be successful exponents of an ancient trade. There were other women, and other men, whose tastes were less professional, less expensive, and less public, although their interests appear to have been basically the same.

Yet many of these persons, through the commercial ability of a contemporary are willing, at this hour, to exhibit their naughty behaviour for the absurdly modest sum of one halfpenny. This business man, who turned to profitable account his understanding of what may be called the "peep hole" complex in human mentality, designed the familiar stereoscopic slot-machine wherein a series of photographs is revolved into a semblance of lively movement by a handle. He chose diverse sub-

jects, giving titles calculated to attract those idle minds whose moral behaviour was either a wayward or carefully stifled process; "Fun in a Ballet Girl's Dressing-Room," "What the Husband saw at 3 a.m.," "A Joke in an Artist's Studio," &c., &c. His machines were made of cast iron. Whilst to the skill evinced by the display of photographs limited to suggestiveness must be credited thirty years' revenue.

The success of this exploitation is no curiosity. Neither is the complex on which it rests. It is the sense of shame following its exercise which promotes inquiry. For many people, peeping into a bedroom, or a bathing machine, or into the intimacies of the neighbour's house, ever holds a fascination. They may be honestly and genuinely amused, feeling perhaps that life, in its variety, is being made truly manifest there. But others may graduate from the pastime, learning that their weakness in peeping is greater than the weakness they observe; and thereby, that knowledge so gained is too circumstantial, and almost useless evidence in life itself. They have not become ashamed of what they have seen, so much as of the atrophying of the reason by the senses which enabled them to peep.

To-day, for an outlay in proportion as a halfpenny is to a set of old photographs, Mr. Noel Coward exhibits peepshows containing real flesh and real blood. He has scenes representing two passionate, suppressed women becoming drunk whilst waiting for a lover whom they have both shared previously, two elderly women undressing for bed, a middle-aged woman attempting to seduce a schoolboy in a railway carriage, and the stresses between a decadent mother and a drug-taking son.

No one doubts that these incidents actually occur. They are pictures which are as true of weakness as the photographs of thirty years ago. Each is taken with a remarkably wide-angle lens, developed in the deep emotion of a young man and printed with a most skilful,

precocious wit. They are valuable to Mr. Coward as observations of a growing vision. Their realism cannot be doubted, but their reality is a tiny thing.—A. G.

Posters.—There is a form of competition current at the moment in which the competitiors have to arrange in order of popular esteem a number of well-known posters. A friend of mine has won a prize in one of these competitions; and as he is a poster artist himself I was curious to know how he managed it. He was wise. He did not trust to his own judgment in the matter at all, nor even what he imagined to be the judgment of that person we all long to meet and perhaps talk to—"The Man in the Street." No, more for his own interest's sake than anything else, he made every person he met for a fortnight arrange in the order that pleased him a set of reproductions of the competition posters, and at the end of the fortnight he took the average arrangement. It was as he feared it would be. The nearest approach in his set to the kind of work that he was producing was well at the bottom of the list and at the top was a poster like "Boxo prevents that sinking feeling." There you are—you know that poster as well as I do. Can we escape it? No, we cannot. That one poster is undoubtedly worth more from the advertizing manager's point of view than the whole of Mr. McKnight Kauffer's beautiful work put together—as it is in Gower Street at the present moment. How Mr. Kauffer's work comes to be displayed on our hoardings at all is a mystery to me, because it seems that, however much we want our Kauffer's, the manufacturers, if they take the results of their competitions to heart, ought to want their "Feelings" still more. But, thank heaven, Kauffer's work is displayed and his Whitsuntide posters for the underground show more of his ingenuity and painstaking craftsmanship than ever.—E. F.

BOOKS TO READ

Sir William Osler. By Harvey Cushing. (Oxford University Press.) 2 Vols. 37s. 6d. net. In 1 vol., on India Paper, £2 10s. net.

Professor Cushing's rather massive biography of one of the most eminent figures in modern medicine needs no recommendation to the profession, but it should interest laymen as well, for it is always human and only incidentally concerned with technical matters. The informal manner of the telling is apposite to its subject, who preferred "to vault a five-barred gate rather than to open it." Osler was a man of wide interests and genial character; and it is pleasant to be brought into such intimate acquaintance with him. His catholicity of artistic and religious feeling was conspicuous He was one of the chief saviours of the Shakespeare First Folio for the Bodleian. His teaching and clinical work in Canada and America did much to promote international understanding in medicine. He radiated a humour and unselfishness not always to be found in scientific leaders. A commanding figure: yet *Ich Dien* were his most fitting epitaph.

Places and Persons. By Margot Asquith (Countess of Oxford and Asquith). (Thornton Butterworth.) 21s. net.

Miss Margot Tennant journeying to Egypt in 1891, Mrs. Asquith touring America, Spain, and Italy two or three years ago, and Lady Oxford reflecting upon life, all show the same vivacity and unflagging zest for experience. Her judgment is sound and shrewd (that is, we agree with about four-fifths of her opinions!); and when we differ, about Prohibition for instance, we are—all the more—convinced that her heart is in the right place. She is among those few who have truly "drawn themselves with a pen," in Montaigne's phrase; and her very transparency, her downrightness, her curious insensibility, make her record of society the more authentic. "There are disadvantages as well as advantages in being so sensitive to form and to beauty as I am. Want of grace influences my opinion of people, and nervous clumsiness makes me cold with impatience." After that, who could have any doubts?

A Traveller in News. By Sir William Beach Thomas. (Chapman & Hall.) 15s. net.

The chief aim of these reminiscences is to cast a benign light upon Lord Northcliffe ("The Chief"), whose journals the author has served in many lands. The book as a whole makes little appeal to us; Sir William's adventures and anecdotes are not made very interesting. The part dealing with the status of War Correspondents on the Western Front is of documentary value.

Naples Through the Centuries. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Illustrated. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d. net.

The accomplished historian and critic of Italian letters gives us a lengthy and thorough account of the sinister, magnificent, and squalid town with its almost unsurpassed romantic appeal. Mr. Collison-Morley is not a typical descriptive or travel-writer, not highly *personal* in impression nor anecdote; but he is always satisfying with his stores of history, art, and legend. He leads us from the Greek period through the Middle Ages to the present day—in the last few years, one is glad to know, the untidiest streets in the world have become cleaner in every sense. His account of the Neapolitans, with a "dash of lava in the blood" is equally valuable. In fact, he is an almost impeccable authority—though, by the way, it was in 1571, not 1751, that Cervantes was in the neighbourhood.

The Acropolis of Athens. By M. Schede. Translated from the German by H. T. Price. (Blackwell.) 11s. 6d.

The ordinary tourist or "amateur" of Hellas is offered, in this volume, a satisfactory résumé of the political and artistic history of the Acropolis. The author is particularly felicitous in his earlier detail. His feeling for the various tactile values of the marbles is sensitive and unusual. He is not quite so fortunate in his descriptions of the later, Parthenon, sculpture. His touch is heavy, his insistence on the sensual responses to "soft feminine lines" and so on is a little annoying, particularly when referring to the goddess herself or her carved Nikes. Mr. Price does not escape occasional awkwardness of rendering. The plates leave nothing to be desired. The reconstructive plans are excellent.

GREEK SOCIAL LIFE. By F. A. Wright. (Dent.) 5s. net.

This is not a full-length study of the subject; but a series of excerpts, dealing especially with the great period of Athens; translated by various hands. Aristophanes and Xenophon are widely drawn upon. The whole is welded by a brief Introduction, interesting if a little superficial. The book is of value so far as it can attract those unacquainted with the elements of Greek social history.

GREEK ETHICAL THOUGHT. By Hilda D. Oakeley. (Dent.) 5s. net.

This volume contains a representative collection of Greek writing on the problem of conduct. The significance of that problem for the Greeks is not easily exaggerated: for Greek philosophy, especially in the great period heralded by the advent of Socrates, is as much a discipline of living as of thinking, and "conduct," liberally interpreted, demands not three-fourths, but the whole, of life. There can be no ultimate divorce between theory and practice, for "virtue is knowledge," and to know oneself is the beginning alike of goodness and of wisdom. *Amor veritatis vincit omnia.* The truly moral life is the rational life, that which is harmoniously organized to preserve its balanced course between the extremes of ignorance and passion. It is a life lived in a well-ordered community, each of whose members fills his appropriate place and performs that function for which he is best fitted in the wise economy of the whole. As Miss Oakeley remarks in her fine introductory essay, it is not the limitations of this doctrine which most impress us but the ubiquity of the Greek genius, the breadth and humanity of its culture. It gives us an essentially synoptic view, a vision of "all time and all existence." Though it may not, and certainly does not, close all the ethical issues, it yields us the inspiration of one of the most profound contributions to moral philosophy that the world has ever known.

HYPATIA: OR, WOMAN AND KNOWLEDGE. By Dora Russell. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

It is curious that Mrs. Russell, the feminist contributor to the "To-day and To-morrow" series, should devote nearly all her space to a violent flogging of dead horses. Most of the information she imparts is stale; most of the reforms for which she agitates are already accomplished facts, and most of her assumptions about the moral and ethical habits of her fellow-beings are gratuitous to the verge of impertinence.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL KNOWLEDGE. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Second edition.) (Cambridge University Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

This book may be fairly said to constitute a landmark in the history of modern *Naturphilosophie*. Since its first appearance in 1919, Prof. Whitehead has developed his views in two further publications, and has built up a work which places him in the front rank of philosophers of science. In the present volume he attempts a systematic "revaluation" of the classical concepts of mathematical physics in the light of that "new world of thought" which the successive labours of Larmor, Lorentz, Einstein, and Minkowski have opened up regarding "the relations of space and time to the ultimate data of perceptual knowledge." Starting out from the actual facts of sense experience, Dr. Whitehead seeks to obtain a set of entities, defined in terms of these facts, which possess all the requisite formal properties and perform all the mathematical services of the traditional notions which they are designed to replace. These new entities are free from the objections which hold against the older conceptions. They are not, we find, literal existential components of nature; and yet they are, in their own type, as real as are the actual perceptible elements of which they are logical functions. Nature, as given to us in direct experience, consists of particular spatio-temporal *events*, in which are situate *objects* or universals of various types. And in terms of these natural *events* Dr. Whitehead defines the required set of physical concepts, by means of a brilliant procedure which he calls the *Method of Extensive Abstraction*. The details of his undertaking cannot be reproduced here; but suffice it to say that Dr. Whitehead has achieved a success to which few other contemporary contributions to this subject can lay claim. His book is not easy and, as he himself admits, is not always clear. But it could scarcely have been otherwise in a pioneer discussion, distinguished no less by the complexity of its problems than by the *originality of their treatment. No philosopher, and no physicist* interested in the wider issues of "relativity" can afford to neglect this work.

Modern Russian Literature. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. (Oxford University Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

Prince Mirsky makes a very sound contribution to a welcome series of little manuals. Critical profundity is not his business here; and he does not attempt it: but he steers skilfully between the narrow nationalism and the imported mysticism that alternatively spoil most estimates of the Russian mind. He is clear on two important points: this literature is historically quite young, and inherently realistic: but he does not relate these facts to the eminently *prophetic* quality that marks the greatest Russian works.

The Unknown Goddess. By Humbert Wolfe. (Methuen.) 5s. net.

We should like Mr. Wolfe's book better without its superficial and uncritical preface. His poems have a "quality," they have considerable grace of manner, and a quiet suggestion of emotional depths beneath.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

The Goat and Compasses. By Martin Armstrong. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

The accomplished young story-writer symbolizes the action of his novel by setting it in a dwindling south-coast village which is being slowly, slowly devoured by the waves. There is much delicacy, penetration, and restraint in the study of various inhabitants in their love affairs high and sordid, youthful and mature. The acidly genteel Susan Farly, who feeds her heart on an illusion and dies in lunacy, is strikingly etched. Why is it that a more or less primitive, rustic setting still appears to serve English novelists best?

Sea-Horses. By Francis Brett-Young. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Brett-Young works some interesting "psychology" into this story of adventure in Southern Seas. He has still, we think, to cut away a good deal of extraneous matter before the keenness of vision he has often shown becomes really free. The style is, of its kind, a good style.

The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

This, the first novel by the author of *Fidelity* is a rather beautiful, though almost *too* intense, study of perfect love between a great scientist and his young wife, a painter. It centres in Chicago University, where Karl Hubers, engaged in research work on cancer, goes blind. His wife fits herself, by months of secret toil, to become "his eyes": but the tragic *dénouement* leaves her to fulfilment of another kind. The book has vividness and power: the four chief characters are realized with discernment and passionate emotional sympathy.

Lewis and Irene. Translated from Paul Morand. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. net.

H.B.V. renders with faithful artistry the phrases that conjure up the South, the Mediterranean, and the East, of which M. Morand is so passionate and faithless an admirer. The love-story is remarkably original, and the serio-comic Madame Magnac and the wise Greek Irene, triumphant in finance but broken by emotion, are both very well-defined characters.

Trevalion. By W. E. Norris. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Norris gives us a competent and well-proportioned, if [illegible] story. His people are conventional, yet real: the hero, a [illegible] character afflicted with what we believe is called an "[illegible] complex," seems to lose the sympathy of his fellow-men and (more strangely) of his author in a rather unaccountable way.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

Voice from the Dark. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

That a devoted admirer of Mr. Phillpotts should live to compliment him on a detective-story! His power of realistic narrative and his grasp of construction serve him well. The excitement lies, not in the identification of the murderers, but in the difficult and picturesque bringing of them to account. We are doubly rewarded in the last chapter by laying a ghost which, in Mr. Phillpotts, would have been perturbing.

he Tortoiseshell Cat. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

This study of a generous, artistic girl's life as schoolmistress and private secretary in London has a good deal of subtlety, humour, and sympathy. The unsuspecting Gillian's relation with Victoria Vanderleyden—a theme slightly reminiscent of Daudet's *Sappho*—is handled with a delicacy that does not lessen its power. The Dowager ("My son, Sir Reginald, the third baronet, was at Eton and Magdalen colleges") is amusing; and Miss Royde-Smith has a genius for letters of complaint.

he Rector of Wyck. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

A story surprising by its very quietness and moderation. Miss Sinclair makes amends to the country and the country parson. Her handling of her almost trite theme is consummate: she rarely evokes strong feeling; but never provokes æsthetic dissent.

arried Alive. By Ralph Straus. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

An amusing story of a reader in social psychology (whatever that may be) with a reputation far beyond the limits of Cambridge, who during a rest-cure meets a startling exemplar of his theories in the person of a charming bigamist, trigamist—worse! Neither the don himself nor some of the action is as convincing as might be; but the complications are fairly well kept up; and one character, the amiable, garrulous, old Lady Bocket, sometimes recalls the immortal Miss Bates.

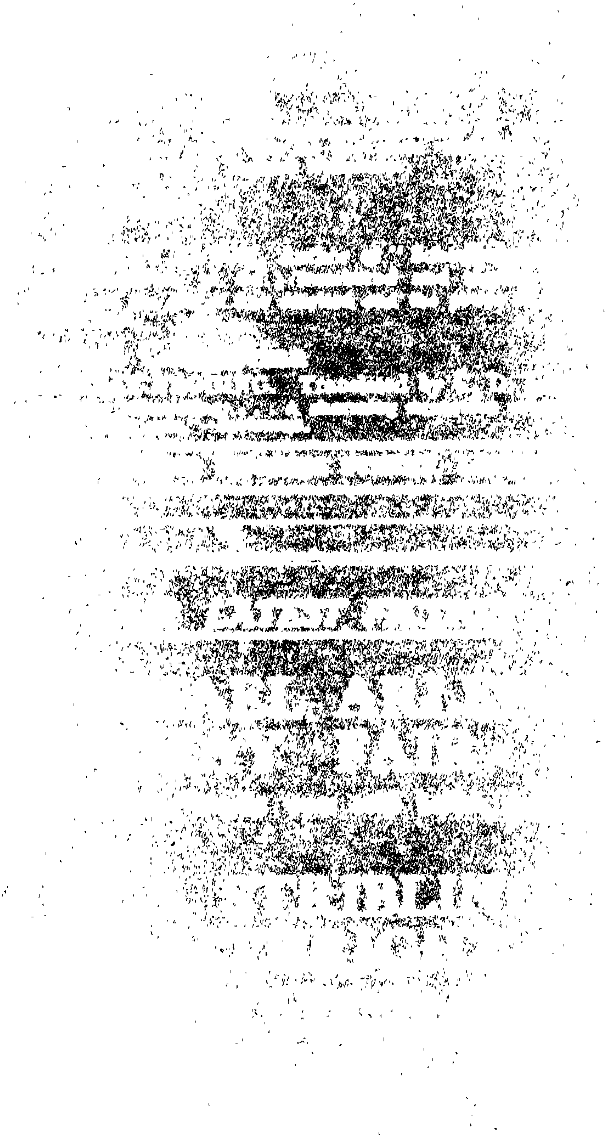
ittle Novels of Sicily. By Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence. (Blackwell.) 6s. net.

In these tales of peasant life where the sun blights the corn land and the volcano waits to drown the vineyard with its lava, tragedy and comedy blend in scenes that oddly recall Ireland. Verga's spirit is singularly akin to that of Mr. Lawrence. His pages burn and scald with the bitterness of tyranny and poverty; but there is endurance, fortitude, even love, as well.

The Editor of THE ADELPHI *will be pleased at all times to consider MSS. if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility, however, is accepted for MSS. submitted. Communications for the Editor and MSS. should be addressed to The Editor,* THE ADELPHI, 12, *Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.* 4.

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OXFORD BOO…

AND

OXFORD INDIA PAPER

ALDOUS HUXLEY, writing in the *Saturday Review* on "Books for the Journey," says, "All travellers, by the way, owe much to the exertions of Henry Frowde, of the Oxford Press, the inventor, or at least, the European re-inventor of that fine rag paper, impregnated with mineral matter to give it opacity, which we call India Paper. What the aphorism is to the philosophical treatise, the India paper volume is to the ponderous editions of the past. All Shakespeare, perfectly legible, gets into a volume no bigger than a single novel by the late Charles Garvice . . . And the Bible, reduced to an inch thickness, must surely be in danger of losing those bullet-stopping qualities which it used, at any rate in romantic novels, to possess. Thanks to Henry Frowde, one can get a million words of reading matter into a rucksack and hardly feel the difference in its weight."

He recommends, as an "excellent book for the journey," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," India paper edition, 10/6d. net, in one volume.

Many Oxford Books are published on Oxford India paper; your bookseller can give you further particulars.

OXFORD UNIV…

GUST, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. III. NO. 3

The Adelphi

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ITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

OXFORD INDIA PAPER

A[illegible] HUXLEY, [illegible] "All travellers, by the way [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] the India paper [illegible] edition [illegible] perfectly [illegible]

AUGUST, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. III

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MU

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE

A Study of Keats' Poetic Life from 1816 to 1820

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

The following is an extract from the Prefatory Note:

"This book is not a biography of Keats. If Miss Amy Lowell's second volume is as good as her first, the biography of Keats has been written once for all; and I sincerely [illegible] critical [illegible] the enduring [illegible] of Keats [illegible]

[illegible]

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The Adelphi

VOL. III. NO. 3. AUGUST, 1925

SCIENCE AND "THE CONTROL OF LIFE"

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE lately received two letters, criticising the attitude which I express in these pages. These letters seem to me valuable. I therefore print them first practically complete, with a few running comments on points of detail, and reply to the general objection common to them both.

The first letter comes from an Englishman living in Greece:

Might I beg a moment's consideration of what may be the merest ass's bray? Might not THE ADELPHI have got too deeply coloured in passing through the literary vat?

Each month I have torn out and kept the articles that interested me. It may be because I am busier than I was, but I have not seemed to find much to keep lately.

" William Archer," " The Two Joans," " Quo Warranto? " " Imagination in Art and Science " and, from an early number " Mr. Joiner and the Bible " : these are a few that catch my eye as I browse randomly in my sheaf.

Sir (the ass scrapes up dust that it may fall upon his head), J. G. Simpson in his " Man and the Attainment of Immortality " tells of " some very complex labile inorganic colloid, taking up water and carbonic acid, absorbing radiant energy, building up still more complex structures through interaction with introgenous inorganic matter, and finally in the course of the ages acquiring the power to convert radiant into chemical energy, and lo! the birthday of life. . . ."

In the same book is Sir Arthur Keith's genealogical tree: Wells's "Short History" is published at 2s. 4d. by the Labour Publishing Co.: Troward tells us that "The effort of Nature has always been upwards from the time when only the lowest forms of life peopled the globe. . . ." "His evolution in the future must be by conscious participation in the great work. . . ."

Sir Oliver Lodge's little book, "The Making of Man," was first printed in April, 1924, and four more times by the end of the following June, presumably because Mr. Joiner wanted to read it. There is James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making"—all are cheap, "popular" books, popular and cheap because I suppose cheap people want to read them, because they want to know what the books tell them.

Weekly, the ass gnaws something out of the *Manchester Guardian*, monthly a little from THE ADELPHI. He can know nothing, labouring, war and statesman-sickened, in his remote hut, but he wants to know and to know too if others want to know—about what may *possibly* be a dawn that seems about to break on him and his fellow beasts, that may be brighter and far *surer* than any previous one, because we have 2,000 years of history and experience behind us that we can draw on. "His evolution in the future must be by conscious participation in the great work. . . ."

Is there anyone really out to tell about it and to say this idea exists if we can but see it? I see more hints about it than I did five years ago, let alone fifteen, but is there any definite conscious effort to tell of it?

Perhaps no one feels sure enough—naturally nobody can be sure, but thought and talk—the printed page talking to millions—greatly turn men's thoughts—men now, able to think and talk like men—blind, brave, patient, goaded, groping, clambering beasts no longer.

Of course the whole question is vast and complicated. But suppose the conviction that man controls his destiny becomes as general as the belief in pilgrimage did in the Middle Ages, surely we should be nearer something worth living for and handing on life for.

Simply—Jesus can't have known what he was talking about when he hoped to set up a mode of life. Without immense material resources wireless telegraphy would never have been discovered. Must we therefore think that it was "created" merely that it might exist and not be used? If the teaching of Jesus had been strictly followed, should we not all have remained Bedouin goat-herds—utterly ignorant? What could

he say to Evolution and eternal change? Of course he knew nothing of such things.

Can you not tell us something real about all this, by degrees?

The second letter comes from a reader in London :—

In the first number of THE ADELPHI you invited readers who did not like anything in the magazine to write to you about it. I do not know whether this invitation is still open, but I have had month by month a growing objection to what you write, and am now venturing to put my view before you.

The Freudian doctrine of the subconscious received a striking proof in your article "On Wireless and the Nightingales," when your long-suppressed and ignored scientific complex took a terrible revenge, making you publicly confess yourself a savage writing nonsense. It is only fair to add that it was aided in this by the irresistible impetus of your forceful, logical and sincere style. Consciously, of course, you did not believe you were writing nonsense. Self-respecting people do not write nonsense, and self-respecting people will not waste their time reading it. You probably thought that in some way it was one of the permissible kinds of nonsense such as *humorous* or *inspired* nonsense. But this is not so. What you wrote was *simply* nonsense.

To me it seems your great error is this ignoring of, and contempt for, science. It is as extreme and as unreasonable as the opposite materialistic attitude towards poetry. You are a specialist in the mystical aspect of life. You are expert in handling this material, and that is why you are read with pleasure. A man who can do anything with superlative skill is attractive, but what is so very wrong is that you want to give a supreme and sole importance to your speciality. This is understandable in a magazine devoted to, say, stamp-collecting, but for a magazine run on a belief in life it is absurd. [No, inevitable. See below.—J. M. M.]

Why do you complain of being called a mystic? You are a mystic. [This is true. I am: but not at all in the sense in which it is generally applied to me.—J. M. M.] Possibly the great element in poetry is mysticism, but poetry has not that exclusive importance you think it has. Science is of at least equal value to human life. This is, of course, rank heresy to you, but as everyone knows, and men like James and Jung have stated scientifically, a human mind tends to run to a type controlled by its strongest idea. You have so concentrated your attention on this mysticism in poetry that it seems in danger of becoming a fixed idea.

The Life Force, Holy Ghost, or whatever else you like to call it, which first entered dead matter on the earth millions of years ago has built up successively finer and finer structures until the present day when man stands as its latest and greatest work. I was thunderstruck to read in THE ADELPHI a few months ago that evolution had ceased. [I have no recollection of any such statement in these pages. I certainly did not make it.—J. M. M.] One felt inclined to ask the exact date for this change in the method of the universe. By all analogy and knowledge the process will go on until creatures are evolved who are as far above us as we are above the animals. Biologists can see that man as a creature is only at the beginning of his career. So far from the process of evolution stopping in man (the absurdity of it!) it is under our eyes being accelerated enormously by the fact that the creature is itself now getting into its own hands power over life and mind and is becoming conscious of its power to control its future course.

This view of life seems to me to be consistent with the fullest meaning of such religious ideas as the Word made Flesh, and Immortality. That sense of contact with one's larger self is to me obviously the reaching out of the soul to that larger life which science shows is within our power.

But evolution is, it seems to me, inconsistent with the narrow doctrines of the Christian Church and of your own particular one-sided creed.

The cause of the present decay of the Christian Church was its too early assumption of final and absolute value for its doctrines, with a consequent inability to adapt itself now to the expanding mind of man. But whilst the Church could not possibly know that it was acting erroneously, you have not this excuse in your assumption of finality because you live in a scientific age.

Even if Shakespeare was filled with the spirit of life in greater measure than other men, he was still unable to achieve a final truth such as you claim for him. [Why?—J. M. M.] When Shakespeare, as you say, ceased to strive, it was not for the reason you think. It was not because he had discovered that it was wrong to strive, but because he could not see how to strive effectively any more. He knew (the Holy Ghost informed him) that life must be better, but he knew that with all his power he lacked something essential and so he had to give up in that strange state of mingled confidence and despair which I believe is what you mean by the mystical acceptance of life and equal acceptance of death. [This is only half-true, because it is an attempt to translate a spiritual fact into intellectual terms.—J. M. M.]

SCIENCE AND "THE CONTROL OF LIFE"

What Shakespeare lacked was science. Bernard Shaw is a more useful man to the human race (from the point of view of this important matter of salvation) because he does not despise science. But the Holy Ghost is becoming more powerful and articulate and Bernard Shaw will not last as many tens of years as Shakespeare has lasted hundreds, because he will be quickly superseded by a man with greater science, and so the pace accelerates.

We are constantly impressed in THE ADELPHI with the inferiority of science—mere science is said to be a very imperfect instrument for apprehending life. But is mysticism any more perfect? That ultimate truth of Keats about Beauty and Truth is no ultimate truth at all. It is the most elementary thing in mysticism, and, like the elementary things in science, is the most certain. As one goes further into mysticism the more misty and uncertain it becomes.

If you deny science and so thwart the working of the Word made Flesh as it seeks to control matter it is obvious that you have no remedy for the ills of life and must accept death. The thought of death is very sweet when one experiences disappointment or sickness (a pathetic case in point is in the poem "Broadcasting" in the June ADELPHI). But a healthy, educated man should suspect something wrong with his outlook if he finds himself driven to such an idea.

Consider the real belief in life which runs through *Back to Methuselah*. No feeble acceptance of death here. But Shakespeare could no more have written this than he could have ridden in an aeroplane. [This seems to me absolutely wrong. There is no *real* belief in life in *Back to Methuselah*: the very reverse—a complete denial of life.—J. M. M.]

Man feels the control of life coming into his own hands. The religion of the future is creative evolution. Can THE ADELPHI ignore this and live? The spirit of adventure, invention, and science, has lifted us literally from the mud. It can obviously lift us to heights which we cannot at present conceive. You know all this but you ignore it.

If I am wrong in what I have written above, the sooner I discover it the better for me. If I am right I shall have the pleasure of having been of service to you. When I think of how firmly you hold your present beliefs my hopes die, but when I think of your sincerity and courage they live again.

These letters, as I say, are important. They are sincere and serious, and their implications, if not their actual substance, are profound.

Their surface meaning is not so important. Both charge me with deliberately neglecting science; one with a contempt for science. The latter charge is, I think, unwarranted. Science is not motor-cars and wireless, and, even if it were, it would still be untrue to say that I have a contempt for them. But the fact that I am not at home with complicated mechanisms, and cannot understand them, is no evidence for my attitude to science. That science, as such, receives but little attention in these pages is true; but that is simply because I am incompetent to write about it myself, and because my various attempts to persuade men of science to write here have failed. I am not in the position of being able to go into the open market and buy (even if they were plentiful) scientific articles of the kind that I desire. I can only wait for them to come. They do not come.

To accuse me of "denying science" seems to me wide of the mark. I regard science as having the same importance for human life as literature. But I am, to all intents and purposes, utterly ignorant of science; I have some knowledge of literature. Since it would be directly opposed to my convictions to write of that which I do not know, it may appear that there is a certain anti-scientific bias in these pages; but in reality it does not exist, any more than the anti-literary bias with which I am also charged. For neither literature nor science as I understand them are one single thing. As among writers, there are great ones and little ones, so among scientists there are great ones and little ones. It is the great ones that interest me. I am concerned with what man may be, and with what man has been as an indication of what man may become; therefore I am interested not in writing but in writers, not in science, but in scientists.

But—and here we begin to go deeper—my correspondents say with one accord: "What man may be

become depends immediately upon that 'control of life' which modern science appears to offer."

Let us not be hypnotized by a phrase. "Control of life" is a phrase. Science has not yet achieved any 'control of life." Experimental biology may be excited and even confident that it will shortly achieve *something*. What that something may be the biologist himself does not know, and it may be that he is merely peering over the edge of a chasm that separates one kind of existence from another. But the point is not really whether science may, or may not, attain to something which it calls control of life; but that, even if it does, life will be thereby no more really "controlled" than it is to-day. Suppose—the supposition is more fantastic to me than it is to some biologists—that biological science was in a position to determine beforehand not only the sex, but other and more detailed physical and intellectual aptitudes of the unborn human being. (How far this is even *thinkable* in respect to more than the primary attributes of human beings, to more than the mere raw stuff of the created individual, I leave to my correspondents to perpend.) But suppose that the life, the character, and the destiny of the unborn child could be determined beforehand. What then?

Who will determine it? Is it even thinkable that the scientist would be permitted to wield this colossal power? Is it not certain that men will immediately demand that the life-controllers themselves be rigoroursly controlled? Will not everything once more depend upon the character, the vision, and the faith of humanity at large? Will not everything, and above all the freedom of any single scientist to put any single one of his "life-controlling" discoveries into practice, depend upon what men believe is desirable in life, upon their conception of the purpose and the end of life. And so we are flung back straightway upon the main and fundamental question "Worauf es ankommt?"—the

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meaning of things. That question you must anwer: the scientist's hypothetical "control of life" yields to it absolutely. With that question THE ADELPHI has never ceased to be concerned. It undercuts all that "science" with the neglect of which my correspondents reproach me.

But suppose, to take a particular instance, human life could be considerably prolonged: suppose that, quite soon, men could be made to live for 300 instead of 70 years. That would be an improvement which most men would probably rush to secure for themselves: there would be queues at the surgeons' doors: there would be riots in Harley Street. The immediate change in human circumstances would be prodigious; but its quality and its effects would be calculable. Those 300-year lives would be just as arduous, just as disappointing, just as chequered with vision and despair, and *just as short* as the 70-year lives of old. For the living length of a life is determined not by its years, but by its rhythm; not by its duration, but by its content. The longing to know "Worauf es ankommt" would be just the same. And suppose yet further that death could be indefinitely postponed. What then? Life would be changed into an unendurable monotony of torment. That is all. There would be queues at the surgeons' doors: there would be riots in Harley Street: not to have life given, but to have it taken away.

For—and here we begin to touch still deeper things—if death is to be abolished the whole quality of life must be changed, or life would be unendurable, a nightmare horror. A human life is born, it grows, it ripens, and it dies—that is the beauty and the rhythm of the life we know, expressed once for all by Shakespeare (who knew things of which Mr. Shaw has never yet even remotely touched the fringe):—

> We must endure
> Our going hence even as our coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

Once break that rhythm by the abolition of death, and it follows inexorably that, as there is no death, so there is no growth, and *so there is no birth.* Life itself is shattered. There is no more process in time.

It may be well (and I for one believe it is necessary and inevitable) that man should conquer " the last enemy, death." But let him realise what it means. To annihilate death is to annihilate life; it is to surrender time for the timeless. Between the prolongation of life and the annihilation of death a great gulf is fixed. To prolong life would change nothing, nothing whatever, of the deep things of life; to annihilate death would change everything, catastrophically: in a timeless moment all humanity would pass into another, utterly different condition. When " control of life " gets thus far then the end of this dispensation is upon us; while " control of life " stops short of this, nothing essential will be changed.

We begin to see where this conception of " control of life " is leading us—into a strange country, where the mystic and the prophet are more at home than the man of science as such: for this condition, wherein " the last enemy, death " is abolished is one which the great mystics have experienced and the great prophets foretold. It is an utterly new dispensation, and one that cannot be conceived as in any way partaking of, or united with, the process in time which is the life we know. It is because the former of my correspondents does not realise this that he says at random that " Jesus cannot have known what he was talking about when he hoped to set up a mode of life. . . . If his teaching had been strictly followed, should we not all have remained Bedouin goatherds—utterly ignorant?" If the teaching of Jesus had been strictly followed, if it were followed strictly by all Christians for one single minute of this very day, this world would be at an end, as Jesus longed for it to be. He came to destroy; to

both. I believe in both the timeless world and in the world in time; just as I believe that I myself partake of both. Both are real; both claim my loyalty and receive it. I aim to serve both God and Mammon. If the Galilean were to appear to-day and once more demand that I should follow him in his tremendous attempt to shatter the world in time, I would not follow him; I *could* not follow him, simply because I believe in life. To believe in life means, for me, to believe both in the timeless One, and the Many in time; to believe in the spirit and to believe in the flesh. And the only way I have found to reconcile those beliefs, to make them truly one, is to accept death. To accept death means to accept it for oneself. That done, and it is not easy to do, life is accepted; and when life has been accepted, its rhythm, its beauty, and its meaning are manifest.

Love and Secrets.—For, whatever some lovers may sometimes say, love does not always abhor a secret, as Nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Love is built upon secrets, as lovely Venice upon invisible and incorruptible piles in the sea. Love's secrets, being mysteries, ever pertain to the transcendent and the infinite; and so they are as airy bridges, by which our further shadows pass over into the regions of the golden mists and exhalations; whence all poetical, lovely thoughts are engendered, and drop into us, as though pearls should drop from rainbows. — Herman Melville.

Originality.—"To be original means to have a thorough knowledge and a just estimate of the value of other men's work, and to avail ourselves of it in order to advance beyond it, and do something better that is our own. It would be strange indeed, if, in order to be original, we had to keep ourselves in a state of virginal ignorance." (*Benedetto Croce.*)

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

I.

I remember so well that very first meeting. We lived then in a little new villa in a row, in a new road quite near Wandsworth Common. The front room was the dining-room, and the piano was there; the back room at the end of the passage, looking on to the tiny garden, which was kept full of flowers, was my father's study. It was lined with books, and in the middle of the room was his knee-hole writing table. On the table were scattered papers, his tin of Three Castles cigarettes, and his small tumbler of weak whisky and water. As a child I used to marvel at the way he puffed the smoke out of his mouth after sipping his whisky and water. He smoked and sipped all day long, while he wrote with his thin, delicate hand his small, thick writing, or lay on the sofa by the window reading the three-volume novels which he reviewed for part of his living. My father had a name as an essayist and critic among a small public, but he had to eke out his means with reviewing and journalism, and we had just moved from Liverpool to London, so that he could be more in touch with literary affairs.

Our house was comfortable and pleasant and very cosy, with people always coming and going. My mother and father were both very sociable and hospitable, and, though there cannot have been much money, owing to my mother's wonderful management there was always everything we wanted, and the unexpected guests who often turned up were warmly welcomed. My father's study was the general sitting-room,

limbed and athletic. He had a beautifully shaped head, with a fine brow, and his thick fair hair, worn rather long, curled a little over his forehead and ears. His nose was long and straight; his mouth very sensitive, with the upper lip overhanging the lower. The chin was strong. The eyes were grey and dreamy and meditative, but fearless and steady, and as if trying to pierce to truth itself. A most striking face, at once recalling a portrait of Shelley in its sensitive, melancholy beauty. His hands were large and powerful, and he could do anything with them from the roughest work to the most delicate; they symbolize for me his strength and his tenderness. It is his hands even more than his beautiful face that come to my vision when I think of him; I shall never forget them.

He came often, and always Father liked to have him alone, but just before he went I used to slip in and try to talk to him. I have no recollection of how we got on, but I think not very well, because his shyness made me shy.

My father helped him a great deal with advice about writing and reading, and with Father he got on well and talked well, my father's genial kindness and interest slowly breaking down David's reserve. My father became very fond of him and used to call him Phil, because his first name was Philip, and my parents had had a little boy called Philip who had died as a baby; by a strange coincidence David's features and general colouring were very like this baby boy's, and I believe my father felt that this was his boy—the boy of his heart, loving the things he loved, and seeking self-expression in the same way that my father had sought it. My mother, on the other hand, grew to dislike him. She was jealous. She could find in this quiet, reserved, clever boy no point of contact, though as a rule she got on splendidly with boys, and preferred them to girls, and many came to the house, but none like this one. The boys she

liked were jolly, frank, well-mannered, easy creatures, intelligent enough most of them, though hardly ever speaking seriously of things, but genial and cheery, who found her a very congenial hostess.

At this time David talked almost exclusively of the books he was reading, buying when he could, or borrowing from my father; and my appearance in the study stopped all talk except what could be dragged out of him by questions. I do not want to give the impression that his manners were those of a hobbledehoy, for though he was very shy and reserved he had a natural courtesy and distinction of manner, which, though perhaps stiff for a boy of his age, was always dignified.

His writing was almost entirely devoted to descriptions of nature, of clouds, sky, trees, and landscapes, and I had read and liked very much some of his essays. My father got several accepted by a weekly paper of which he was co-editor, and the *Globe* printed some, and Father was giving him all the encouragement he could with appreciation and advice and help. This time is all a little vague to me, for I was outside it and was conscious of no attraction towards him beyond the impression still very distinct made by that first surprisingly firm grip, and that straight look, which made me patient with his silence, his shyness, and his awkwardness.

I had always had a strong yearning for the country. Our life had been spent in towns in the north of England, and owing to my father's invalidism we were not, as so many children are, taken out long walks by our father, and our times in the country had been confined to our summer holidays in North Wales. But I loved the country, and David's knowledge of country things gave us a common interest and subject of conversation, so that slowly we got to easier, but even now, not very easy terms—until one day my father said to David: "Here's Jenny dying for the country, and

a good walker; why don't you take her, and show her some of the places you know?"

Before this happened we had moved to a much bigger and nicer house in a better neighbourhood. It had a very pretty garden which had been part of an orchard, and had several fruit trees in it—one, a very beautiful old cherry tree, always lovely to look at, and full of fruit in the season. A forked branch made a comfortable seat, and I often sat up there reading, and I remember how David once found me with bare feet and legs eating cherries and reading, and his surprise and pleasure at finding me unembarrassed by his seeing me like that. The study in this house had French windows opening on to the garden, and so in summer time the garden became our general gathering place, and the cherry tree branches provided seats for several of the company. It was from this house that we set off for our first walk to Merton.

Merton was then a pretty rural place with fields and lanes and footpaths and woods. We walked to it through a wilderness of mean streets, and I cannot remember that we talked much. Now, it was I who was shy, and conscious of my intellectual inferiority, and I tried to talk "up" to him, and became more self-conscious and said stupid things. But it was on this first walk that I spoke of the picture of a titmouse in a natural history book David had showed me some time before. It was a coloured illustration, and I could not believe that the colours were natural, and that such a lovely bright bird was really a common English, even London bird. My short sight and lack of observation made me ignorant of even the most commonly known facts of natural history, and this picture impressed me very much, and I told David as we went along how I had dreamed of a titmouse, only it was gigantic in size, and the colours of its plumage very, very vivid. He was delighted and amused at this, and this simple

ncident put us quite at ease with each other. We spoke of poetry, too—of Wordsworth particularly. I told him I did not care for him because he was "sentimental," which shocked David, and made me feel ashamed. Afterwards when I got home I read some of the poems he had spoken about, and from that talk my appreciation of poetry began.

I remember in that first walk how we scrambled about in a little roadside copse. It must have been winter or early spring, for the trees were bare, and David showed me many old nests, telling me the names of the birds which had made them, and pointing out to me their special characteristics. Later on he brought me as a present a most beautifully compact, moss-covered nest of a chaffinch, which I could hardly believe was the work of a bird, and all my wonder pleased and amused him in his grave way. In that copse were many burdocks, and I remember asking him to throw some of the burrs on to my skirt, so that I could prove to my people I had really been into the country.

I enjoyed that walk. It was an utterly new experience for me. Everything was new—the very exercise which I found so delightful was new; the country so near home; my companion, the first boy I had ever been on such terms with. And all his knowledge of everything we saw, and all his intimacy—everything lifted me at once into a new world.

I was at this time about eighteen, and he nine months younger.

I remember we came back to tea in the dusk of the evening, very happy together, and with very much of our former constraint worn away. But even now I felt he was "The Genius" and I a very ordinary girl, as indeed I was.

After that he came and went, talking with my father, and more now with me, and accepted by my mother in a grudging way. In a little while we had arranged to

go another walk, and my father was delighted with the success of his idea.

This time we were to take the train to Barnes, and walk up Priory Lane and over Richmond Park to the heronry where once, at night, David had climbed to get a heron's egg. I remember the place, which was near a big lake, and the tall trees (were they Scotch pines or elms?) in which the huge, untidy, insecure nests were built, looking more like rafts of twigs than nests. I, with my dizzy head, could not endure it when he—to show me his prowess, I expect—began to climb the straight tall trunk of one of them.

He told me of his fishing exploits, and of the big pike he had caught in the pond near by, for he was always a keen fisherman, and we spoke of Isaac Walton whom I had read. I learnt here the names of several wild flowers, especially the little low growing kinds—tormentil was one: I have never forgotten it, and its tiny bright flower always brings back to me Richmond Park, and that day. He found me a good walker; I did not get tired, nor lag behind, but stepped out eagerly and joyfully always.

Of these walks we took many, but only one other is clearly recalled to my memory. We went again to Merton, and talked of Shelley whom we were both reading and both very full of. His life I knew very well, and he had for long been a hero of mine. It was his love of freedom, his hatred of injustice and tyranny that I chiefly responded to, I think, but also his spiritual beauty caught up my dawning perception of poetry. That day we talked of Shelley, and David had a pretty little volume in his pocket of selected lyrics—the flapping of a book in his jacket pocket as he strode along with his long, sweeping stride is one of my earliest and latest memories of David—and we read "Adonais" and the "West Wind," and "Love's Philosophy" and "Epipsychidion" together.

Coming home from Merton, not yet having left the country roads, and in the sunset-flushed mist of an autumn afternoon, as we walked side by side, silent for the most part, but deeply conscious of happiness and friendship, he took my hand, and I, full of a new wonder and a new fear, and new something I could not tell what, let him walk thus. When we got home, he would not come in to tea, but as we said good-bye at the gate, he asked me to keep the Shelley for my own, and I took it, but did not want to, and yet could not tell why.

I was a plain girl, morbidly conscious of intellectual and physical deficiencies. I had often cried bitterly in the thought that no man could ever love me, and that my longing for children would never be satisfied. I had so persuaded myself of this that it never entered my mind as a possibility until that moment when David took my hand; and even then I did not consciously think of love; all I felt was an unrest, a fear, a thrill, perhaps also a hope.

I was very affectionate, and almost painfully grateful to people who showed me affection, but conscious of my own unworthiness and with a constant distrust of myself. I think this was partly due to the contrast to myself in my two sisters, one older and one younger. Both were clever and self-confident and admired. They both succeeded where I failed, and my mother constantly said to me when she was irritated by her ugly duckling—"Why can't you be like your sister Carrie?" And that remark made it more and more difficult for me to attain that ideal, and I shrank further into my shell of self-distrust.

I loved all children passionately, especially young babies. I loved to see a pregnant woman—I almost adored while I envied her. I desired love, but only, at any rate consciously, in a spiritual or emotional form, for I did not comprehend physical love, and the whole

thing was very mysterious to me, and my mother had always refused to discuss the subject. I yearned vaguely for freedom, for something more than this quiet home life, where my mother's word was law. I had begun to have different tastes from the others. In dress, for instance, I took to what were then called Liberty dresses, very simple and plain in line, but of beautiful colours and ornamented with embroidery. The fashions then made this style of dress conspicuous, and my sisters laughed at it, but I was getting to the priggish stage and I am sure I thought myself superior. I wanted less furniture in my bedroom, and more air, and I read Ruskin and Morris and became their disciple. David and I read Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and *Wilhelm Meister* which particularly we loved, and which influenced us very much, me specially perhaps in my natural instinct for unreserve and freedom and frankness of speech.

I was plain at that age, with a round, healthy face and small nose; rather serious in expression, but not entirely unattractive. I had a lot of dark brown hair, which I wore parted in the middle with long plaits wound round my head—a simple style which suited my dress and my general seriousness. I was straight and tallish, and my own well-shaped and strong, and—as I think now—really lovely body, gave me intense delight. I loved being without clothes, and moving about naked, and took a pride in my health and strength. We read Richard Jeffries, and I remember with what delight I found the joy in one's body spoken of there as if it was right and good. For with my old distrust of myself I had wondered if the joy I felt in my body indicated some moral deficiency in me, as my mother's teaching had been in direct opposition to what I felt so instinctively.

David and I were getting much more unreserved together, and talked of anything and everything—of poetry a great deal—Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Words- [illegible]

worth and Tennyson chiefly I think—oh, and Byron too: indeed we read much from Chaucer onwards; all was grist to the mills of our devouring minds. Also we began to speak of ourselves, our hopes, our feeling about life, our intimate thoughts and experiences.

It must have been about this time that I introduced myself to David's parents and brothers. He was the eldest of six boys. He had no sisters, and except for brief, awkward attractions for one or two girls who lived near, I was the first girl he had ever become friendly with. He knew nothing of girls; less than I of boys, for though I had never been attractive to boys—my sister Carrie taking all these honours—I had met many at home, though I had never had a friend among them.

David's father was a serious-minded, liberal, self-satisfied, hard-working and conscientious civil servant who rose in his department quite remarkably. He was the thick set, short, dark type of Welshman, handsome perhaps, but to me very unattractive. He was a Nonconformist, and a student, with a very narrow view of life which made him an extremely unsympathetic father. All the boys except David were like their father in appearance, but not one of them like him in character. His mother was a very pretty fair-haired woman, with a sweet melancholy face, very retiring and shy and sad. David got his looks from his mother and much of his temperament, and he adored her—if such a word can be used of so reserved, so undemonstrative an affection which never wavered. A wonderful sympathy existed between these two, both too self-conscious to give it voice, but both sure of it always. The other boys were beyond her understanding, and there was a strange feeling of disharmony in that house, which, after my own united family life, depressed me whenever I went there.

I went to see David's mother, for I thought it

only fair that, as my mother knew David she should know me. I introduced myself boldly and impulsively as I did things then. She was very kind, though shy and reserved with me, and I think liked me—anyhow did not dislike me. When I returned home I told my mother about my visit, and she to my great surprise and distress was very angry. She said I had behaved in a very improper way, and that I had practically announced myself as engaged to David. I thought her attitude and her anger ridiculous, and there began in me that antagonism to my mother which, on my father's death, made home life unendurable to me.

After this visit I used often to go to David's home, and became well-known to his father and brothers.

The brothers were a strange lot of rather uncouth boys : their huge appetites and rough ways amazed me. Their parents provided no social life at home for them, and at a very early age they sought their amusements elsewhere, David being the only one who had a love of nature and literature. The house itself seemed to me ugly and uninteresting, and there was only one room which had for me any character or charm, and this was David's own room—study and bedroom. Here he kept his collection of bird's eggs and fishing tackle, and other possessions, and lived most of his indoor life reading or writing. A few photographs of pictures of Titian and Botticelli and Greek sculpture were pinned on to the walls, and there was a shelf of books—not many yet, for he had very little pocket money to spend. Here we were allowed to sit and talk and read, though his mother often asked me if I thought my mother would like it ; and sometimes because she was so uncertain that she was doing right for her boys, she would forbid us this room, and we had to be content to sit in the cold and formal little drawing-room at the back of the house.

At this time my father, who had always been very

delicate, began to show signs of tuberculosis in the throat, of which he died. He was not able to see much of David, and when David came to the house my mother's dislike of him, now that my father was absent, became more and more obvious. About the same time David went away for one of his long visits to Wiltshire, where his grandmother lived, and where he could wander all day on the downs and tramp about the outlying country with an old vagabond from whom he had learnt much country lore, and who had first taught him how to bait a hook, and skin a mole, and shout the "View Hulloo" when the hunt was out.

My mother, taking advantage of all the circumstances, forbade me to have anything more to do with David—to write to him or receive letters from him while he was away, or to see him when he returned. My father was too ill to be appealed to, and for the first time in my life I took the law into my own hands. I wrote to him secretly, and received letters from him through a school friend of his who was a great favourite with my mother, and who came to inquire after my father and bring my letters with him.

(To be continued.)

God's Word

Low ripple through the waters of the world,—
Sound under other sounds, the hush beneath the hush,
Heard hardly,—or heard not at all until
Some one slow evening blesses with pure flush,
Orchard and cottage, meadow, wood, and mill.

MARGARET RADFORD.

WHERE MUSIC GOES

By Henry Chester Tracy

THAT "the soul goes where music goes" is to me comforting thought. I do not think that the man wh made the assertion intended it to be a comfortin thought. I do not find those thoughts which ar intended to convey that annihilation of the personalit is an entirely just and reasonable arrangement of thing especially comforting; for I believe that there are othe characters in reality besides the merely just and reasor able: qualities of Being which transcend these tw And one of these quallities may be comfort, a qualit frequently carried in music.

Someone is playing Kamennoi-Ostrow. If playe with execrable haste and neutral colour this can becom a mere *salon-stück,* not worthy to be mentioned in th same breath with transcendent things; but it happen just now that the player is obedient to whatever inn motion it is that controls such music, and the best, what might be called the soul of it, comes, filtered the trivial, through the air of two rooms. Hearing so tendered, Kamennoi-Ostrow becomes to me living thing, of the same nature as the best there is me or in any other one.

I do not think that the real intention here is a pictu in music. It is true that I hear the waves wash dripping coolness over the island rocks; and the co jurer is there; but beyond him is Rubinstein, a spi moving upon the air; a spirit penetrant beyond t picture, subtile, conversant with pain.

Island rock and surge of sea, these are accidents th [illegible] mood. Or, rather let us have it, Anglo-Sax [illegible] which is mind, feeling, heart. Then in place

a *salon-stück* with surface figures,—ephemera,—we have the mind, feeling, heart of the pencil-maker's son releasing *aught which is real.* Aught or nought: a something or a nothing, that's as you please. To me at this listening moment it is as valid as anything I am, and more valid than the things I am not but often have desired to be. Even then, it brings me nearer to some of these wanted things than I can get in any other way, and that is the element of comfort implicit: a comfort that does not preclude pain.

Rubinstein, playing in some untimed past that for me has no place-mark or date is, in the instant of this music, trenchant *being* poignant and real: *my* being, if that matters, as much as any one's; but not important because mine. It is perhaps not more ephemeral than what I call myself; perhaps less so. Experience—and more. Something of spirit, that treads sound waves. Thing or person, or pure being, it moves with thin foot-falls on the air, and goes—where?

Wherever it is that music goes I think that I shall be willing to go. As music is being remembered I think I should be glad to be remembered, and to be. There is the apparent memory of printed scrolls and functioning brain-cells, or even the record disc. I do not mean that. It may be pure mysticism to say that *any* memory is real, or that the universe has an organ for remembering other than the mechanisms we know. But I know very well that Kamennoi-Ostrow is only one of many meanings that cannot be confined to words. These avoid crowds and evade concert-halls, they foregather in forests or by the sea. Their keel is just beyond the horizon, as they voyage through lacunæ of our air.

I know that some are sensitive to these meanings and for others they do not exist. These can have no quarrel with those. I know that Yesha'-yah was sensitive to them when he wrote the words, "Comfort ye, comfort

ye my people, saith your God" ; and that Handel was sensitive to them when he made them into divine recitative expressive of Compassion which so far transcends realization that Zionistic illusions lapse into utter pathos when compared to it. And to the mind of pundits this Compassion is naught : a cipher with no integers to match it.

Within that cipher lurk many mysteries, much beauty and those meanings that are in the old music and not in the new. Such old music is in that thematic fragment, *Chant Nègre,* which Kramer adapted to the violin. Safely sleeping upon those strings is beauty that Zimbalist may wake : age-old beauty out of darkness, the warm darkness of a child-like race. If we did not know that some One has compassion on that people and remembers their souls, we should know it when this beauty wakes ; for in *Chant Nègre* a kindness is remembered and the peace of tranquil rivers, still forests, sunlight and gloom. There is the memory of an ineffable happiness, ripened in the soul of the race. The light of suns is there, vivifying, and the dark of shadows ; slow waters, rippling on a quiet shore. Such themes are of the nature of us all. They live, although the neurons that throbbed at their birth cannot be assembled again. The One remembers.

In almost violent contrast we could surely say that the little-known One remembers just as well, when the wind is stinging cold with snow-whirls in the air, and "Autumn and Winter" is the theme. Glazounov weaves a richer figure for a garment of the Russian soul. Beauty links arms ; it races with the northern blood and takes up the rhythms of the dance. Tone-textures gather the heightened colour of the cheek, there is a gladness, God knows ; light, movement, all the zest of the North.

Again, when a symphony orchestra plays the third movement of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Schererazade,* there

arises upon the ground an enchantment that is not of the earth. Elfin peoples are there, with frail pipings, but all about and above them is an air of those meanings which music brings. This is a pleasant country. One is being carried; not excitation, or any spell of the earth: sheer well-being, and the joy of things. This is the air of some country sought by travellers, dreamed of, but never found: and this finds it. Elsewhere is verisimilitude, but here is reality . . . in the first theme, with a fragrant background of sound; an infinitely soothing foil of melody; the harmonic shadow of graciousness. It is not abject subject but benign ruler of the Kingdom of Change. Its very life is in transmutations and it transcends them, to become something supreme: a form of Being. For this is the way with music, or that which is remembered by One.

Outside there are disintegrations, and rhythms: febrile creations. Better than those are the grotesqueries which lead the way to this place: slight and gaily pathetic they dance in the sun-space, and so vanish into the shadows of sound. It is so that we intuit our home: the place where music comes from, and to which it goes. It is a place beyond thorns and shadows. Here are tapestries of figured air, that crotchets and quavers may blow aside. It is a most lovable place.

MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.—Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch announces a Festival of Chamber Music of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries to be held at Haslemere Hall, Haslemere, from August 24th to September 25th, 1925. This Festival offers a unique opportunity to attain that familiarity with forgotten styles and instruments which is necessary before the music of the early composers and Mr. Dolmetsch's re-creation of their art can be truly appreciated. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Charman, Haslemere.

PASCAL

By Leo Tolstoy

No passion holds man so long in its grip or hides so completely, sometimes to the very end, the vanity of temporal, worldly life, and none so removes man from an understanding of human life and its true well-being, as the passion for human fame in whatever form it may manifest itself : petty vanity, ambition, or love of fame.

Every vice bears within it its own punishment and the sufferings that accompany its satisfaction expose its worthlessness. Moreover, all other vices weaken with the years, but love of fame increases as the years go by. Above all, desire for worldly fame is always connected with the thought of the service of man, and a man when he is seeking the approval of others may easily deceive himself into thinking that he is living not for himself but for the good of those whose approval he seeks. And therefore this most crafty and dangerous passion is more difficult than any other to uproot. Only men of great spiritual strength free themselves from it. Great spiritual strength makes it possible for such men rapidly

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Translator's Note.—During the last years of his life Tolstoy compiled a selection of passages mostly from non-Russian writers which he called *A Circle of Reading*. As it consisted chiefly of translations into Russian it escaped translation from the Russian. But it so happens that it contains this article by Tolstoy himself on Pascal—an essay by the greatest Russian religious thinker of the nineteenth century on the greatest French religious thinker of the seventeenth. It is probably the only completed article of Tolstoy's, written for publication, that has not yet been translated. The article was written in 1906.—A. M.

to attain great fame, and that same spiritual strength enables them to perceive its worthlessness.

Such a man was Pascal. And such also was Gogol, a Russian who was akin to him. (I think it was through Gogol that I understood Pascal.) Both of them, though they possessed quite different qualities and quite different passions and range of mind, went through the same experience. They both very quickly attained the fame they passionately desired. Having attained it they both immediately understood the vanity of what had seemed to them the highest and most precious blessing in the world. They were both horrified at the temptation in the power of which they found themselves. They employed the whole strength of their souls to show people all the horror of the error from which they had just escaped, and the greater their disillusionment the more urgent seemed to them the necessity of finding a purpose in life which nothing could destroy.

This was the cause of the passionate attitude towards faith both of the Russian Gogol and of Pascal; and in this lay the cause of their disregard for the work they had previously accomplished. All *that* had been done for fame. And fame passed, and there had been nothing in it but deception; therefore all that had been done for its attainment had been unnecessary and insignificant. Only one thing was important: that which they had lacked, that which had been veiled by the worldly desire for fame. Only one thing was important and necessary: a faith which gives meaning to our transitory life and firm direction to all its activities. And this consciousness of the necessity of faith, and of the impossibility of living without it, so strikes such men that they cannot but be amazed how they themselves, and people in general, can live without a faith explaining to them the meaning of their life and of the death which awaits them. And becoming conscious of this, such men direct the whole strength of their mind and soul to saving people

from the terrible error from which they have themselves just escaped, and to showing them that without faith it is impossible to live: that only faith saves. And they try to snatch out of people's hands the screen which, as Pascal says, they hold before themselves while running towards the precipice.

Such a man was Pascal, and in this lies his great, inestimable, and much undervalued, service.

Pascal was born at Clermont in 1623. His father was a well-known mathematician. The boy, as all children do, imitated his father in early childhood, and occupied himself with mathematics, showing extraordinary capacity. His father, not wishing to develop the boy too prematurely, did not give him mathematical books; but young Pascal listened to his father's conversation with his mathematical acquaintances and began himself to invent a geometry. The father, seeing these works, which were quite extraordinary for a boy, was so struck that he went into ecstasies and wept from emotion, and from that time began to teach his son mathematics. The boy soon not only assimilated what his father showed him, but began to make independent discoveries in mathematics. His success drew to him the attention not only of his neighbours, but of the learned; and Pascal while very young became known as a remarkable mathematician. His fame, as one who despite his youth was an eminent scientist, encouraged him in his studies, his remarkable powers made it possible for him to increase his great fame, and he devoted his whole time and strength to scientific occupations and investigations. But his health had been weak from childhood. Intense study weakened it still more, and while still a youth he had a serious illness. After his illness, at his father's request, he reduced his studies to two hours a day and employed his free time in reading philosophical works. He read Epictetus, Descartes, and Mon-

taigne's Essays. Montaigne's book struck him particularly. It revolted him by its scepticism and indifference to religion. Pascal had always been religious, and in a childish way believed the Catholic teaching in which he had been brought up. Montaigne's book suggested doubts to his mind, obliging him to think about questions of faith, and in particular to consider in how far faith is necessary for man's rational life; and he began to be still stricter with himself in the fulfilment of religious duties, and read, besides philosophical works, books of a religious character. Among them he came upon the work of a Dutch theologian Jansen, *The Reconstruction of the Inner Man*.

In this book there was a discussion as to whether, besides the lusts of the flesh, there is not also a lust of the spirit, consisting in the satisfaction of man's inquisitive passions, at the basis of which there lies the same thing as in all other lusts—egotism and self-love; and whether such refined lust does not remove a man, more than all else, from God. This book struck Pascal greatly. With the sincerity natural to great souls, he felt the truth of this discussion in relation to himself. And although to renounce scientific occupations and the fame attached to them was for him a great privation, or just because it was a great privation, he decided to abandon the scientific interests which tempted him, and to direct his whole energy to clearing up for himself and for others those questions of faith which now occupied him more and more.

Nothing is known of Pascal's relations to women, or what influence the love of woman had on his life. His biographers, on the strength of his short composition, *Discours sur le passion de l'amour*—in which he says that the greatest happiness attainable by man, love, is a pure spiritual feeling, and should serve as the source of all that is elevated and noble—come to the conclusion that Pascal, in his youth, was in love with a woman who

stood above him socially and did not respond to his love. At any rate, if there was such a love, it had no result on Pascal's life. The chief interests in his young life consisted in the struggle between his striving towards scientific occupations and the fame they gave him, and his consciousness of the emptiness and insignificance of such occupations and the harmfulness of the temptation of love of fame, and his wish to devote his whole strength entirely to the service of God.

For instance, at the period of his life when he had already determined to renounce scientific occupations he happened to read Torricelli's *Investigation of Vacuum*. Feeling that this question was incorrectly decided and that a more exact definition was possible Pascal could not refrain from a desire to verify those experiments. While verifying them he made his famous discovery of the weight of the atmosphere. This discovery attracted the attention of the whole scientific world. The learned wrote to him, visited him, and praised him. And the struggle against the temptation of worldly fame became still more difficult.

As part of that struggle Pascal wore a belt with nails turned inward, and every time it seemed to him that on reading or hearing praise of himself the feeling of vanity and pride rose within him, he pressed the belt into his side with his elbow, the nails pierced his flesh and he remembered that whole process of thought and feeling which diverted him from the temptation of fame.

In 1651 an event occurred to Pascal which might seem unimportant but produced a great effect upon him and had a great influence on his spiritual condition. On the Bridge of Neuilly he fell from a carriage and was within a hair's breadth of death. At the same time his father died. This double reminder of death caused Pascal, more even than before, to concentrate on the problems of life and death. A religious direction dominated his life more and more, so that in 1655 he

quite retired from the world. He joined the Jansenist Society of Port Royal, and began to live an almost monastic life there, meditating on and preparing a great work in which he intended to show, first, the indispensability of religion for a rational human life, and secondly, the validity of the religion which he himself professed. But here again the temptation of human fame met him. The Jansenist Society of Port Royal, in which he lived, had provoked the enmity of the powerful Jesuit Order, and as a result of Jesuit intrigues the men's and women's schools established at Port Royal were closed and the convent of Port Royal itself was in danger of being closed. Living among the Jansenists and sharing their opinions, Pascal could not remain indifferent to the position of his co-believers, and he was so carried away by the dispute with the Jesuits that he wrote a book in defence of the Jansenists which he called *Les Lettres Provinciales*. In this work Pascal did not so much justify and defend the teachings of the Jansenists as indict their enemies, the Jesuits, by exposing the immorality of their teaching. The book had great success, but this fame could no longer tempt Pascal. His whole life was already a constant service of God. He drew up for himself rules of life which he followed strictly, deviating from them neither from idleness nor from illness. Poverty he considered a fundamental virtue. "In poverty and destitution," he said, "there is not only no evil, but there is even great good. Christ was poor and destitute, and had not where to lay his head." Giving away all he had to the poor, Pascal lived in such a manner that he only possessed the necessaries of life. He managed as far as possible without a servant, only having one when he was himself too ill to move. His dwelling was of the very simplest, as also was his food and clothing. He arranged his room himself and fetched his own dinner. His illness increased, and he suffered unceasingly, but

he endured his sufferings not only with a patience that astonished those around him, but even with gladness and thankfulness. "Do not pity me," he said to those who condoled with him on his condition, "sickness is the natural condition of a Christian, for in that state he is such as he should always be. It accustoms him to the deprivation of all sensuous blessings and pleasures, teaches them to refrain from the passions that oppress man all his life, and to be free from avarice, and always in expectation of death."

The luxury with which relatives who loved him tried to surround him oppressed him. He asked his sister to move him into a hospital for incurables that he might pass his last days with them, but his sister did not carry out his wish and he died at her house. In his last hours he was unconscious. Only just before the very end he raised himself from his bed and with a clear and joyful expression said: "Leave me not, O Lord!" Those were his last words. He died on August 19th, 1662.

Man needs two beliefs for his well-being; the one is faith that an explanation of the meaning of life exists and the other is supplied by the discovery of the best explanation of life. Pascal accomplished the first of these better than anyone else. Fate, God, did not permit him to accomplish the other. As a man dying of thirst jumps at the water which is before him without examining its quality, so Pascal, without examining the quality of the Catholic faith he had been brought up in, saw in it the truth and the salvation of man. It is enough that it is water; it was enough that it was faith.

It goes without saying that no one has a right to say what might have been, but it is impossible to imagine Pascal, with his genius and his sincerity towards himself believing in Catholicism had he examined it. He had no time to submit it to that stress of thought which he directed to the proof of the indispensability of faith

and therefore in his soul dogmatic Catholicism remained whole. Without touching it he rested upon it. He rested on what was, and is, true in it. He accepted from it an intense labour of self-perfectionment, a struggle against temptation, an aversion for wealth, and a firm belief in the mercy of God, to Whom he submitted his soul when dying.

He died after accomplishing only a part of his work —without accomplishing, or even beginning, the other part. But because the second was not done, the first is not less precious : *Les Pensées,* collected from detached scraps of paper on which the sick and dying Pascal had jotted down his thoughts. The fate of that book was wonderful.

A prophetic book appears,—the crowd stands in amaze, struck by the power of the prophetic word, agitated, wishing to understand, to clear up, and to know what to do.

And one of those people comes who, as Pascal says, think they know, and therefore confuse the world. Such people come and say : " There is nothing here to understand, to elucidate ; it is all very simple. This Pascal (it was the same with Gogol), as you see, believed in the Trinity, in the sacraments. It is evident that he was a sick man, abnormal, and therefore, owing to his weakness and illness, he understood everything upside down. The best proof of this is that he rejected and renounced even the good he himself had done and that we approve of (because we understood it), and that he attributed great importance to quite useless ' mystic ' discussions about the destiny of man and about a future life. Therefore we must accept from him not what he himself considered important, but what we can understand and what pleases us."

And the crowd is glad ; first it did not understand, and was called on for an effort to reach the height to which Pascal wished to raise it ; but now everything is

simple. Pascal discovered the law by which pumps are made. Pumps are very useful, and this was very good; but all he said about God and immortality was rubbish, because he believed in the Trinity and in the Bible. We need make no effort to rise to his level; on the contrary, from the height of our normality we can patronizingly and condescendingly acknowledge his merits, despite his abnormality.

Pascal shows us that men without religion are either animals or madmen; he rubs their noses in their abominations and insanities and shows them that no science can replace religion. But Pascal believed in God, in the Trinity, in the Bible, and therefore for them it is a settled matter that what he told them about the insanity of their life and the vanity of science is untrue. That same science, that same vanity of life, that same insanity, which was so unanswerably explained to them, hey consider to be real life, truth; but Pascal's reasoning they consider to be the fruit of his sick abnormality. They cannot deny the power of this man's thoughts and words and they place him among the classics, but he content of his books is not wanted by them. It eems to them that they themselves stand immeasurably bove the highest condition of religious consciousness to which man can attain, and to which Pascal did attain, nd so the importance of his wonderful book is hopeessly hidden from them.

Yes, nothing is so harmful, so ruinous to humanity's ue progress as the arguments, adroitly arranged with ll sorts of up-to-date adornment, of those *qui croyent avoir* [" who think they know "], and who in Pascal's pinion, *bouleversent le monde* [" confuse the world "].

But the light shines even in the darkness, and there re people who, without sharing Pascal's faith in atholicism, still understand that despite his great intelect he could believe in Catholicism, preferring to believe it rather than not to believe in anything, and who

also understand the meaning of his wonderful book which irrefutably proves the necessity of faith and the impossibility of a human life without a faith, that is, without a definite, firm relation of man to the world and to its origin.

And having understood this, men cannot fail to find the replies, of a faith corresponding to the degree of their moral and intellectual development, to the questions put by Pascal.

In that lies his great merit.

(*Translated by Aylmer Maude.*)

THREE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL

Who would not believe, when he saw us constructing everything of mind and body, that we understood that combination very well? Nevertheless it is the thing we understand least of all. Man is to himself the most mysterious object of nature; for he cannot conceive what is body, still less what is mind, and least of all how a body can be united to a mind. That is the pinnacle of all his problems, and that is himself.

I spent many years in the study of abstract sciences, and the small opportunity for communicating knowledge disgusted me. When I began the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not proper to man, and that I had strayed farther from my true condition in entering them than others in ignoring them. So I forgave others for knowing little about them. But I thought I should at least find companions in the study of man, and that this is man's proper study. I was mistaken; still fewer study man than study mathematics. It is only through not knowing how to study man that men study other things.

Two extravagances: to exclude reason, to admit reason only.

THE COMFORT OF LITTLE THINGS

By Ralph Bates

How might I live within the empty stead
That memorably your laughter once had filled?
How might I endure, hearing still your tread?
So I have hastened to the lands untilled,
Among harsh sorrels I have laid my head.

How might I go upon accustomed hills?
Have I not said that from love's gleaming peaks
There flowed sweet nurture of the clear cold rills?
How might I go where still the old song seeks
My lips, how see the low slope's daffodils?

How may mine eyes look westward when the sun
Burns redly on the sea grown grey and dim?
Even so ends love, I said, that is begun
In that red glory of the eastern rim
Oh bitterness the world's large splendours, every one.

So I have found my peace in little things
That have not yet grown treasonable to me:
In a little gleaming shell with purple rings
Is comfort, and by the pale stones of the sea
I find my comfort when a small wave flings
The red dulse' sodden branch, green laver's veil.
Sea hollies and the spear-grass silver flecked
Are mine, for love large-striding hath not recked
These random things, and these things may not fail:
So have I found my peace in little things.

A. E. HOUSMAN:
A RETROSPECTIVE NOTE

By H. P. Collins

THE author of *A Shropshire Lad* left a deep impress on his own generation; but it descended to ours as somewhat of a legend. He had published so little; and it left so little to debate.

Professor Housman is a poet of large utterance: and he has an emotional intensity, finely controlled, which only three or four of his contemporaries equal. He has only created, he avows, at moments of keen personal experience. He expects no longer "to be revisited by the continuous excitement" under which he wrote his earlier poems. Mr. Housman was excited in the 'nineties! That first fine careless rapture, he does not hope to renew. But the quality of his later pieces is unchanged. He is the poet of a genre: he has a vicarious method of self-realization which gives him a more *objective* power.

Many of the greatest works of English fiction have made their material of human passions set in the atmosphere of primitive, elemental life, which has its control from within and not from social environment and customs. Such are *Wuthering Heights, Adam Bede,* and Hardy's great Wessex novels. The most sophisticated and deeply cultured minds agree that an unrestrained setting gives the freest scope for an epic presentation of life. It is part of a limitation in Thackeray and Henry James that such a transmission of the creatures of their imagination was impossible to

them. They had always to work in those aspects of life which were familiar to their contemplation.

But poetry does not show the same lesson. It must work at higher pressure, be more economical, seek a more rarefied theme. It has not so much leisure and licence in manipulation. A subtle, complicated and leisurely poetry is fraught with danger. It is difficult, in the lyric at any rate, to transpose, to dramatize the compulsive emotion. Lyrics of a translunary order, such as Shelley's, have to be considered as subjective, judged in the light of that limitation. If one takes the primitive, rustic setting, as does Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie in *The End of the World,* one gives a particular purpose freedom ; but one sacrifices most of the purely individual, lyrical ecstasy. This must not be taken to suggest that Mr. Abercrombie's way is the less valuable ; he is a dramatic poet : but, if having Mr. Housman in mind, the question is how he can succeed, and has indeed succeeded, in giving his lyrical genius full play in work that is not in the least like, in substance, the ruminations of an austerely-minded scholar.

The most remarkable thing to be noticed in Mr. Housman is that when he wrote *A Shropshire Lad* he was rather ahead of his age ; to-day, in producing poetry of a similar nature, he is a little in the wake of things : but he is also nearer to the general thinking mind than he was in the 'nineties. In other words : his natural vision has a prophetic quality. Bearing this in mind, let us examine more particular points : the literary method and the peculiar transmission of attitude that distinguish him.

Take first *A Shropshire Lad*, since it is pure genre poetry : consider how far it is personative and how far subjective, personal. All the themes are elemental ; all the language is that in everyday use. The emotional attitude is so untouched with the subtleties of culture that we must suppose it is deliberately simplified. The

means that the poet first imposes on himself a restraint akin to that involved in the use of dramatic structure, though not actually dramatic.

Once more, let us remember: the greatest poetry does not need complex emotions. The thoughts of the Shropshire Lad are not the thoughts, even by poetic license, of an ordinary peasant: they are the thoughts of a poet whom one pretends to have the upbringing and outlook of a country boy. So the rustic, elemental world that is the subject of contemplation is viewed, in consistency, as a world complete in itself. There is no adjustment to the exterior, wider realities of the world of educated apprehension. The Shropshire which Mr. Housman's poems apprehend is as the Warwickshire seen by Adam Bede—indeed, a less educated Adam Bede—not Warwickshire seen by George Eliot. The Shropshire Lad speaks of things as he feels them: Mr. Housman does not stand behind him to tell us how else they might have been felt.

This is an uncommon thing in modern literature. The lowly protagonist recounting a tale in the first person is not a familiar figure in recent fiction, and under older traditions he was never free from the interpositions of his creator. If Emily Brontë had let Hareton Earnshaw narrate *Wuthering Heights*—as she might very well have done—the narrative would have been full of Emily Brontë; the personative sense as then conceived would soon have proved inadequate. Mr. Housman as a poet, is quite unique in this respect; he can make his countryman give us back any experience without a trace of inconsistency. In qualification it may be said that the Shropshire Lad is not a detached creation but the embodiment of Mr. Housman's own temperament at a lower range of culture and experience. But that does not affect the achievement, is probably rather a condition of it, making the purely lyrical attitude possible.

How far—since this question must touch the quality and scope of his vision—is Mr. Housman faithful to his whole experience: and how far does he limit himself to the spiritual (as apart from the social and cultural) experience possible in a rustic? Does he, under the necessity of excluding subtle experience, "unsight the seen"? Is it possible to do so and still be a sincere poet—that is, a poet?

It is certain that very much is "seen" by Mr. Housman that could not reasonably be brought within the expression of a rustic spokesman. But is the spiritual essence of these perceptions, apart from the intellectual setting that relates them and might be needed to symbolize them in a more sophisticated way, attributable to a simple mind?

No true poet, none who has the authenticity that is written large upon Mr. Housman's work, denies his own, full emotional perception: "It is not possible." But he can restrict himself in the language, the range of equivalence through which he liberates these perceptions—and thus does he bring them into dramatic character. Sophisticated poetry—and the highest poetry must be that—is the subtle relation of simple intuitions: in simplifying poetry one correlates and symbolizes the same intuitions more slowly as it were; shutting off from one's stock of experience derivative and allusive imagery and the more sophisticated properties of language. The poetry may be strengthened in consequence: or it may be weakened. Usually, in the case of the poets who can face at all such deliberate restriction as is needed in genre poetry, the quality of the poetry is deepened, because concentrated, and its range is narrowed. In view of one or two pieces in the *Last Poems*, it seems that Mr. Housman's Shropshire Lad has enabled him to accentuate the unity and sincerity of his thought, and has cut him off from very little that is valuable to his particular receptiveness.

A. E. HOUSMAN

The pervading note of Mr. Housman's assertion is a eculiarly barren scepticism. To this state of joyless ndifference—it is neither fear nor tedium of life, but omething that seems far less pregnant—every fragment f experience that he sets down, in the end returns. Towards the close of the Victorian epoch, when literaure was still steeped in the habit of religious assurance, uch a negation of any purpose beneath the scheme of hings was wholly unfamiliar. Mr. Housman, though ve may not easily realize it to-day, did enter the literary rena in his homely Shropshire guise as the originator f a new poetical philosophy. He was apart equally rom the daring, exuberant, shallow Paganism of Swinurne and from the grave, profound, subtly moral theism of Thomas Hardy. For the joy of mortal life s life he gave us only the exaltation of despair. For e earnest questioning revolt against the witless arbiation of our destiny he substituted a brutal defiance.

> Oh never fear man, nought's to dread,
> Look not to left nor right:
> In all the endless road you tread
> There's nothing but the night
>
> . . . malt does more than Milton can
> To justify God's ways to man.
> Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
> For fellows whom it hurts to think.
> Look into the pewter-pot
> To see the world as the world's not. . .
> Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
> The world, it was the old world yet. . .
> Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
> I'd face it as a wise man would,
> And train for ill and not for good.

This particular aspect of Mr. Housman's thought oes not, in the nature of things, inspire his highest oetry. More impressive, in its restraint, is his halfoical attitude towards beauty. Mr. Housman is morous, not of life in any aspect, but of that joy in eauty which may exalt and vivify the feelings till they

become a menace. Hence the fierce refutation of that solace which the sweetness of Nature and of primal things offers to the sensitive mind: his perception of sheer beauty is insistently blotted—in these earlier poems especially—by the contrasting hideous presence of sordidness, shame, and death. Peace is only admitted as a retrospect or a hopeless dream. Of that unrest which men miscall delight Mr. Housman is entirely sceptical: joy—the adventitious bloom of life as Aristotle saw it—is to him at best a narcotic; it is not a moral condition. The sense of moral effort may add intensity to our defiance of the injurious gods; but the fruits of goodness are dust and ashes in our mouths.

This seems like a philosophy of moral desperation, yet it is the essence of Mr. Housman that something valid does remain. It lies partly in his realization that an elusive, purposeless beauty touches such a philosophy as his more closely than rational, inherent elevating beauty ever could. The reader is always aware of this and it tinges every shade of emotion that is evoked with a deeper pessimism than is induced by the gravity of Mr. Hardy or the relentless, clear-eyed fatalism of Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

The beauty that touches Mr. Housman's verse—to define it further through a series of negations—is not sensuous and physical; nor is it personal and difficult by its nature to communicate, in the mystic's way; nor is it transcendental, abstract. Rather it is simple, flames from the clash of tragic contrast between happiness and its eternal foiling. Let us observe this in *Bredon Hill*, the emotional poignancy of which Mr. Housman has never quite maintained elsewhere.

> In summer-time on Bredon
>   The bells they sound so clear;
> Round both the shires they ring them
>   In steeples far and near,
>   A happy noise to hear.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Unpretentious, almost naïve, notable for its felicitous rhythm and its brevity; yet hinting to the expert in Housman a vague disquiet.

> Here of a Sunday morning,
>   My love and I would lie,
> And see the coloured counties,
>   And hear the larks so high
>   About us in the sky.

One notices chiefly the indefinable aptness of "coloured" counties and the pregnant simpleness of "so high."

> The bells would ring to call her
>   In valleys miles away;
> Come all to church, good people;
>   Good people, come and pray.
>   But here my love would stay.

That last line is a complete and perfect symbol: instantaneously and without seeming effort of the poet we are rapt in the sense of a peace untouched by mundane stress or religious despondency: the sufficiency of love is epitomized, with no forethought or afterthought.

These bells will peal upon our wedding, he would say, and we will come to church in time. Quietly, yet with ghastly inevitability, there follows the note of tragedy; untrammelled with wider implications, but revealing in the way of true poetry a universal quality in life.

> But when the snows at Christmas
>   On Bredon top were strown,
> My love rose up so early
>   And stole out unbeknown
>   And went to church alone. . .
>
>   And would not wait for me.
>
> The bells they sound on Bredon
>   And still the steeples hum,
> "Come all to church, good people!"—
>   Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
>   I hear you, I will come.

Per ardua ad astra. The ardours are those supreme ones of restraint in feeling and language: the stars illumine no uncharted heavens of abstract beauty but the grim realities of terrestrial experience. It is only one way of revelation; yet perhaps it is the surest, certainly it is one of which this age stands greatly in need. Mr. Housman has not the sustained breadth of comprehension that makes the great poet: to set against this he makes no attempt, seemingly does not desire, to write " out of Time "—or to escape from his own place in time. There is in his work no negative tendency, no vain revulsion of the spirit; in his language no superfluity, no lack of discipline and self-sufficiency. His æsthetic response to life is always direct; though a certain indiscriminateness as to what is valuable in poetry has accentuated in him a limitation best described as an occasional, local poverty of sensibility, by contrast, for instance, with Mr. Hardy's all-embracing sympathy. To those who feel, with much justice, that Mr. Housman's poetry is of the earth earthy, it must be opposed that what he can presumably do best he does indeed: in that he is unlike nearly all the others who, whatever they may attempt, do nothing.

As for the *Last Poems,* though the voice of criticism has been, for all its shrillness, rather half-hearted; there can be no question of retrogression: they are deeper, more various and not less spontaneous than those of *A Shropshire Lad.* In *The West,* Mr. Housman's deepest idiosyncrasy is finely and memorably revealed; and *Hell-Gate* is an experiment of novel and broadened significance. The *Last Poems,* as has already been said, are simply less of a sensation than the earlier collection, relative to a more sophisticated and sceptical atmosphere in religion and moral acquiescence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ANTHOLOGIES.—There are so many of these suave symposia that one wonders they are not observed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the usual consequences. They bloom in the spring and at the approach of winter they flock like larks over stubble and starlings over reed-thickets. Abundance is a joyful thing, but not altogether as these abound. Perhaps it is my lazy eccentricity of prying into the lumber-rooms of the past that makes me think the selectors confoundedly normal and even lazier than myself. And yet, what can the object of anthologies be if not to render readily accessible and enjoyable what was not so?

It would be good, if some gay yet industrious hand gathered in a good deal of Irish verse which does not compete with *My Dark Rosaleen, When I play on my fiddle in Dooney*, and the others. Am I wandering wildly when I like such perfections of native jubilation as this?

> The buck and doe, the fox and eagle,
> They skip and play by the river side,
> The trout and salmon are playing backgammon,
> In the clear streams of Castle-Hyde.

No, sir, *The Groves of Blarney* was an imitation of *his.*)

> The grand improvements there would amaze you,
> The trees are drooping with fruit of all kind,
> The bees perfuming the fields with music,
> All to adorn sweet Castle-Hyde.

) sweet content! Then, what iciest of beauty's aughters could wholly resist such a honeyed address as

> Are you Aurora, or the Goddess Flora,
> Eutermatia, or Venus bright?
> Or Helen fair beyond compare
> That Paris stole from the Grecian's sight?

Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me,
I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuations
Deranged my ideas for you, Colleen Rue.

And Ovid himself, with a little of his Roman logic an ruthlessness removed, might have recorded the passag of an angel somehow thus,

With ivory she was well denticulated,
Her lips decorated with mellifluence,
Her person the wise Nestor might have captivated,
She transcended fair Venus in her adolescence,
Her breasts in suspense were like silver globes,
Her vesture consisted of rich satin robes,
Her limbs were consistent to the cedar that grows
In the spontaneous groves of Cathleen Thriall.

These are only fragments of inimitable poems produced as I understand, in vast variety and published in Corl a hundred years since. I find them (by chance described in a magazine of the period, but where I woul wish to find them and the whole polyhymnious constella tion (to use their manner) is in an anthology.

The gaiety of nations is not so obvious at the momen as it used to be, and solemnity and gravity have to much share in our literary attitude. Where are ou drolleries? I hope someone is about to publish a selec tion of non-soul-searching verse since the days of Austi Dobson. But, for that matter, who will supply us wit a real choice of that age of courteous wit and self-criti cism, the Victorian? (Up start a dozen people to im pale me upon the word; but I am not thinking of Tenny son and his baronial system). Mention of W. J Prowse's brilliance, or Frank Scudamore's, of H. S. Leigh's even has usually no effect, because we have n masterly selection in a good, recent form. Hayne Bayly, him even, languisheth. On this side of Englis poetry, indeed, there is not much sunlight. The merr men seem to be buried the north side of the church Nor can we any longer plead refinement and change o

manners as the reason why d'Urfey, though a dog at a catch, is not met with among congenial vagabonds in a pretty book. Must I hunt for Soame Jenyns's Works in order to possess such a masterpiece as the *Epistle from the Country*, in order to pay a call with a wit of 1735?—

> The servants run, the pewter clatters,
> My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
> The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
> Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.—
> Now after three hours' tedious waiting,
> On all our neighbours' faults debating,
> And having nine times view'd the garden,
> In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
> In comes my lady, and the pudden:
> "You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden"—
> Then, that we may have four and four,
> The bacon, fowls and cauliflow'r
> Their ancient unity divide,
> The top one graces, one each side;
> And by and by, the second course
> Comes lagging, like a distanc'd horse. . . .

It is one of a shoal of nimble witticisms: who will call them to one pleasant pool?

What I have said may seem to imply that I find a lack only of lighter anthologies: it is not so. Can a reader who knows no Greek or Latin find arranged in any volumes the choicest translations of the best of the classical poetry? Can one buy a book that would introduce such various achievements as Ovid's *Baucis and Philemon* by Dryden, the *Georgics* by R. D. Blackmore, fragments of the *Odyssey* by Leigh Hunt, Calverley's *Theocritus*, items from the Greek Anthology by Shelley, Cowper,—but the list is too long. Have we a careful and unbiassed Sonnet Anthology? Have we any successor to Lamb's *Specimens of the Dramatists*; there have been dramatists since Nahum Tate, with whom, I suppose, he concluded his fascinating feat of research and criticism?

Someone will urge that a person who wants such anthologies as those should make them for himself. I have barely time to do more than keep a little anthology of suggestions for absent anthologies, and a curious hoard of books and a knack of reading fast supply my own wants in some degree; my argument is that the energies which are at present anthologizing are not always great, or else not well applied. Go farther afield, ye elegant extractors!—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

WHY WORDS?—Not less profound than the credulity of some of the supporters of "spiritualism" is the unreason of many of its critics. Unreason that culminates in the rejection of verbal evidence on the score of its poverty. It is certain that those who demand either wisdom or converse as immediately intelligible as that which a man on earth may hold with his neighbour, have never made the experiment of placing themselves, imaginatively, in the situation of a being finally released from life as we know it. Such a being may be imagined either as coming into possession of an immense number of lives— modern science makes it increasingly difficult to deny individual pre-existence—or, by those who consider the case for pre-existence still insufficiently established, as coming into conditions which stand in relationship to his experience on earth much as do the wide activities of a man happily launched in the world to the years of an over-clouded childhood. In the first case it is possible that the acquisition of pasts—not as memory but as full consciousness—is quite unlike the earthly sense in which a single past shows itself extending backwards in a line of years. It is possible that his lives, which may be compared to the years in the single life of a man, would stand as it were compressed, grouping and regrouping according as he moves within his consciousness of them now this way and now that. In the second case, the case that supposes only a single

existence on earth, the released being may not unreasonably be imagined as both unwilling and only with very great difficulty able, to pin his attention upon the relative darkness from which he has emerged. The difficulty grows obvious when we consider the mighty effort of concentration that is needed for maturity to recall even in the locality, even in the very house where it was spent, more than a few incidents of any single year of childhood. Without such effort only a few things stand out, single incidents, presenting themselves, in an order that pays no respect to chronology and with an importance that is independent of any recognizable scheme of values.

And in either case, whether we suppose the liberated spirit as coming into possession of a single, or of an indefinite number of pasts, why should we suppose that a full consciousness of the past necessarily includes effortless possession of the language or series of languages by means of which he achieved partial communion with his fellows? It is easy to flout verbal communications solely on account of their incoherence, their apparent uselessness. And the unreason of demanding answers to our questions, cosmic chit-chat, useful information and so forth appears at once when we consider the nature of earthly help at its best. The work of love at its best. Is it words, preaching, direct communication? Is it not anything but these? Does not the best-loved teacher hint, parry, remain incomprehensible until the seeker has discovered the truth for himself?

To one escaped our world may show as a nursery, the business of life and death important only as to children are their small affairs. No good elder tells a child that these are childish. He knows the purpose they serve. Knows also how soon they will cease to matter. To one escaped our world of words may be more difficult of access than to a grown man are the babblings of his infancy.—R. THEOBALD.

BEACH-COMBINGS.—The old man turns over a sea-weed-crusted bit of wood with his boot as he says: "Yes, young feller, there's some rum stuff gets itsel' left up here when t' tide goes out." That is as far as he will go to explain anything: if you can't understand without a long sermon——. And in sheer self-defence, under the glare of his single watering eye, I have to rouse my memory to agree. "Rum stuff" doesn't mean anything of the cast-up-starfish-minus-a-leg sort, but something like a petrol-tin with pretty letters painted in Chinese with a tar-brush, or a soaked fragment of a yacht's stores book, with entries still discernible: "Waste . . . 3s. 8d." "Brasso . . . 6d.," and so on.

Candles often come up, some of nearly brown wax, all worn by their pounding in the sea, all broken, and some reduced to short links of wax heads.

I often wonder what stories lie in the hearts of the taciturn baulks of charred wood—sometimes you find chunks of pure charcoal as big as your leg—and the lumps of cork knocked off collision-mats and rafts and buoys all over the world. Paint-cans, with grease or the remains of red-lead roll up, battered and despairing; queer-shaped nails and bits of rivets make their way to land; sometimes old clothes, torn (one wonders?) from the backs of drowned sailors; lengths of bamboo and foreign-looking cane; once a strange relic of the war in the shape of a clip of rifle-ammunition, Mark V.; soldiers' blue-enamel water-bottles in plenty, always with the khaki felt casing washed away; and, now I remember, nameless pieces of tough wood that might have been aeroplane-spars.

All these things, cast up on the beach, have a provoking way of standing self-sufficiently aloof and refusing an answer to any of the inquiries they start. Whatever horrors they have passed through, fires, collisions, gales, and evil calms, whatever currents they

have ridden, changing at the junction-stations of the sea from one main-line to another, they will not say. Tired out, they roll up blindly to the beach, and even when they are there, who knows what odd chance will send them off on another meaningless quest? A bather may fling them out after a swimming dog, or the tide and the changing wind conspire.

Once I remember making out in the nearly erased paint of what was possibly a timber from a ship's-boat, the faint symbol: "E." You'd be surprised to see how long a person can afford to spend in gazing at an old bit of wood like that, and wondering . . . "E."
—J. H. CLYNES.

GREEN WOUNDS.—The house stood in the residential part of the city. The neighbourhood, with its pleasant, leafy roads, suggested an air of prosperity. The owners of these houses set out leisurely when the morning had well advanced, having need no longer to fight but only to exercise supervision over their subordinates.

The door closed behind him, and the man stood admiring the well-cared-for garden. He gave a sigh, and walked slowly to the gate. There he set down his bag and paused. He seemed loath to go. As he looked back at the house something in the design of the window curtains woke his memory. Where had he seen it before——?

Brussels!

How good life was in Brussels in the months following the Armistice. Jock was his pal in those days; at the races, the Opera, and all the attractions of the Belgian capital. There were no parades, and the rate of exchange increased their pay.

Dear old Jock; what had become of him? They parted when the "cadre" was ordered home. He

recalled that last journey; the old fighting positions the gun-pits at Baisieux where the Battery had fire its last shell; the arrival at Dover; the demobilizatic centre.

His heart warmed as he remembered his home coming in the grey morning hours, his wife's tears, hi little son rather frightened of the big man who ha arrived from nowhere to live, "for always, darling," with Mumsie.

How confident he had been. With his gratuity an little capital (how absurdly small it seemed now!) h began to trade. Things prospered; money was plenti ful. Soon there was a reckoning of spare cash anc consulting of continental time-tables, and presentl Earl Curzon, in the name of His Majesty, requestec all whom it might concern to allow them to pass without let or hindrance in foreign lands.

Later came a time of quiet trade and labour disputes. There was a morning when he stayed away from the office because a traveller was expected with "a small account you have probably overlooked." Another firm expressed profound astonishment at the "unusual delay."

Within a few months his creditors accepted his offer grudgingly.

He looked across the garden, noting the garage, the oaken gates, the electric lamp. These things gave a sense of satisfaction. They stood for Success.

Success! Ah well——

He remembered the time when he began to buy the morning papers with ill-spared tuppences, and the phrase "In reply to your advertisement" became a damnable iteration. A firm sent him out to sell haberdashery, and glob-faced buyers treated him with contempt. Later, he prowled office passages cajoling

clerks to buy a literary production designed to instruct them, amongst other things, how to sole their boots. His wife's eyes rivalled her wrists in redness these days.

One Sunday there had been a joint, a two-shilling claret, and a bar of chocolate for the little man. (The second-hand dealer explained he was really guilty of philanthropy.

How long ago it seemed. He idly kicked a fallen leaf, then faced again towards the road and stood hesitating outside. Suddenly he turned and looked intently at the house next door. He opened the gate, walked quickly up the path, and rang the front door bell.

The door was opened by a maid in cap and apron.

"Yes?" she asked, inquiringly.

He set his bag down on the step, and opened it.

"Can I sell you any laces, tooth-paste, combs, this morning——?" he began.

"Nothing this morning," she said, and shut the door.—A. S. RYAN.

THIS IS AFRICA.—Cape Town is not Africa. It is not even, as dwellers in Johannesburg and the Free State will tell you, South Africa. Behind its great stone gateway, Table Mountain, it works and dances, snubs and is snubbed, like any provincial English city.

The black and brown population of the little town harmonizes better with the great brown peaks which hem it in. When the Malays, in their red fezzes, walk through the streets carrying their dead, bearing the corpse on his litter draped with gold and crimson scarves, or when, silk-robed, they crowd down to the docks to welcome the pilgrims back from Mecca, then in its colour and its dignity the East speaks to us occidentals, but only as it might speak in many a city continents away from Africa. When, again, on Old Year's

Night or Christmas Eve, the whole half-caste youth of Cape Town streams up and down Adderley Street, pushing, shoving, squabbling, making love, the spectacle is but a travesty of any English town on holiday. The lasses of the village, servants or factory girls by day, queen it here in bright and exiguous garments of the fashion of two years ago. Some of them wear large and lacy hats, as tawdry and ugly as any cockney girl's, save that some instinct makes them select those scarlets and golds and purples for the trimming of their ridiculous headgear, or for the material of their bright dresses, to look most beautiful against the warm browns of their skins. Some wear the folded and wrapped kerchief of the Malays instead of hats. But almost all powder their cheeks heavily with powder chosen, it would seem, mainly for the strength of its scent. And the effect of lip-salve and powder on brown lips and cheeks is extraordinary. They show dark purple in the glare of the yellow electric lights ; unless, as is frequent, they wear the fevered flush of an added coating of rouge, when the effect is even worse. But the clothes, the make-up, the silk stockings, even the high-heeled strut, are all as foreign to Africa as the tall office buildings, the plate-glass shop-fronts, or the languorous, hipless, bustless, waxen beauties behind them. Even the summer smell of the streets, ripe figs, peaches and strawberries, dust and melting asphalt and newly watered roads, is scarcely more Africa than it is any other spot upon which the unrelenting sun has blazed from five o'clock in the morning.

But this week, for a day or so, Cape Town became Africa. A thoroughfare was to be repaved, and a gang of natives was brought down from somewhere in the North to tear up the road. Walking near the thoroughfare on a baking day of white light and hard grey-blue sky, we became aware of a strange reverberant rhythmic sound that was not a song, though it had

rhythms and cadences. Turning a corner, we found a couple of dozen natives, some bare-headed, nearly all bare-chested to the pitiless sun, with their picks raised high above their heads like banner-poles. Some of the men were quite young, one or two had grizzled hair, but the arms of all were shapely and beautiful and bronze. As we looked, the picks crashed down in unison, to swing up again in a single gleam, and so down and up in time and measure. And they rose and fell to a song from which words emerged, and a chant of two or three tones, a song which was as close akin to the stark lift of Table Mountain as it was alien to the little crowd of tourists, shop-boys and passers-by who stood, fascinated, to listen to it. The white teeth gleamed in the bronze faces, and the picks glinted as they rose and poised and swooped downwards to crash again. Our ears told us that one voice, or perhaps two, sang the air, and the rest hummed some sort of wordless burden to it. But to detect which was which was impossible. They did not sing with their mouths as Europeans do : the beautiful, strange, wild volume of sound, queerly resonant, filling the whole long street with its pulsing waves, seemed to emanate from every inch of their shining dark bodies and hover in the air about them. The white men and women and children stared at them, stirred in spite of themselves by that timeless, tuneless, incomprehensible chanting : the singers stared back at them, some with the smiles of performers facing a sympathetic audience, some with a cheerful indifference and absorption in what they were doing. Between the two, akin to both, at one with neither, stood coloured tailors, errand-boys, servant-girls, and above their careful European clothes their liquid eyes looked curiously and not quite confidently from one to another. And this, too, is Africa.—R. S. ALEXANDER.

THE THEATRE

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD."*—We will not insult our readers by supposing, as the critics in other journals are forced to suppose, that they do not know *The Cherry Orchard*. We assume that it is as familiar to them as *Hamlet*, and that they know that to see it acted, however inadequately, is to feel that it is one of the most wonderful plays ever written. The lights are put out, the curtain rises, and we are there, invisible, transported without any explanation or preparation, to that place and time. That is the peculiar strangeness of it. In other plays we have the feeling that the author and the actors are allowing for the fact that there is no fourth wall; in *The Cherry Orchard* we feel that more than the fourth wall is removed; the barriers are down between the characters and ourselves—more, the barriers are down between them and their surroundings. All that comes under the author's spell is bathed, is steeped and saturated in an emotional atmosphere which is compact of silvery whiteness, the pale light of very early morning, the chill of frost, and the mingled fatigue and expectancy that breathes in that hollow room where Dunyasha and Lopahin wait for the sound of wheels.

What an amazing idea it is to let the curtain rise upon that homecoming, and to delay the arrival so that we have time to realize the imaginative significance of the ancient house, so soon to be filled again—of the shabby furniture that looks as though it were profoundly asleep; to taste the chill air and to know that, out there, as far as one can see there are white, glittering trees. So that when Dunyasha cries, "There they are!" we run with her to welcome them; we share the emotion; it

* This article was written by Katherine Mansfield in 1920, on the production of the play by the Art Theatre.

s only chance that we don't unbutton somebody's coat r carry a roll of rugs into the room beyond. And ecause we have been there before, have, in a moment f time, waited all night long, there is a special, thrillig meaning in all that is said, all that is done—the ilence of dawn is broken, is set vibrating and quiverig by the returned travellers. It is very late. They ught to be in bed.

Yes, all through *The Cherry Orchard* people are up 'hen they ought to be in bed, talking when they ought o be silent, laughing when they ought to be crying, iaking jokes when they ought to be making contracts. and the critics who have never in their lives left undone ny of the things they ought to have done glare and ay: "This is a tragedy," or glare and say: "This is comedy," or glare and say: "This is a bore." And ome of the actors are as bad as the critics. They canot conceal their horrible feeling of guilt at the unheardf conduct that a man of genius has imposed upon iem.

It is all very sad, and not at all the kind of spectacle 'hich the respectable dramatic justiciars of *The Times* r the *Daily News* should be invited to witness. No 'onder our colleague of *The Times* cannot understand 'hy the Art Theatre should have chosen this play to resent to a British audience. God forbid that a British family should recognize itself in this mirror, or eel that these creatures from whom the tyranny of the ught has been lifted are of like passions with themelves. And how we sympathize with him when he nds that Leonid, the brother, and Peter, the tutor, "are rankly bores"! How we envy him! How deeply re realize that if only we could find them boring we hould at last belong to that famous bulldog breed that eeps the Empire going and the circulation of *The Times* at boiling-point.

Alas! We are poor little humans, who hate the

ought and feel that it numbs some rich, rare fineness in us, who feel that were it lifted we too might suffer a sea-change and of our bones coral be made; and we rejoice that there has been one man in our age who has had the wisdom and the vision to see these things in us. If we could only be true to ourselves as the people in *The Cherry Orchard* are to themselves, come as near to others as Tchehov came near to them, "love our stones" with the same passionate sincerity of the moment as Liubov Andreevna loves hers, admit with the same honesty as they do that they feel freer now the incubus of the home they love has gone, speak to the cupboard with the same flow of sentiment as Leonid does to his—why, then we might not please *The Times*, but something might be done with us.

And as with our souls, so with that crystallization of them which is art. Until a play like *The Cherry Orchard*, so intimate, so real, so beautiful, is felt to be as near and dear to a cultivated British audience as it is to a Russian, there is not much to be done with the English drama. Until our critics feel by instinct that it is to make themselves a laughing-stock to the world to speak of *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Skin Game* in one breath—and we speak as respecters of Mr. Galsworthy—whatever may be done with the British drama will wither before the stare of polite incomprehension. Until our English actors feel themselves as at home in, as thrilled by and as proud to act in *The Cherry Orchard* as the artists of the Moscow Theatre did in 1904, whatever may be done with the British drama will be stifled at birth.—KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

"THE WILD DUCK."—There is an old story of man's golden days, when he lived in a garden of beauty and happiness. Then something happened. Through some strange error of his own, he was shut out of the garden, and he never got back again. To many of us

ıat has become simply "a tale which holdeth children 'om play and old men from the chimney corner." And ven in our pulpits, preachers who wish to seem dvanced tell us that the Garden of Eden can no longer e considered as a scientific fact. Nevertheless, it is a :ientific fact that man is for ever judging his own onduct and its fruits by an impossibly high standard— nd that we all acknowledge, as the greatest master- ieces, such works as "Hamlet," in which the world is ıdged from the standpoint of a soul far superior to our wn. Whence comes this higher standard, if not from ıe memory of some higher phase of life? I do not see ow we can account for it unless we accept the story of ıe Garden and the Fall as the most indisputable of all ıcts.

It seems to me that Henrik Ibsen was, more than ny other poet, supremely conscious of man's fall, and ıat his life-work was an attempt to bring man back to ıe heights from which he has fallen—a task so colossal ıat it was doomed to apparent failure. I say "appar- nt" failure, because Ibsen can never be said to have ıiled till his writings cease to have a meaning for us. 'he secret of Ibsen's peculiar power seems to me this: ıat his works reflect not only his own deliberate mis- on, but the hidden mission of all mankind. For if bsen's life was a conscious battle to mine through the ıountain to the sunshine, the history of all man's ndeavour reveals a less conscious but none the less etermined struggle with the same object. This is ue of all save the indifferent creatures of the earth, the osencrantzes and Guildensterns of life, the poor blind ouls who have lost the memory of the garden. Such eople found, and still find, nothing but gloom in Ibsen's lays. But for those who have eyes to see, through ıe background of even his darkest tragedies the ision of the garden shines, a beckoning and encourag- ıg light in a twilit world.

The old parable of the garden and the fall shines especially through that strange and beautiful tragi-comedy of "The Wild Duck." It is this symbolic meaning which makes the play something more than a masterpiece of characterization, and which lends supreme importance to its present revival by Miss Sybil Arundale and a band of fine players in London. Once the wild duck ranged over the sea and the mountains, soaring and diving in the free air, with none to stay her flight. Then something happened. She got a couple of shot in her body. She was hit under the wing, so that she couldn't fly, and so she dived to the bottom. . . .

> Wild ducks always do that. They shoot to the bottom, as deep as they can get, sir, and bite themselves in the tangle and seaweed and all the devil's own mess that grows down there. And they never come up again.
>
> But your wild duck came up again.
>
> We had such an extraordinarily clever dog. And that dog—he dived in after the duck and fished her up again.
>
> And she thrives quite well in the garret there?
>
> Yes, wonderfully well. She's got fat. You see, she's been in there so long that she's forgotten her natural wild life. And it all depends on that.
>
> You're right there. Only never let her get a glimpse of the sky and the sea. . . . I should like to be a clever dog—an extraordinarily clever dog; one that goes to the bottom after wild ducks when they bite themselves fast in the tangle and seaweed.

In the eyes of Gregers Werle the home of the Ekdal family was like "the depths of the sea," and the soul of Hjalmar Ekdal was like that poor stupid duck, nestling, fat and contented, in a garret. Yet there was still some beauty and promise in the Ekdal household—in the soul of the little girl, Hedvig. But Hedvig is going blind—and that is what turns the whole thing from ironic comedy to heartrending tragedy. Werle tries to rescue the Ekdals from these depths, but his attempts to "hold up the claim of the ideal" ends in a com-

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> Never lead to clearer day?
> Yet the light of upper skies
> Blinds and dazzles still mine eyes.
>
> Nay, still down! I must not cease:
> There is still the eternal peace.
> Break the way, my hammer! Enter
> To the hidden mystery's centre.
>
> Stroke on stroke I smite my way
> Onwards until life's last day.
> Not a glimpse of morn surprises:
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So, in the eyes of Henrik Ibsen, man was not only shipwrecked but plunged in "the depths of the sea," and his soul was like the wild duck, tamed and imprisoned in the garret of civilization. Yet there was still the beauty and promise of youth in the world. But if youth should go blind—if youth, too, should lose the vision of the sea and the sky! That, for Ibsen, was the tragic danger, which inspired him to write *Ghosts*. But *Ghosts* was too much for the nineteenth century. Its reception was a fiasco of misunderstanding. Ibsen, like Werle, had expected to see "the light of transfiguration," but instead he saw nothing but "dullness, oppression, gloom." In the atmosphere of that gloom he wrote *The Wild Duck*. For this play, for all its brilliant humour, ends on a note of pain—with the death of Hedvig, and Werle's declaration that if the claim of the ideal can only bring sorrow, then life is not worth living. Is Werle, then, a piece of self-caricature, and the whole play a confession of failure?

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In the eyes of Gregers Werle the home of the Ekdal family was like "the depths of the sea," and the soul of Hjalmar Ekdal was like that poor stupid duck, nestling, fat and contented, in a garret. Yet there was still some beauty and promise in the Ekdal household—in the soul of the little girl, Hedvig. But Hedvig is going blind—and that is what turns the whole thing from ironic comedy to heartrending tragedy. Werle tries to rescue the Ekdals from these depths, but his attempts to "hold up the claim of the ideal" ends in a com-

plete fiasco of misunderstanding. "I confidently expected," he says, "to see the light of transfiguration beaming upon me from both man and wife; and now I see nothing but dullness, oppression, gloom."

So, in the eyes of Henrik Ibsen, man was not only shipwrecked but plunged in "the depths of the sea," and his soul was like the wild duck, tamed and imprisoned in the garret of civilization. Yet there was still the beauty and promise of youth in the world. But if youth should go blind—if youth, too, should lose the vision of the sea and the sky! That, for Ibsen, was the tragic danger, which inspired him to write *Ghosts*. But *Ghosts* was too much for the nineteenth century. Its reception was a fiasco of misunderstanding. Ibsen, like Werle, had expected to see "the light of transfiguration," but instead he saw nothing but "dullness, oppression, gloom." In the atmosphere of that gloom he wrote *The Wild Duck*. For this play, for all its brilliant humour, ends on a note of pain—with the death of Hedvig, and Werle's declaration that if the claim of the ideal can only bring sorrow, then life is not worth living. Is Werle, then, a piece of self-caricature, and the whole play a confession of failure?

The answer is to be found in Ibsen's most revealing poem:

> Have I failed, then? Will my way
> Never lead to clearer day?
> Yet the light of upper skies
> Blinds and dazzles still mine eyes.
>
> Nay, still down! I must not cease:
> There is still the eternal peace.
> Break the way, my hammer! Enter
> To the hidden mystery's centre.
>
> Stroke on stroke I smite my way
> Onwards until life's last day.
> Not a glimpse of morn surprises:
> Not a ray of hope uprises.

Far from finding life not worth living, Ibsen was to

rise to greater heights, and to build the mighty tower of *The Master Builder*. It cannot be said that he rose from the depths, for he had never really fallen. His soul was like the real wild duck, which, though it dips into the gorge, is still higher than the domesticated fowl waddling on the plain.—ERIC MIDDLETON.

"THE NEW MORALITY" (*Kingsway Theatre*).—That a comedy should be inconsequential is its nature; the extent to which the characters pass their time in pleasant, human foolery is both its value and its qualification for success. Yet it is the nature of a satire to set up these human follies, and to rear a comedy upon them. Laughter is the accompaniment to each; soul-satisfying music in the ears of the comedist maybe, although to the satirist but an accompaniment. His object, which he partially attains in a subtle, unfair manner of whispering, "See! These follies, these vices . . . you and I know all about them. We've learnt; but see what the shrimps in my play will do! I swear they will amuse you," is fundamentally an intellectual one. And it is upon the greatness of the follies selected from human relationships that the value of his object rests. For his life's sake he must hear in the laughter that distinct chuckle which shows so clearly that he is touching the reason of his audience.

The late Harold Chapin, in his work, "The New Morality," makes a most homogeneous fusion. It is described as a comedy, but it would be difficult to explain away its satire. It is certainly inconsequential but it mocks, in itself, those weaknesses which make our social world; and it is by the intellect that it can be judged. An advantage which is no mean or common one. It is the story of an idle woman, living in a house-boat, who has quarrelled with her neighbour, usin "dog-show" names to her, because she believed her to have stolen her husband's affection, having made hi

nto an errand-boy for hairpins, etc., etc. The innocent usband, sensing a strangeness in the air, has underaken long journeys up and down the river for a week ast, filling his pockets with lock-tickets as an alibi of etachment and solitude; heightening his own ridiculous osition and further wounding his wife's vanity. And he timid, introspective, voluble husband of the insulted ady comes, on his own initiative, for an apology.

He is a delightful character; pure satire but clothed i the richest comedy; a thin, nervous man in a gay iver blazer, "Jones, Jones, I hate to do it, I hate to . . but . . . I shall consult my solicitor." Life is nly really possible to him in abstract terms, and that e should fall in the river during the subsequent reconiliations seems only logical. The first husband, though ut slightly droll, being curiously enough, a negative haracter, is a strange combination of humanity and ocial breeding. Perhaps it is the quality of such a ature to efface itself, and buy lock-tickets.

It would be unfair to the Birmingham Repertory ompany to disclose more of their material. They re again to be congratulated on their work, and their aining. Each member of the cast plays well, and hat is perhaps immature or youthful in some is reeemed by the greatly practised ability of others.—
RNOLD GIBBONS.

"IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE YOUNG"

By The Journeyman

I have lately received a communication signed with the initials C. R. B. but with no indication that I could discover of who C. R. B. is, or where she lives. She is surely a woman—a girl almost, for she says she is in the early twenties, and calls herself " an adolescent." The beginning of the trouble is that C. R. B. has discovered that she can write. The discovery is not a mare's nest, either ; the letter, if it can be called a letter, proves that she can.

In the first tremulous moments when the power to write seemed to overshadow me there was exultation, for life seemed suddenly simple. There followed shrinkings, fearfulness at so much chaffer about things of the individual soul. There remained for a long time, after incredulity was swallowed up in a dawning vision of achievement, a racing current of excitement that so often accompanies brain-work and destroys its balance. There is still with me vanity and a lack of destructive criticism.

Heavens! What mummeries, what contortions, we first use to help us express ourselves—how like vandals when first we deal with the great monuments of our craft, how like blasphemers, how like hypocrites, how like hysterical schoolgirls!

And yet what would you expect? What at least could I have done otherwise in this triangle of living—confronted on the first side with the immensities, on the second with the bawling, scrambling market-place, on the third by the possibilities in myself. Yes, and with the blood running hot and strong and a sense of the tremendous importance of everything insistent in the consciousness.

Life, being so diffuse, is one's worst enemy, for it reveals the futility of our efforts, be they parochial or Napoleonic, to deflect the course of humanity—poor, groaning, sweating, cursing humanity! The broken bread of this earth and all that matters.

"IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE YOUNG"

Halt there! That is one of those mumming phrases youth picks up—"all that matters." Is not existence itself, for us, the business of discovering in time what really matters? Ah, but the answer is swift: "Truth alone matters." It comes ringing and clear from the multitude of martyrs and from our eager visionary generation. But terribly sure is the counter-cry: "Each man's truth is his own." "Truth" is a word indicating the inexpressible abstract, and our lives are spent among the warring concrete. There is truth here and truth there, in one form or another, and our truth changes for us as we grow in years and grace. So failing truth we fall back on honesty.

I am writing this not as an essay on writing or on youth or any kind of an essay, but as a cry. Not for help perhaps, because help is not from the hills, but in hopes of any answering cry.

Mercifully, such agonies as the young endure cannot come again—we know they cannot because they are youth's burden, and the very facing them and living with them and mastering them and probing them to their very roots has given us any value we possess and a salve for sorrows. So that when the passage of the years first fatefully begins to be felt, youth has strengthened us not through its exaltations only, but through its desperations and its fears.

Perhaps I am not as young as I thought I was, for that beating of the waves against the rocks of circumstance is stilled in me now, and the workings of Fate do not by a hair's-breadth alter the quiet pointing of the needle to the Pole. The precious essence of life is no longer poured out now on this, now on that, but is kept for the great moment when, with a supreme gesture, it can be spilled in wasteful magnificence on the vision of imperishable Beauty seen face to face.

But to have won from the distant places something of the peace of God has not cured me of mental loneliness. I do not mean spiritual isolation, for on the one hand, as others have found, one is never the only true prophet, and on the other more intimate side for the soul herself there is no other state than being with God or without God.

But mentally lonely, mentally ravenous, and mentally bewildered I remain. Bewildered by echoes of many voices and by figures passing and repassing too far away for me to signal and bewildered by the confusion of directions given by apparently well-qualified guides, and cut off altogether from those of my own generation.

And now, having begun to write this personal cry, I must

generally chooses the easy path of cynicism. But that refuge is impossible for a serious writer; the writer who accepts it is a dilettante, a play-boy, however successful and professional he may be. The real writer faces up to the main question: How to regain the old condition while honestly bearing the burden of his new knowledge? Keats put it exactly when he cried in agony for the past time when

> Howe'er poor and particoloured things
> My muse had wings,
> And ever ready was to take her course
> Whither I bent her face,
> Unintellectual, yet divine to me—
> Divine, I say,—what sea-bird o'er the sea
> Is a philosopher the while he goes
> Winging along where the great water throes?
> How shall I do
> To get anew
> Those moulted feathers . . . ?

The only way to solve that problem is, I believe mysterious and almost mystical: nor does it concern the writer alone, but all men. It is to become a new man, to develop a new faculty—the soul—which reconciles and is the harmony of mind and instinct, and is *by nature* "in love with reality," as Keats himself described it when he surmised, but had not yet reached the condition:

> O never will the prize,
> High reason, and *the love of good and ill*
> Be my award!

This "love of good and ill," this power to see the beauty and the necessity of all that is, combined with the power to reveal it, which is the specific gift of the writer, is the condition of all the highest literature. To anyone who has it, or an inkling of it, the objective forms of the novel or the play will carry all the love of God and man (which are indeed the same) of which he is capable.

BOOKS TO READ

SAINTE-BEUVE. By Lewis Freeman Mott. (Appleton.) 21s. net.

This lengthy American biography of Sainte-Beuve—the third published during the last few years—is at least the most comprehensive and accurate. It is all done with an almost Teutonic thoroughness. It will appeal eminently to a type of American student: but we found it difficult to read through. There is in its tone a certain provincialism; and it does not give the thrill of contact with a stimulating epoch of literary thought. We have a feeling—illogical though it may be—that he who writes on important critics should himself be critical. Professor Mott may be sound; but his literary perception is commonplace. He would have done well to absorb something of the spirit of his countryman *Irving Babbitt's* masterly essay on Sainte-Beuve.

RICHARD WAGNER. By George Ainslie Hight. Two vols. (Arrowsmith.) £2 12s. 6d. net.

The life of Wagner is a depressing theme; and Mr. Hight really does not improve matters by reviving and thoroughly examining some of the unsavoury incidents or legends. We fully appreciate the motive—but does anybody really care? Apart from traces of that "whitewashing" which he himself deprecates, Mr. Hight's estimate of Wagner's character is fair and judicious enough. His interpretation of some of the music is rather more questionable. So far as our own taste goes, no amount of piety or research could quite reconcile us to so drawn-out, prolix, and uninspired a narrative as this. There may be readers to whom the material is invaluable.

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF: A BOSWELLIAN RECORD. By Jean Jacques Brousson. Tr. by John Pollock. (Thornton Butterworth.) 10s. 6d. net.

M. Brousson, France's secretary, seems to be following everybody's wishes in printing these extremely intimate records of the Master's life at the Villa Said and at his famous home-from-home. M. Brousson's pen is vivid, entertaining, volatile, even subtle; moreover, he is well translated. We ought to be grateful: but we are not. Something has come for ever between a great writer's work and his admirers. Historic truth is sacrosanct, we believe; but can any one man's impressions plead that absolute and only justification? "A Boswellian Record"! Boswell made his hero greater and dearer to us by his revelations, while M. Brousson . . . *plaudit populus*: it is we, no doubt, who are odd.

THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By J. Leslie Hotson. (The Nonesuch Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

The happy discoveries, among legal documents, which have enabled an American scholar to throw new light on Marlowe's assassination have already been so widely discussed that it were useless for us to recapitulate them. Dr. Hotson seems perhaps to attach rather too much importance to the account given to the eye-witnesses at the inquest; which is a little unconvincing and quite probably fabricated to save their own skins and even to conceal a political conspiracy. This book is pleasantly got-up; and the facsimiles and illustrations are interesting.

PROTEUS: OR THE FUTURE OF INTELLIGENCE. By Vernon Lee. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

In this closely packed and brilliantly incisive essay, Vernon Lee deals with the nature of Intelligence, its comparative recency (as she sees it) of origin, its workings to-day, and its probable effect on the future of Ethics, Æsthetics, and Intellectual Manners. Intelligence is the always alert, unbiased faculty of perceiving the Protean, ever-changing Reality. Particularly interesting is her study of the relation between Intelligence and Reason, Logic, and Genius. Her contribution to the last-named theme as affecting the English mind in literature, is about the first since Arnold. With one or two reservations (as, on the origin of Intelligence and the way in which Reality "changes") we commend the book as exceptionally relevant and sound: and if her conception of the importance of her subject does err at all, it is on the side of diffidence and a too modest view of the scope of intelligence.

BEYOND LIFE: DIZAIN DES DEMIURGES. By James Branch Cabell. (The Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. net.

Clever, entertaining, playful, and perverse discussions of literature and life, cast in a dramatic form, yet revealing rather fully the elusive personality of the well-known novelist.

Arthur Symons. By T. Earle Welby. (Philpot.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Welby is rather disappointing; for though he has a full, just, and not uncritical appreciation of his subject, he falls into the very obvious error of losing his sense of the limited scope of that subject. He can assert that "few would deny" Mr. Symons' "pre-eminence as a critic"; and one is not reassured by the intellectual frivolity that allows him to say, in justifying his author's rather decadent Naturalism, that "the one indisputable argument for the continuation of the human race is that a world empty of men would be intolerable to dogs." But the book is worth reading, simply as a rather well-written exposition of Mr. Symons' subtle, conscientious theory and practice of poetry.

The Unwritten Gospel: Ana and Agrapha of Jesus. By Roderic Dunkerley, B.D. (Allen & Unwin.) 8s. 6d. net.

This carefully arranged collection of the uncanonical sayings of Jesus is less useful than it might be, because the sayings are not given in the original text. Still, Mr. Dunkerley shows a good deal of imaginative sympathy, and we forgive him for exaggerating the importance of some of these sayings. The truth is that very few of them are striking: of about a dozen only can it be said that they make us aware of at least a core of authenticity.

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science. By E. A. Burtt. (Kegan Paul.) 14s. net.

It is a commonplace that the philosophy of any period is determined largely by the prevailing scientific views. But that the converse of this proposition is equally true and important, has, on the whole, been much less frequently realized. Mr. Burtt rightly contends that the dominance of certain conceptions in current scientific thought is no accident. These conceptions have a history, and their full significance can be understood only by viewing them in the light of their origin and development. Wherein, then, we may ask, consists the essential difference between mediæval and modern thought? It lies, according to our author, in the radical change which has gradually come about on the subject of man's place in nature. The revolution wrought by Copernicus in the sixteenth century has slowly but surely altered the entire perspective of all subsequent inquiry. In one region of knowledge after another, man has been forced to abandon his anthropocentric vision. These, then, are the facts which yield our author the key to his problems. Against the background of this wider cosmic setting he traces the evolution of our fundamental categories—causality, space, time, mass, energy, &c.—from Copernicus and Kepler, through Galileo, Descartes, Hobbes, Boyle, and Gilbert, down to Newton. Nearly one-third of the book is devoted to the treatment of this last great thinker alone. Mr. Burtt's work should appeal both to philosophers and to men of science.

The Labour Revolution. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by H. J. Stenning. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d.

"There is a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans," said Coleridge. "It is the national fault." It is certainly the fault of Herr Kautsky's "authoritative statement of modern and evolutionary Labour policy as against the violent methods of Bolshevism." There is a confusing concentration of details; and so in a largely theoretical work where broad outline is necessary one simply cannot see the wood for the trees. The author enjoys high reputation in his own country; and we should have welcomed a discussion of this urgent question both clearer in principle and more subtle in penetration. The translation is undistinguished.

Words and Idioms. By Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

A very welcome and scholarly addition, embodying enormous research, to the somewhat scanty literature of an important subject. Mr. Smith makes us feel the reality of words. In his fascinating essay on the English Element in Foreign Languages he breaks virgin ground. The [illegible] chapter on English Sea-Terms is of great interest; we are told so much that is intelligent surmise and not demonstrable truth. Deduction is an [illegible] pastime. The last paper, on English Idioms, will [illegible] [illegible] as it gives a wonderfully clear conception of the [illegible] [illegible] which have gone to the making of English speech and [illegible] of English character.

Orlando Gibbons. By Edmund H. Fellowes. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Gibbons ranks only a little below Byrd; that is, he is among our three or four chief composers. True recognition has been denied to him as persistently as to Byrd; and it is pleasant on the tercentenary of his death to receive this handy little account of his Life and Work from Dr. Fellowes, who is already well known for his writings on the Elizabethans.

Shaw. By J. S. Collis. (Cape.) 5s. net.

Mr. Collis disarms criticism of his (possibly superfluous) book by telling us that it "simply insisted" on being written; and that, anyway, he is a fellow-Irishman. At sixteen he witnessed a performance of *John Bull's Other Island*, and "saw straight into the soul" of its author. There he remains: the only views, about anything, of which he tolerates the existence are those of Mr. Shaw and himself—they generally coincide. He is extremely scrappy and dogmatic; and appears quite unable to separate literary from political and social valuations. He writes brightly; and it seems very possible that he is merely suffering from David Copperfield's complaint.

Pope: The Leslie Stephen Lecture. By Lytton Strachey. (The Cambridge Univ. Press.) 2s. net.

Mr. Strachey brings his unpopular subject to life in a lecture that is brilliant and amusing. It is also very naughty. "Poetry and high seriousness!" he must exclaim. "Of course, to Dr. Arnold's son they seemed to be inevitably linked together; and certainly had the world been created by Dr. Arnold they actually would have been." Mr. Strachey delights by this kind of stimulus to the wits; but perhaps it is dangerously heady for some of his audience. In other moods Mr. Strachey is capable of a depth of critical originality and insight of which, here, he gives scarcely a hint. *Nous sommes restés sur notre faim.*

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Mr. Petre. By Hilaire Belloc. With 22 pictures by G. K. Chesterton. (Arrowsmith.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Belloc writes with much ingenious fancy of an Englishman who loses his memory in the nineteen-fifties. (The effect makes us feel rather as if we had lost our own.) He is sometimes funny and very often facetious. But the latter quality renders his satire superficial, distasteful, and unconvincing.

Prince Tariel. By Odette Keun. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

A melodramatic novel in which fiction is cleverly interwoven with fact. The characters are rushed from crisis to crisis against a background of intrigue, mediæval feudalism and Bolshevik excesses. The usual triangle has its bizarre setting in the newly formed republic of Georgia. There are fine descriptive passages, but the only convincing figure is the Prince.

Greenery Street. By Denis Mackail. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

There is no denying it: Mr. Mackail at his best can work his own vein of sentimental comedy to considerable effect. Let no serious reader take up his book; but we confess to a hearty enjoyment of the medley of frivolity, tenderness, and humorous observation in this study of a newly married couple.

A Saturday Life. By Radclyffe Hall. (Arrowsmith.) 7s. 6d.

The author of that remarkable study of morbid feminine character *The Unlit Lamp* pursues the same object in a slightly lighter vein. Miss Hall has uncommon insight into human nature, an easy style, and a definite though restricted sense of humour: but her vision is oddly partial and depressing; never giving the impression of life "seen steadily and whole." We still hope for great things.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

Doris. By Dorothy Johnson. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Johnson is an unusual writer. Her delineation of semi-cultured middle-class life has humour, close observation, delicacy, and emotional insight. The most notable thing in her technique is the restraint with which she lets her characters *reveal themselves*. Mrs. Beaton, Muriel Pearman, and the young schoolmistress Madge Ellwin are all subtly discerned personalities; and Doris herself is a little masterpiece by comparison with most modern studies of adolescence.

Fishmonger's Fiddle. By A. E. Coppard. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Coppard's sensitiveness is such as would ultimately distinguish him in any form of art; and his ripening, maturing intuition is gaining him a very high place among our short-story writers. His apprehension of life, curiously tinged with simplicity and a melancholy fatalism, works itself out with a sureness that almost always convinces. *The Little Mistress*, *Willie Waugh*, and *Fishmonger's Fiddle* are probably better than anything he has previously done; and only a few of the tales in this volume rank very much below these three.

Thunderstorm. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Stern, who is unquestionably a novelist of much ability, combines a subdued, cynical, very incisive bitterness in her portrayal of human nature with a genially idyllic picture of Italian life. The attractive servants occupy the first half of the tale: the inner life of the *signori*, with its sudden, unsuspected "thunderstorm" of emotional conflict, is next shown: finally, with a "God for us All," the author draws together the strings with uncommon wit and skill.

The Mother's Recompense. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton.) 7s. 6d. net.

Kate Clephane, a gentle widow who had erred, is taken back by her daughter (*matre pulchra pulchrior*), only to see her develop a reciprocated passion for Kate's own youthful lover. Despite her old air of incompleteness and indecisiveness, Mrs. Wharton *impresses by her observation of life* in changing New York and on the Riviera; and she can at times combine passion with most restrained and delicate insight.

Mrs. Dalloway. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Woolf has made a remarkable, though not quite unprecedented, experiment in fiction; not telling her tale directly or dramatically, but continually shifting into the mind of one or other of the characters, and conveying their various sensations. The "action" (which is mainly subjective, of a chiefly emotional nature) is confined to one day. The whole effect, though a little distracting to grasp, is subtle, suggestive, and vivid. Mrs. Woolf is almost successful, where failure seemed imminent.

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The Adelphi

VOL. III. NO. 4. SEPTEMBER, 1925

CHRIST OR CHRISTIANITY?

I.

By John Middleton Murry

VARIOUS people have written to me lately asking me to define more closely than by scattered remarks my attitude to Christianity and to Christ. I will try to do so as quickly and clearly as I can. To attempt this in two brief articles is inevitably to be guilty of injustice, because Christianity is many things: and I believe there are now, as there certainly have been in the past, many Christians whose convictions and lives are of the noblest.

If I seem to be harsh towards the Church, I would ask my readers to bear in mind two things. The first is: that I am fully conscious of the debt that I owe the Church. I regard human history as necessary, inevitable and beautiful. The Church is a part of the scheme of things: without it the memory and the knowledge of Jesus would have been impossible for men. Therefore I acknowledge, and with gratitude, that I am a son of the Church. The second is: that I hold that the finer conscience of mankind has now passed definitely outside the Church. I have tried to explain elsewhere when and why this began to happen. I would ask those to whom this is an intolerable proposition to consider one simple fact: that the reawakening of the sense of the divine in the early nineteenth century, which we call

modern Romanticism, was born outside the Church and imposed upon it from without. The Oxford Movement was merely the belated repercussion of a religious renaissance quite independent of the Church. And the Church has proved itself so incapable of responding to the stimulus that its reaction has been to narrow instead of broaden its basis. When I think that the romantic movement of Keats and Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth, in passing through the Church, has degenerated into the sacerdotal movement of to-day, I am confirmed in my conviction that the Church has done its work: it is no longer adequate to the religious consciousness of modern times. Who, during the nineteenth century, have been the prophets of the human soul in England? Assuredly not the priests; but the poets, the playwrights, the novelists, and the men of science.

The essential of genuine religion is that a man should really believe in the God in whom he professes to believe. The religion that consists in pious hopes and polite professions is distasteful and meaningless to me. I can accept the religion of no man as a reality if he does not square his acts with his professions. This is a simple test, but the only one. The results it gives are salutary to contemplate. Not one of the professed Christians I have ever met—good men though many of them were—has squared his acts with the very first article of his creed: "I believe in God the Father, Almighty."

From this I conclude that, although many people say they believe in God the Father, at least once a week, nobody really does. I am not surprised: it is a very hard thing to believe in. It takes more than a hero to do it. What does surprise me is the willingness of my fellow-men to profess a belief in God the Father on which they will not act. That seems to me less than honest.

The honest thing, it seems to me, is to admit that the

conception of God the Father Almighty is belied by all human experience. Men do not believe in Him, because they cannot. If they would acknowledge it, the ground for the future might be cleared.

The question is then: Shall men believe in a God at all?

In answer to that: One thing is certain. It is far better to believe in no God at all than to incur the risk of the lie in the soul, by professing to believe in God the Father Almighty and acting just as though He did not exist.

Man's experience forbids him to believe in God the Father. Then let him stick to experience, in his religion too. The religion that is not built upon experience will fail a man in his need, and, if he is a man with a sensitive conscience, lead him into intolerable equivocations.

But human experience includes experience of God.

It does: but not of God the *Father* Almighty. If you have no religious experience of your own to confirm this bare statement, search among the men who have had the deepest religious experience in the past. It is not experience of God the Father. An unutterable experience of an unutterable God, of something—a power—a soul of which all life is the bodily garment. Nothing more? Nothing less.

According to what a man is he will try to formulate that experience of the unutterable. If he is filled with love for humanity, his God will also be filled with love for humanity.

Such was the God of Jesus—the most loving of all Gods, because he was the most loving of all men. Therefore he created God the Father. Created him; and believed in him, steadily, unflinchingly, all his life. He thought that the "wonderful news" of this God would be received by all men, as glad tidings of great joy. Quite naturally, they did not believe in his mes-

sage: experience forbade. "Only believe," he cried. They could not. A few of them believed in him, which was a different thing, and not what he wanted at all. He wanted them to believe not that he was God's son, but that they were God's sons. They could not believe it. So he, knowing that he was God's son, and finding that men could not believe that they were God's sons, came to that deep and mysterious yet blindingly simple resolution that he must die in order that men should know they were the sons of God. He would trust God the Father to the uttermost, to show men the way to trust Him. He trusted Him; he died in agony; and his last words were: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

His God, the good God, the loving God, the Father Almighty, did not exist. Jesus died knowing it. No pain in the world of men has ever been like that pain.

That conviction is among the deepest that I have. If I were to leave hold of it for a moment, I should betray the greatest of my heroes and all my experience of life. I have clung to that conviction when it was agony to me. Now it is an agony no more; it gives me a peace beyond my understanding. I do not blame men for refusing to look at the pain of Christ; it is not easy. But it is worth doing, for many things: for one simple one above all. It makes it easy to die.

The Crucifixion is a mystery. I may be presumptuous: but it seems to me that if men would think out the Crucifixion honestly, to the bitter end, we should be a whole league onward on the road of understanding. But I am afraid the time is not yet come for that. The world is now divided between those who profess Jesus as God, and those who dismiss his story as a fairy-tale; both are precluded from thinking honestly about him.

To those who dismiss his story as a fairy-tale, I have nothing to say. The man who is incapable of sensing

the wonderful reality of his life is made of different stuff from mine. To those who read it as the story of a God, I have nothing to say: they also are made of different stuff from mine. Except that I would ask them: Which is better: to contemplate a man who so loved men that he deliberately gave his own life to prove that God was their father, or to contemplate a God who gave his own son to torment, when he could save the world by a thought?

I know that I shall be accused of not understanding the mystery. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son. . . ." I can understand a mystery as well as most men; and I can understand the thought of the Christian mystic who wrote those words. But things are simpler than that. I refuse utterly the God who would demand such a blood-sacrifice. And when I am told that this proves the unutterable love of God for mankind, my simple reply is: "Why do you not, then, trust Him?"

Men would *like* to trust God as a Father, no doubt. I know well enough the hunger of the human soul for a Father who cares. But we cannot have all we long for. And which is better: to half-believe in a loving Father who does not exist, or to believe wholly in a loving Son who did? It is this half-belief that is rotting our modern world—belief that does not act. It is this half-belief that has made a mockery of Jesus' words—of all of them. It is this half-belief that drives the intellectually honest man into his aversion from the Church and all its works—this Church of Christ that repudiates the man it worships, repudiates him most utterly *by* worshipping him.

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Pagans seek) for your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. . . . Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought of the things of itself.

What does the Church make of that? A word of God? Then it has never dreamed of obeying it. "Ah, but we *try* to follow it." Humbug! That is not a word a man can *try* to follow. He can either follow it, or refuse to follow it. There is no middle way.

What is the use, to an honest man, of a Church of Christ which looks upon his very simplest words as so much pious nonsense? There is no middle way of following Christ. Follow him, or leave him alone.

Those words are perfectly simple. They come from a man who really believed that God was his Father and the Father of all men. From that real belief they follow inevitably: they announce the first, the simplest, the most natural act of such a belief—an actual trust in God. Why, a drunken tramp who pads the highways unknowing whence his next meal will come is nearer to following Christ than the whole bench of English bishops. Christ, the friend of publicans and sinners and harlots, would have chosen swiftly between them.

For this modern world does not believe in God the Father; and the modern Church does not either. It puts its faith in pensions, and endowments, and 5 or 15 per cent. And so do I. I have not the faintest intention (if I can help it) of leaving nothing between me and mine and the kindness of God the Father or the mercies of the world. Neither, so far as I can see, have my Christian contemporaries. But I esteem myself by so much a more honest man than they that I refuse to enter a Church and say: "I believe in the God the Father," when half my days are spent in taking precautions against his unkindness. I believe in Christ, and I believe in him enough to have tried to find out what it would mean to believe, as he believed, in God the Father. He believed in Him, and he acted on his belief, to the bitter end. If I were to believe in God the Father I should have no choice but to follow him.

Here we come once more to the mystery of the Cruci-

fixion. It is hardly a mystery to those who have an inkling of what it would mean to believe in God the Father, the Father of all men, as Jesus believed in Him. If that is true, then there is indeed " wonderful news " to proclaim ; if that is true, then the man who knows it need not, then he *must* not, take thought for the morrow ; if that is true, and men will not believe it, as they never have believed it and never will, then he must die to prove it.

And Jesus died to prove it. He did not prove it. He died, knowing that he had not proved it. But what he had proved was this : that mankind had at last produced a man with such infinite love in his heart that he could not conceive God save as a loving and living Father to all men, and rather than give up this amazing and transcendent faith, he went to a shameful and atrocious death. To have proved that was to have proved a more wonderful thing than even Jesus sought to prove. For what man has been, he may, he will be again. There will, there must, come the time when all men will create within themselves the infinite love that he had. Man may, in the long run man must, believe in man. Is that a chilling or a thrilling faith? Is it a *faith* at all? Is it not knowledge, built on a rock, for any man who cares to dig his way to the truth of the Gospel story?

Ah, but Jesus was deceived.

Yes, he was deceived ; but he deceived himself. He had created the living God for whom he died. And the mystery is this : that by dying for him, he did indeed create him, a loving God who was a man, as a loving God must be ; not that transcendent Father whom men worship with their lips and deny with their acts. Out of that fire of love in himself, which would face the extreme of loneliness and pain simply to lift the pain and loneliness from other men, he kindled the spark of that divine something in man which cares, and will go

on caring, more and yet more deeply, year by year, century by century, age by age, till the pain and the evil are slowly blotted out of the world.

On that day, which I believe will surely come, in this world in time, his work will be done : that kingdom of God which he believed would come upon men at his death, will be here indeed, and he will be the king.

Wherever is the divine something in men which cares, there is he. For though many great, many lovely, many noble things were in the world before him, that was not in the world. It entered the world when he died for it.

We know more than he did ; but when all our knowledge is assayed, perhaps it comes only to this : that we know what was utterly hidden from him in his agony : that what he died for is not a Father that exists but a world that may be ; and he has made the coming of that world inevitable.

I may be wrong : perhaps I am blinded by a beam in my own eye that I cannot see, but I must confess my belief that the Church now stands in the way of the onward march. We have grown up to the point where we can look upon Jesus as he was ; we do not need, any more, to have the impact of his tragedy mitigated, and our vision of his triumph blurred. We have grown to the point when we can face him. The Church will not face him, and distaste for the Church turns those who would aside from facing him. If we are to have a religion it must be one that honestly accepts life, and squares its beliefs to its acts. When it comes to accepting life, sooner or later you find yourself with the Cross in front of you. Of all tragedies this was the supreme. What do you make of it? An honest man may say : "Nothing but pain." But if he is more honest still, he will say : "Not nothing but pain. It is like all great tragedies, only greater than they : there is some unspeakable beauty there." And then he will go on :

with this tragedy and this unspeakable beauty he will wrestle, until he sees what was involved therein, and understand what immortal issues were fought in Galilee and won in Golgotha. And, I doubt not, he will end like the centurion, and say : " Truly this man was a son of God," and come to comprehend how profoundly mankind may rejoice that there was a son to make the sacrifice, but no Father to demand it.

Spiritualism and Immortality.—" An immortality liable at any moment to betray itself fatuously by the forcible incantations of Mr. Stead or Professor Crookes is scarcely worth having. Can you imagine anything more squalid than an immortality at the beck and call of Eusapia Palladino? That woman lives on the top floor of a Neapolitan house, and gets our poor, pitiful, august dead, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, spirit of our spirit, who have loved, suffered and died, as we must love, suffer and die—she gets them to *beat tambourines in a corner and protrude shadowy limbs through a curtain!* This is particularly horrible, because, if one had to put one's faith in these things one could not even die safely from disgust, as one would long to do.

" And to believe that these manifestations, which the author evidently takes for modern miracles, will stay our tottering faith ; to believe that the new psychology has, only the other day, discovered man to be a 'spiritual mystery,' is really carrying humility towards that universal provider, Science, too far."—(*Joseph Conrad.*)

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF "WAR AND PEACE"

*THE FRENCH IN MOSCOW: PIERRE AND PONCINI.**

By Leo Tolstoy

THE evening bells were ringing. Pierre, wearing a peasant's overcoat, sat on a curbstone in the Arbat, opposite the church of St. Nicholas Yavlenni, and gazed at the empty street, expecting at any moment to see the passing French. Two men ran past, saying that they were already in the Smolensk Mart, and the two French hussars ran across the street.

Pierre had left the house in the morning with the intention of taking part in the last defence of Moscow. He still believed in the last desperate battle, like the defence of Saragossa.

Moscow was empty, only here and there crowds had collected, and Pierre realized that there would be no battle. Nevertheless, Pierre was perturbed and felt the desire to show that nothing mattered to him. The

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* These fragments from Leo Tolstoy's "War and Peace" have recently appeared in the Russian press. They will be of special interest to the reader who is familiar with the Russian novelist's great epic, as they contain indications of certain episodes which the author had eliminated from the narrative—namely, Pierre Bezuhov's youth and his love affair with a peasant girl. Bezuhov—Levin—Nehludov, we know, are the characters of Tolstoy's novels in which his own spiritual evolution is to a certain degree reflected. The newly published fragments, from that point of view, are particularly illuminating.

The descriptive powers of the great writer are reflected in these pages with remarkable clearness. One of his favourite methods in introducing a character was to dwell [illegible]

feeling that had overwhelmed him in the last few days was the Russian feeling that prompts the merchant who is out to enjoy himself—to smash the looking-glasses—the feeling that expresses the supreme judgment over all the artificial conditions of life, on the strength of some other, dimly realized Truth.

One thing Pierre was not thinking about, which his instinct had suggested to him and which he had decided as soon as he made up his mind to remain in Moscow—that he was going to stay not under his own name and title of Count Bezuhov, the son-in-law of one of the great dignitaries, but as a doorkeeper. This new position and the attitude of the people who treated him as an equal gladdened him.

At the end of the Arbat dust appeared in the rays of the setting sun; the cries of the French were heard as they saw the first long, beautiful street. Cavalry on the move appeared in the dust.

Pierre watched their approach intently. The thought that he was already captured and his boats were burnt was terrifying and exhilarating.

Mortier was riding in front of the cavalry column, with a brilliant suite. With his arms akimbo, in a conquering pose, he was looking around. Several people watched the procession. Mortier turned his

upon some distinctive external trait. This repetition results in the image of the person he thus describes being stamped upon one's mind and clearly visualised. Prince Andrey's wife's "short upper lip with a faint moustache," Marie Bolkonsky's "heavy step," Verestchaguin's thin, long neck—are mentioned almost every time the author introduces them. So are the Italian officer's "lovely, tender eyes." The old Princess—her surroundings, her mentality, her attitude towards the French—are given in a few lines, and she seems to stand out like an old engraving. Pierre's meeting with the Italian officer—how it makes one regret that instead of *preaching* on the brotherhood of men and against War—Tolstoy did not continue to apply to the same lofty purpose his unrivalled gifts, his descriptive power and profound knowledge of the human heart.

mount towards the church of St. Nicholas and stopped, pointing to Pierre. An officer in the uniform of the Uhlans rode up to Pierre and asked:

"*Di, Russki, lushai, kturi kostel, Ivan Veliki.*"*

"I do not know," answered Pierre in Russian.

At the same moment a man, who probably was the deacon of the Church, came up to the officer and began to speak with him.

Pierre walked quickly from the Arbat into a side-street. He looked back several times, and his face was distorted by anger and emotion. The troops behind him were shouting: "Vive l'Empereur!" as they marched past Mortier.

Pierre stopped in front of a house that had flowers on the windows, and remembered that it was inhabited by the Princess Chirguizova, an old maid, with whom his Princesses† were friends and whom he had occasionally visited in the old days. Pierre remembered this as he saw the house. But he also remembered vividly the year 1795, when he still cared for the honour of his wife and when he heard for the first time that her honour had been lost and besmirched. This he remembered because at that moment the same feeling arose in his heart which he had then experienced. *Then* the object of his feeling was his wife and the honour of the family. *Now* the object was Moscow and the fatherland. *Then*, as though putting his finger in the sore, he imagined himself in the position of the man who, for fun, had robbed him of his honour. And now he clearly imagined the joy and triumph of the victorious French, their disregard for the sufferings and moral humiliation of the Russians.

With a knitted brow, in anger he stood at the gate of the house, groaning and whispering something unin-

*Distorted Russian: Thou, Russian, hear, which is the church of Ivan the Great?

† His father's cousins.

telligible to himself, vainly trying to ask himself the same questions: Why, and What to do?

"What are you standing here for? What is it you have not seen?" shouted suddenly a woman's voice from the open gate.

It was the Princess's maid.

"Is the Princess at home?" asked Pierre mechanically.

"Good gracious! I believe it is the master!"

Pierre followed the maid into the house.

The Princess was in Moscow, and everything with her was as before. As soon as Pierre entered the hall, he felt the customary smell of something stale and of the dog. He saw the old man-servant, the chamber-maid and the woman-jester.* He saw the flowers on the window-sills and the parrot. Everything was the same as ever, and this sight calmed Pierre for a moment.

"Who is there?" sounded the grumpy, squeaking voice of the old lady, and Pierre could not help thinking:

"How will the French dare to come in, if she shouts like this?"

"Czarevna (that was the nick-name of the jester)! Go and see in the hall, who it is."

"It is I, Princess. May I?"

"Who is 'I'? Is it Bonaparte? Well, good day, my dear? How is it you have not run away? Every-one is fleeing, father mine. Sit down, sit down. And what is this? Whose clothes?† Are we at Christmas tide? Czarevna, come here, have a look! Are you trying to hide from the French? Have they already

* In the eighteenth century wealthy Russian noble families still kept this particular type of companion—servants, whose duty it was to amuse them—a survival of the mediæval buffoons.

† Pierre was wearing a peasant's coat "with the object of taking part in the defence of Moscow by the people."

came?" asked the Princess, as though inquiring whether the cook had returned from the Okhotni Food Market.

She did not, could not or would not understand what was going on. Curiously enough, her assurance was so strong that Pierre, as he watched her, realised that nothing could be done against her.

"And my neighbour, Maria Ivanovna Dolohova, left yesterday. Her son pushed her off, and he was dressed exactly like you. He came here and tried to persuade me to leave. Otherwise he said he would burn the house. I said: 'Burn it, and I will deliver you to the police.'"

"But the police have left."

"What shall we do without the police? I suppose they have their own police. I think we cannot manage without some police. How can they set fire to the houses? Let them flee. I shall profit by it. I have moved my laundry to their court-yard—so I have more room."

A knock was heard at the gate, and in a few minutes a French hussar, pale, thin and shy, entered the room. He very politely apologized for troubling the hostess and asked for food.

The Princess did not speak French. She understood, however, what he meant and gave orders to take him into the hall and to give him something to eat.

Pierre came into the room to see the Frenchman.

"Monsieur, mon cher Monsieur," said the Frenchman, blushing, beckoning to Pierre to follow him into the hall. Pierre went with him.

"Voyez-vous," said the Frenchman, blushing again and showing his black shirt, "Est-ce que la bonne dame ne pourrait pas me donner une chemise, quelque chose en fait de linge? Voyez-vous."

Pierre returned to the old lady and told her about it.

"All right, my pet. Why not give? I give alms to [illegible]

the beggars. Czarevna, go to the store-room. No, send Matreshka."

The Princess gave orders where to find the linen, and added:

"Tell him, that I give for mercy. Tell him that he should tell his chief that I, the Princess Chirguizova, a general's daughter, live here, that I do not interfere with anyone, and that they must not cause me any worry, or I shall find a Court for them. And they'd better send 'Himself' to me. All right, all right, get on and God bless you," she said to the Frenchman who was clicking his heels at the door of the sitting-room, thanking "la bonne dame."

Pierre was quite calm. He left the Princess with the Frenchman. Infantry were now marching down the Arbat, and Pierre felt that the old sensation was returning.

Twilight had come. A man in a kaftan but, judging from his walk and his boots, not a peasant, passed through the open door of the church. Pierre followed him. The church was empty. The man, who reminded Pierre of someone he knew very well, was kneeling before the altar, signing himself and bowing to the ground.

The same feeling of humiliation, anger and jealousy, similar to the one he had experienced towards his wife, but much stronger, again seized Pierre.

"The French will come in presently and turn me out," thought Pierre as he heard from the church their footsteps and their merry talk in the Arbat. "What shall I do?" and again the same answer, as to the other question, suggested itself: "Shall I kill him or kill myself? Only death can undo that knot." But then it was obvious that he ought to kill Dolohov.

"Whom shall I kill? Him? Bonaparte? But why has destiny brought me here to kill him?" thought Pierre. "And I shall kill him. . . ."

While he was joyfully thinking, in detail, how he would go to-morrow, with a revolver hidden under his coat, into the town, how he would try to meet Napoleon and fire at him—the man who had been at prayer rose briskly from his kneeling posture, blew his nose, wiped his tears, and walked quickly to the entrance, where he butted into Pierre.

"Bezuhov?"

"Dolohov! Is it possible? Why are you here?"

"And you? You saw," said Dolohov. "Already in the Kremlin. But not for long. I am going to set fire to it all to-morrow. My lads are ready. I shall burn my house myself."

"And the Princess?"

"The old woman must be removed. Why are you here?"

Pierre looked at Dolohov with astonishment and joy, and a calming feeling descended upon his soul.

"Why have you stayed?" repeated Dolohov.

"I? Why? Dolohov, I shall kill Bonaparte," whispered Pierre.

"How will you kill him?"

Two French soldiers entered the church.

"Where do you live?" asked Dolohov.

Pierre told him.

"You won't kill him. It's no use." Dolohov drew his face close to Pierre's, laughed, and stepped aside.

"Well, good-bye, Bezuhov."

He embraced and kissed him and left the church with a hurried step. Pierre followed him out of the church and walked home along the side streets.

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As he was returning to his house, he saw French soldiers in different places. They were getting into their quarters.

The cavalrymen were dismounting, entering the

houses, and marking them in chalk: "Occupied by such and such troops."

Once or twice they asked Pierre where the Kremlin was or what was the name of the street. Pierre shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to understand. On the Petrovka he saw a crowd. Some generals were turning the carriages out of the sheds. They admired them and took possession of them. In the quarter where Aksinia Larionovna lived, on the Priesnya and the Patriarch's Ponds there was nobody yet. He reached his home.

The fool, Aksinia Lavrionovna's husband, was the first to meet him at the gate. He was carrying a huge blunderbuss. He was very drunk and had gone to the other extreme from his previous shyness and humility. He was Souvorov! In his underclothes, he walked in front of the gate and shouted the words of command:

"Quick march! Hurrah! Forward! I shall pierce thy loins! Who am I? Souvorov! Thou, thou, who art thou? A Frenchman?" he yelled, addressing Pierre.

Aksinia Larionovna rushed out, pulled "Souvorov's" hand, so that he nearly fell, and dragged him into the house.

"I just went out for a short hour, I wasn't watching him. . . . They have smashed a tavern near Kudrin . . . and so he has been boozing. . . . Have they come?" she asked.

"They have."

"And they have been to your place?"

"No, thank God."

"Let him try!" shouted "Souvorov" from behind the screen.

Pierre went behind his screen, lay on the bed and wept tears of anger and humiliation.

"Aksinia Larionovna, mother mine, my pet, it is

he! it is he! I swear it is he!" shouted the cook as she rushed into the room.

Voices were heard: "It is they! The French!"

Aksinia Larionovna, the cook and the fool, whom they did not notice, ran out into the entrance. Pierre wiped his tears, got up and followed them. It was true: Frenchmen stood at the gate, headed by an officer.

The officer was a short young man with a fine figure and an exceedingly handsome Italian face. His prominent, half-closed, black velvet eyes, with a poetical expression which Pierre could not fail to notice, were particularly attractive.

When the officer saw a woman, Aksinia Larionovna, he immediately smiled and raised his cap with obviously genuine, hearty courtesy and good-will. The smile made his beautiful face look still more attractive. There was something childish and at the same time *comme il faut* in it, as Pierre noticed.

Pierre decided that he must be not only a kindly, clever and well-educated man, but also well bred, *de bonne maison.*

"*Pardon, Madame, quartire,*" said the officer. He was apparently sincerely embarrassed by his position of a conqueror and was trying to conceal under the cloak of politeness all the advantages of his position.

"Nous ne ferons point de mal à nos hôtes. Vous serez contents de nous. Si cela ne vous dérange pas trop . . ." said the officer in good French, but with an Italian accent.

"Est ce que personne ne parle Français ici?"

As he looked around, his eyes met Pierre's. Pierre was touched by the nice, kindly and deeply melancholy look of this officer, especially because it was the reverse of what he had anticipated. Pierre instinctively opened his mouth to answer in French, when suddenly quite close to his ear the drunken shout of "Souvorov"

was heard, and his blunderbuss protruded, aiming straight at the French officer's chest.

"Bonapartius, go to hell!" The trigger clicked, the flint struck the hammer.

Pierre turned rapidly, struck up the muzzle of the blunderbuss and right over his ear the rusty weapon that had been loaded long ago, discharged with a leafening noise. The shot gave "Souvorov" such a shock that he fell back towards the door. The women shrieked, the entrance was filled with smoke, and Pierre ushed towards the officer.

"Vous n'êtes pas blessé?" he asked.

The officer was pale, but smiling.

"Mon cher, je vous dois la vie," he said as he lasped Pierre's hand. "Et moi qui croyais que vous ìtes Russe! Vous êtes Français."

The French officer was convinced that a man who ıas behaved in a chivalrous manner, magnanimously naturally, for any man to save *his* life was the height f chivalry and magnanimity)—must needs be a Frenchnan.

But Pierre, who no longer concealed his knowledge f the French language, disappointed him. He told im he was a Russian, and that the man who had fired t him was a drunken madman. The Frenchman topped the two soldiers who had come with him and ad rushed in as they heard the shot. He took Pierre's rm and came into the room, continuing to thank him eartily for saving his life.

The terrified women, meanwhile, took the harmless lunderbuss from "Souvorov." They dragged him by ıe hands, beat him and pushed him behind the screen.

The French officer gave his rank, name and surame. He was an officer in the Hussars and was an ide-de-camp to the King of Italy. His name was mile Poncini.

"Qui que vous soyez, vous comprenez que je me

sens lié à vous par des liens inoubliables. Disposez de moi," said Poncini, looking at Pierre with his beautiful melancholy eyes.

He asked for food. Pierre offered him some tea with milk (they had a cow in the yard), and while they were having tea, they talked. Poncini could not understand that Moscow was empty, as it was contrary to all expectations and rules. Obviously expressing the view of the Headquarters and of the entire Army, he was in the same quandary as a man who should come forward according to all the rules to fight a duel with swords, standing correctly *en garde,* raising his left arm, his sword *en tiers,* expecting his opponent to be in the same position—and finding that the opponent was not behaving regularly at all. He tries to take up the position *en quarte, en seconde,* even *en quinte*—but he does not encounter his opponent's sword. The opponent stands, bending sideways, with something terrible (something you cannot quite see) in his hands, a thick stick or a huge stone.

Poncini was bewildered and asked Pierre what this position in Moscow meant. How should it be interpreted? Had Moscow surrendered? In that case, why was there no deputation from the inhabitants "implorant la clémence des vainqueurs"? Had she surrendered after battle? Why then was there no street fighting? Had she been destroyed, as in the Scythian war, and as happened to the other cities? Why then had she remained with all her treasures?

It was against all the rules, against all traditions of history.

Pierre could not answer any of these questions. He did not himself quite understand what this Moscow meant on the evening of September the 2nd. Without looking at his companion, he said that Moscow had not surrendered and would never surrender. And while

he was saying this, the French officer was struck by the sombre expression of his face.

"Yours is a great nation," said Poncini. "I have often thought and said so. Et savez-vous, mon cher, je suis franc avec vous, je me suis pris un million de fois pendant cette campagne à envier votre sort à vous, d'appartenir à une grande nation. Je suis Italien, nous n' avons que le passé. Le présent—c'est le despotisme d'un homme—l' avenir, c'est le néant."

"But your past is also your present," said Pierre. He appreciated the delicacy of Poncini, who had changed the conversation. "Your past is art, science, poetry, which gives life to all of you. You are envying us now, and how many times have I not envied you, you who have had your Raphaels, Correggios, Copernicuses, Dantes, Tassos.

After spending all these days with Aksinia Larionovna and "Souvorov," Pierre could not help enjoying a conversation about the interests of art and science—a realm that was entirely foreign to his present companions. Perhaps he was also unconsciously pleased that in discussing these things he surprised Poncini with his knowledge.

Poncini looked at Pierre in silence with his melancholy eyes, and his lips smiled tenderly. He struck the table with his small hand.

"Mais qui êtes-vous donc, vous, pour connaître les arts et les sciences?"

"Moi?" said Pierre, wondering what to answer. Suddenly, he heard the drunken shouts of the two French troopers who had brought Poncini's horses and cart. Other unfamiliar voices were also heard. The menacing cries grew louder. Pierre and Poncini rose and walked to the porch.

A crowd of Dragoons stood at the gate, and several of them were cursing the French troopers in German because (as Pierre immediately realized from their

German jargon) these Wurtemburg Dragoons wanted to be quartered in the same yard, and the French were preventing them. They could not understand one another. Poncini, who did not know German, shouted to them in French, trying to explain who he was, but the Dragoons took no notice of him and were forcing their way into the yard. One of them pushed a Frenchman, who drew a pistol, and a fight would have ensued, had not Pierre stepped forward and explained in German who Poncini was. The Germans quieted down when they heard that he was an A.D.C. to the King of Italy, and the N.C.O. ordered them to stop.

"Das sollen sie ja foraus sagen," he said.

"Mais qui diable êtes-vous donc?" said Poncini, smiling kindly to Pierre when they returned to the samovar. "Qui diable êtes-vous pour connaître le Dante et le Tasse et parler toutes les langues? Je vois un hazard providentiel de vous avoir rencontré. Attendez." He grasped Pierre's hand and made the sign of the third degree of the Masonic Order. Pierre answered him with a smile:

"Qui je suis? I will tell you. I know you, and I will not ask you to keep the secret. I know you will keep it. My name does not matter to you, but I am one of the richest men in Russia. I am a Russian count. I have two enormous houses in Moscow, but I have stayed here in order to see the French army perish. I have faith that it will perish, and I stayed not in my own house and not under my own name.

"You believe in the destruction of the French Army?"

"Yes."

"Well, my saviour, do not let us talk about that. Let us forget enmity. We are two men, distant, strange to one another in everything except the heart which tells me that you are my brother, so let us be brothers."

"Let us be brothers," repeated Pierre.

They looked at one another with a happy smile.

"O! la terrible chose que la guerre," said Poncini. "Qui l'aurait dit à moi que je serais soldat, moi qui n'aime que l'art, la poésie et celle qui. . . . Are you married?"

"Yes, I was married," replied Pierre. And for the first time, looking into these eyes of Poncini, so full of love, he recalled together two circumstances and came to a conclusion. He recalled his wife's request for a divorce, his freedom and his last meeting with Natasha yesterday, with all the charm of her joy, her tenderness and animation. "Yes, that might be," he thought. Poncini, leaning upon the table, sat opposite Pierre and related to him his entire life, as he might have told it to the man in the moon. He told him of his relations with his father whom he did not like, and of his love.

In the middle of his story he quoted in a clear, lovely voice a line from Dante, and Pierre who knew it by heart, finished the verse.

"You love this verse, you have felt the same. . . . And why am I talking about myself alone? Tell me your story. The story of your love, because there is nothing but love in life."

"You want me to tell you my life's story and my love?" said Pierre. "Do you know, I have never told anyone the story of my life, not even to myself. It seemed all so simple to me. But to you—that is a different matter."

Pierre began to tell the story of his life, condensing as much as he could, and while he spoke, he was himself surprised how simple and clear the meaning of his life appeared to him, for the first time. He told of his education in Switzerland, of the veneration in which he had held Napoleon, of the ideas that filled his soul, of what he had found in Russia, of his false position, of his father, and of his affair with Aksiusha.

"Et c'était là votre premier amour?" said Poncini,

gazing at Aksinia Larionovna who was serving a roast fowl.

Pierre then told him of his accidental meeting with Natasha as a child and of the premonition he had that she must influence his life. He related all the humiliation and misery which riches had brought to him, and how he wandered like a lost soul in that fog, which enveloped him immediately, and how in the fog he came across the woman . . . Helen.

"She wasn't a bad woman, and I am more guilty towards her than she is towards me. She might have been a good woman. I came across her in the fog of riches, I mistook another feeling for love and I married her.

"All the beautiful things and thoughts (such as masonry) which came to me at that time were hidden by the fog of riches, and I did not live. One thing only I remember. I had a friend, and he is no more. He had a rare, fine, but proud soul. I met her, and so did he. I tried to bring them together, as something in my own soul made me feel that they were made for one another. And then . . . and then. . . . She lost her head, she insulted him, and he left her. And again fate so decreed that I had to play a part in this. I found her in tears and in sorrow, and I said things I ought not to have said. And from that moment, I know, she loved me as a friend. But there was no friendship in my soul. I was frightened of myself and I said I would not see her again. And would you believe it! Yesterday, when I was in these clothes, when I thought the least of her, when I knew that she was free (because her former fiancé was killed)—it is terrible to think of it—but I say this only to you, as to my own conscience—and when I was free . . . it so happened that I met her in the crowd of refugees, and she recognised me and she told me . . ."

Pierre grew very excited as he said this. His eyes were shining.

"No, I must not, I cannot think of this. . . ."

Poncini kept silent and looked at him tenderly. They did not speak for a considerable time. Poncini rose and took his hand.

"Mon ami, comme je suis heureux de vous avoir rencontré. Vous serez heureux, je le sens."

"Qui sait? One should not think of it."

Pierre rose in his turn, and they went out for a walk. Darkness had set in. Aksinia Larionovna, the cook, and the two Frenchmen stood by the gate. One could hear their laughter and their chatter which neither could understand. They were joking, gazing at the fires and the red glare of the sky over the town. It was the first fire on the Petrovka. Poncini and Pierre joined them and began to watch the fire. There was nothing exceptional in a fire—in a big city. They all watched calmly the distant glare—about a mile and a half away.

Above the dark houses, the churches, the white lights of the street lanterns, the lighted windows, the bonfires, and even above the poor flames that went up occasionally from the fire (although five enormous houses were already burning), above these dark, wretched, black spots of human work and of the bonfires—lay the starry, endless sky with the young crescent and with the comet which Pierre remembered and loved so well. This contrast struck Pierre and his new friend. Poncini sighed and recited a verse from Dante.

(Translated by C. Nabokoff.)

THE AGONY OF THE WORLD

By Padraig O Conaire

HAD day dawned?

When I opened my eyes I saw a great white star hanging in the sky over my head, shining with resplendent brightness down on me, through the bare branches of an ash tree. The Milky Way crossed the firmament in a silver stream. A man whose soul was truly conscious could have seen thousands of angels passing over that way.

There was another star, which I did not recognize, on the eastern horizon. It shimmered in such an abandoned way that one would think it was playing heavenly music but that I could not hear the music because of some evil begotten of the earth, in my ears and in my heart.

The bare branches of the ash tree beside me moved. Each herb and flower growing around me moved. Yes, you say, it was the wind among the branches. But I do not believe it. And have I not as good a right to say that it was no earthly power that did it, that it was not the wind that did it, as you have to say the contrary?

The night was dead calm, without the slightest sound, until the music moved among the branches. And if you think it was the music of the wind, may I tell you that I thought, as it were, that a thousand thousands of little tiny men were drawing crinkled silk over the withered grass beside me?

The wind among the branches! Fool begotten of this worldly earth!

Another sound! There was a great chestnut tree by my right hand. A sound was born in its topmost

branches. Some great heavy thing was falling down to the earth, striking against the branches and the twigs that crossed its passage. What? The music among the bare branches ceased. The night was calm, as calm as any night that ever was. There was not a single sound but the sound that was in the topmost branches of the chestnut tree, some great heavy thing falling down to the earth, from branch to branch, slowly, terrible in the stillness of the night.

Terror possessed my heart, lying under the tree in the night. It was no earthly terror. It was terror of a mysterious power that I did not comprehend.

It came falling down, the volume of its sound increasing as it fell, until I thought that angry angels from heaven were hurling a star at me, because I was not true to my own soul. . . .

At last the great heavy thing fell beside me. It fell on a flat rock. That sound in the stillness of the night! And it was only a chestnut, the last nut from the tree, I think.

A bird awakened on a twig. The poor creature shook itself. It hopped to another twig and found another sleeping perch. I did not see the bird, but I know that it happened so, because it twittered twice, once on each twig before sleep again possessed it. There was another bird, a finch of a rare species. It also moved. It spoke sleepily, wearily, after the manner of its kind, just as if it wished to make its sorrow manifest to the insects of the earth and to the birds of the air, because its kind was almost swept away from the land of Ireland. But no heed was paid to its voice, nor to the voice of a blackbird that uttered the first note of its joyous music.

And there were many more birds that awakened and made music, each after the manner of its kind; but I knew not to what tribe of seven score of tribes that each belonged. I only knew that each one awoke,

moved, and gave voice after the manner of its kind. Why did they awake and why did they give voice, since day was still distant?

An ass was tethered beside me, my own black ass. He lay motionless on the earth. He also raised his head and gave voice fiercely and arrogantly. A cow lowed in the distance. A foal neighed. A sheep bleated. I myself was stricken with sorrow and desolation. . . .

And if I could understand it properly, the whole great wondrous world was stricken with desolation. The star that hung in the heavens, the tree shedding its last nut, the bird that awakened and gave voice to its music, the beasts that moaned sorrowfully in the night, they were all stricken with sorrow and desolation. And the great eternal earth itself was also sighing wearily. . . .

And I also moved. I sighed. I gave voice.

"Great God of Glory!" I said.

And then it was made manifest to me that I was in the presence of one of the greatest miracles, that I watched and saw the awakening of the world, not the awakening of dawn, but the awakening that happens some time each night of the year, when each thing that lives on the bosom of the earth sighs and moves. At the same time each night, all life mourns.

And is not that the time that Lucifer was possessed with anger against the great God that created him?

I looked at the hanging star. I looked at the tree that had shed its nut. I looked where the bird sat on its twig.

"Oh! Great God of Glory!" said the star.

"Oh! Great God of Glory!" said the bird.

And then my heart and soul were exalted and I said aloud and fervently:

"Oh! Great God of Glory!"

I fell asleep once more.

(Translated from the Irish by Liam O'Flaherty.)

FALLING LEAVES

By William Beebe

Next to the dynamic crashing syncopation of a regimental band, or the subtle, infinitely more emotionally hypnotic beat of a tomtom, comes the thrilling rhythm hour after hour, of a double row of paddles tearing and eddying through water in unison, not only the thump and splash from the dug-outs of tropical savages but the deep-dipped rush and swirl from bark canoes. This is the obvious, the much-described, but how many of us have listened for and heard the low, sibilant swish of the blades through the air, as they reach forward for the next stroke? Until mind and ear are focussed it is inaudible, but when once caught it outsings more blatant sounds of water and voice. The blind spots of our perceptions conceal many phases of delicate beauty in the things around us, aspects which are dulled by the opacity of familiarity, passed over by the unseeing activity of our surface-skimming minds.

The living leaf has been epitaphed, eulogized, sung, praised and similed for centuries, but except for occasional references to the "sere and yellow leaf," dying, falling and dead leaves have been left where they lie, with only the incense of their funeral pyres woven into the haze of Indian Summer.

I have seen an orangutan build a sleeping platform of leaves in less than three minutes, so it is not improbable that the first artificial home our more direct ancestors knew was a leafy nest. Leaves at least formed the sole clothing of our early parents, according to Scripture, and from nursery days we have always known that

falling leaves were a shroud for the babes in the wood. More than this, botanists tell us that the leaf is the foundation of flower and fruit so that it was really only a mass of highly specialized leaves which introduced Newton to gravitation.

But the importance and interest of falling leaves in this world needs no brief from me. I merely want to know them better for my own pleasure, I wish to hear and see and feel them, and so I leave my laboratory after a day of technical work and slip into the jungle, where millions of leaves are falling during my lifetime, and hundreds of millions fell before I was born.

I am sitting at the edge of a tropical swamp and for the moment trying to close my mind and sense to the sounds and sights of birds and insects, and focus on leaves, and especially dead ones. This is no more difficult than it would have been to forget Caruso and the orchestra in order to meditate on the kind of wood of which the chairs were fashioned.

Further than this I am putting out of my mind the letters L E A V E S and thinking of them innominately as a cast multitude of spread-out sheets of green and brown tissue. They are really the jungle, for without them it would be like the bare masts and rigging of a vessel. High overhead beyond the clouds of chlorophyll are other white clouds of moisture, driven swiftly westward by the steady trade-wind. Around me the air is as quiet as in a room, and of just the right temperature to be forgotten, neither too hot nor too cold; a distinct effort being necessary to realize that I am not in some great enclosed chamber, so calm and equable are the surroundings.

It is the dry season and the short daily shower does little to soften the crackle of the fallen leaves. Now and then, near my feet, a leaf draws its edges together, turns a little and rustles gently all by itself as if even in death it dreamed of some pleasant trifle, something

which would please a green leaf, in sunlight, swaying high in air. Then, like a crumpled bit of paper in a waste-basket, it settles lower among its fallen fellows. Here it will wait patiently for the impact of the heavy rains, three or four months hence, to soften its stiff, crinkling tissues, and remould it into incarnations of other leaves to come.

Fallen leaves have a wind song all their own which is to be heard only when listened for consciously. When a fitful breeze is blowing, if the ear is held close to the ground, a low intermittent clatter and shuffling is audible, with occasionally a real rustle as a delicately balanced leaf is blown over. Stand up and the carpet of dead leaves becomes silent, their gentle talk lost in the hubbub of living, moving foliage.

In this quiet, cool swamp I am impressed with the vast number of leaves which have started to fall but have not reached the earth. Some have landed in crotches, or become entangled in masses of vines, others have driven their stems clear through the tissue of living leaves in their downward path and hang dangling. Just above me a living and a dead palmated frond have their leafy fingers intertwined with no chance of release until the death and fall of the second leaf.

As I watched, three leaves fell, each with characteristic motion. The third leaf fluttered and eddied, fighting with all its expanse of plane against the pull of gravitation, and at the very last came to rest on a mattress of fern frond—a respite merely, for the first real gust would send it to the ground. As it touched the fern a butterfly rose, a black heliconia, with a large red spot on each wing. Its flight was astonishingly like that of the descending leaf, a tremulous fluttering just carrying it along, now rising, now descending—a flight wholly deceiving, for these butterflies can thread the mazes of jungle vines all day without tiring. But this butterfly was also like the leaf in its sere and faded

garb. The wings were frayed and torn, the black was a thread-bare brown, the red weathered to faded salmon, the seams of its wings showed plainly. Life was nearly over, yet weak as it was, it would probably die no violent death. The most awkward bird or predatory insect could catch it at will, yet it flew slowly along, unmolested by jacamars and cuckoos, dragon and robber flies. Its conspicuous colours and slow, tantalizing flight, like all else in the jungle, had a reason—it was its own advertisement of inedibility. Soon, however, this Wandering Jew of a butterfly would, like the fluttering leaf, make a last ineffectual struggle against the pull of earth and its wings would lie among the leaves.

Before the butterfly passed from view, I was startled by a sudden, rough rip of sound—and just overhead a macaw put all the harshness of its beak and the blatancy of its colouring into its voice, and almost the leaves around me seemed to rustle. Into a clear space of sky four great, flame-winged birds passed, and with flight direct as arrows, but otherwise exactly like the falling leaf and the butterfly, they vibrated northward.

Without intention, but very happily, I found I had chosen my seat between extremes in leaves. Close along one side lay a fallen leaf which began eight feet behind and extended twenty-three feet in front—thirty-one feet of palm frond. In its fall it had crushed several young mora saplings and many lesser growths. The leaflets, two hundred in number, lay stretched out four to six feet on each side, and the mighty stem was like a length of channel iron, with edges sharp as razors. It was parched and shrunken and had probably hung dead for a long time before it fell. A billion ordinary leaves fall unnoticed in the tropics, while in the north we lump this vast assemblage of happenings under the one word "autumn." But the fall of a palm leaf is an event. Once as I was leaving my station for a trip north, I

noticed that one of the leaves of our sentinel cuyuru palm was drooping and browned. Months later when I returned, it was still hanging, and two weeks afterwards fell in the night with a crash which wakened us all. Dynasties might be dated by the falling of such a leaf, and if I could have been present at the dropping of all the leaves of my palm, whose scars were still so plain, there would be material for an epic. These gigantic fronds, like Charles II., are an intolerable while a-dying ; they grow and live their lives much more rapidly than they die and disintegrate. Years from now I could probably find traces of the reinforced cellulose-hardened main stem.

And now my faded and forlorn heliconia butterfly fluttered again toward me, and almost alighted on this paper, but turning at the last moment, it rose a little, and came to rest at my elbow, on a stem lined with small leaflets. Hardly had the insect furled its wings, when it fluttered and took to flight again. The cause delighted me beyond measure—it had been unseated and frightened by the movement of a living leaf! At the impact of its delicate feet, the leaflets of the sensitive plant closed abruptly together and the stem sank. So exquisite was the reaction that the several leaflets beyond the insect were unmoved. A few seconds later while I was still watching, an adjoining twiglet closed every one of its leaflets and dropped 120 degrees upon its parent branch. Nothing had touched it, no breath of air had moved it. I was puzzled. Lifting it very gently, it broke off and fell to the ground, green, fresh, —as far as I could see quite without cause. I picked it up and examined the base and there I found the source of the trouble. A tiny beetle had cut it almost off, and the slight fall of the twig, together with my touch had parted the few remaining fibres. The beetle was very small and must have been labouring for a long time, and it was a mystery why the featherdom tread

of a butterfly's feet had accomplished what the hacking and sawing of the beetle's jaws had not.

In these jungles a falling leaf has a whole scale of sounds, as it runs the descending gamut of collisions. From the top of a tall tree a leaf may take fifteen or twenty seconds to reach the earth, disregarding the very good chance of lodgment, and each touch in its descending—the cannoning off of branches and ripping through thorns, gives forth a different sound, of which our poor ears can distinguish very few, and which our language, spoken or written, is wholly helpless to reproduce. I would like very much to find a word or sound which would bring to mind the fall of a leaf upon leaves. I know it perfectly—the generic timbre—the composite echo etched into my mind by a thousand conscious listenings. But it will not get past my consciousness to my lips, and utterly refuses to descend my arm and pen.

Fallen leaves are of tremendous importance to those of us who do much hunting in the jungle, chiefly on account of their susceptibility to moisture in the air. In the wet season it is possible to creep up to some of the wariest of animals, the thick mass of soft, damp leaves forming an admirable muffler. In the dry season this is hopeless, every step is ascream with crackling, and only when a leaf-rattling breeze is blowing can one pass through the jungle without blatant advertisement. But this is of slight assistance in hunting, for the blowing of the leaves conceals as well the audible whereabouts of the game. When the fallen leaves are dry the only method is to walk to some favourable spot, and there sit and wait for approaching or passing animals to register their footfalls. In estimating the abundance of jungle life I have constantly to check a tendency to underestimate numbers in the wet season. Ameiva lizards appear to be many times as abundant in times of drought, crashing along with the noise of a peccary, yet

they have no season of aestivation, but only of silent progress.

We do not realize the acuteness of hearing of wild animals until we try to stalk them over dry leaves. A giant leaf may crash down from branch to branch and never cause a curassow or deer to start. I have seen a labba feeding in late afternoon under a nut tree when a whole branch with clusters of dead leaves hurtled to earth a few yards away, and the big, spotted rodent merely glanced up, casually munching as it looked. My next step slipped an inch sideways and crumbled a tiny leaf crust, and without a second's investigation the animal gave one terrified squeal and fled headlong.

There are silent and there are boisterous leaves. Some, with finely pinnated foliage, have a pact of silence with the elements, from which wind and rain strive in vain to awaken them. Even when these filigree leaves are dead and cling long to the branches, they give before the blasts, they let the rain drip from their finger tips without a sound. But a single, half-loose cecropia frond can imitate a rainstorm, the roar of a flushed covey of pheasants or a passing troop of monkeys, all by itself. More than this, it will begin uncannily to quiver and shake and rattle wildly about, while every adjacent leaf dangles silently as if painted. Thus does its sensitive balance and crinkled shard betray the wandering little wind-spouts which are born deep in the jungle, and, like their watery cousins, stretch straight upward in a tiny, clean-cut whorl of air.

A book could be written upon burning leaves—how they meet their cremation, how they curl when this new, devastating long-bottled-up sun heat chars their tissues. How they shout and crack in the wind of their own swan-song, and how they look when the heat and roar have passed and the cold ash remains. A month of drought at Kartabo once made the thick mat of bamboo leaves about the compound no small menace. So

like them, clinging with four feet and dangling the other two out in mid-air, while every now and then the whole insect sways gently, as does a tiny twig moved by a breath.

From day to day in the jungle I add to my animal-plants, I discover giant katy-dids so green and flat, so veined and stemmed, that no passing observer could say, "This is leaf, this insect." Others have spoiled the symmetry and perfection of their sham chlorophyll with simulated holes and apparent tears and spots of fungi, and the droppings of birds. All the diseases, parasites and injuries of leaves have been photographed upon the wings of insects, in unconscious endeavour to escape observation. At this point we come upon inter-actions, complications, subtleties of great delicacy, such as are shown by mantids, or rar' ho'ses as they are called in the southern states. These are camouflaged under chlorophyll colour not for protection but for attack. As the white fox creeps upon the white ptarmigan over the white snow, so here in the tropics, the mantids re-enact a similar, but viridescent drama.

Passing on from growing leaves we find flower bugs and orchid spiders, the latter being forced to conceal their brilliant pigments in the shadow of under-leaf, until some particular blossom appears. Then, with their colours and patterns so exact that they might have been fashioned in the same petal shop the spiders take their place on or near the flowers. Some even eat away the heart of the blossom, substituting their stamen leg and pistil palpi, and with the unharmed nectary still giving forth perfume, these deadly frauds of flowers await the visiting bees.

Caterpillars gnaw out bits of leaf and then fill up the space with their own painted bodies, but butterflies and moths are the veritable reflections of leaves; they would indeed be naked and blatant to the world were foliage to vanish. Here again not only are colour and pattern

invoked but even the movement in falling. I have had a brown butterfly flutter in short, oblique eddies to my feet, and there alight warelessly and sway from side to side. Dozens of times I have crept up and enmeshed a dead leaf in my net, and as many times have brushed heedlessly by a dead leaf only to have it take wings to itself and fly away.

Two adventures which befell me yesterday had to do with leaves, and touched the extremes of the gamut of an explorer's life—from the danger of death to the glory of new discovery. Every morning a bird had been calling from a certain tree-top—a short, raucous, unpleasant call, but a new one. So ventriloquial was it that it had wholly baffled me. Only by triangulation, the successive focussing from three distant points, could I ever hope to find it. I was creeping slowly on my second lap, lifting my feet high to clear twigs and vines, when something drew my eyes from the tree overhead to the dead leaves below. This has happened to me perhaps a score of times, and I hope will continue in the future—the sudden, inexplicable perception of a poisonous snake on which my foot is about to descend. A large fer-de-lance, more like dead leaves than the leaves themselves, was coiled less than two feet away. On its scales it mirrored the brown dead leaves, the dark fungus spots, the shadows of the curled-up edges, the high lights of the burnished surface sheen. Optically there was no interruption of the floor of dead foliage; actually a horrible death lay twelve inches beneath my upraised foot. The snake was coiled as evenly as a rope on a battle-ship, and in the exact centre lay the arrow head with its unwinking eyes and the flickering tongue. As I withdrew my foot and began to breathe again, I forgot my raucous-voiced bird and sat down to ponder this. I took my strong butterfly net and drew the netting taut across the ring and behind this barrier I slowly approached. Closer and closer I drew until

I could see the slit-like pupil and the green and livid mottling of the iris. When I almost touched the sharp snout with the other side of the mesh, I sniffed carefully and repeatedly, dulling every other sense but that of smell. There came to my nostrils a faint but distinct odour, an unpleasant musk, which, once detected, remained vivid. It was a faint adumbration of that strong, repulsive smell which permeates the cage where one of these reptiles is confined, and I believe that, without invoking any more radically psychic process, my attention is attracted and focused at these times by the faint, unconsciously stimulating odour of the snake on the jungle floor. I cannot otherwise explain my invariable detection at the last minute of creatures who more than any others are of the leaves, leafy.

My second adventure was also a thrilling one, but in a wholly different way. I was walking along a trail after a shower, looking idly at a big, palmated leaf at my very elbow when there suddenly materialized upon it a large lizard. It was one of the most beautiful of all lizards, and fortunately had been named with imagination — *Polychrus marmoratus* — the many-coloured marble one. It was sprawled flat upon the great green expanse, its scales shimmering leaf-green, with enough spots here and there to be a convincing portion of the full-grown, insect-defaced foliage. I leaned toward it and it began slowly to creep away. The long, slender tail was curled and twisted into a lifeless tendril, and the toes dangled half in mid-air like no imaginable piece of any live reptile. Progress was by means of the fore feet alone, one after the other being pushed ahead stealthily, taking hold and dragging the rest of the creature onward. The body, hind legs and tail simply scraped over the leaf.

When it reached the thick brown twig magic began before our eyes—for fortunately I had two companions to share this wonder. As it left the green tissue and

crawled slowly along the twig its course was traceable not only by its position in space but by most exquisitely adjusted and timed pigmental change—at the exact edge of the leaf the green gradually faded and a wave of brown swept down the reptile. Never have I seen a more perfect use of obliterative colour. The whole soul of the lizard on the leaf was concentrated in his half-closed eyes watching my every motion, yet it must have been through the eye alone that the amazingly accurate somatic colour change was dictated and regulated. Here was surely the ultimate example of vegetable imitation, twigs, leaves—both green and brown—tendril swaying movement, all in one organism. Not for anything would I have betrayed the lizard's trust in the magnificent shield which nature had built up about it. We pretended to be completely deceived and left it—an irregular bit of half-greenness on the second leaf, and half-brownness on the twig.

A classic volume will some day be written on the adventures of fallen leaves, for when a leaf has evaded the inroads of insects and fungi, has resisted wind and rain, succumbing finally to the pull of gravitation, there awaits it, in addition to ultimate mold and dessication, a host of possible adventures on the jungle floor.

With all my desire to clothe the fallen leaf with dramatic interest and an abstract vitality, my first and last thoughts are those of sadness. Alien as I am to these tropical jungles, a mere transient injection from the north—the sere and yellow leaf means to me the end of a season, of a year—a very appreciable fraction of lifetime, and even in this evergreen land, this jungle of eternal spring, the dead leaf eddying to earth is a sad and a tragic happening.

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

II.

FRIENDSHIP had now become unconscious love. We wrote to each other every day, concealing nothing of our thoughts and ideas and emotions, and relating all that happened to us in our daily life, and the deeper experiences of our growing consciousness. The writing of my letters and the receiving his were to me the most wonderful experiences I had ever had. I had found the friend of my heart, and my nature, hitherto so repressed, so morbidly self-distrustful, blossomed out. I expressed myself easily and well, and was always brimming over with things to tell him of myself and my reading, and I found my greatest satisfaction in his appreciation and understanding and response. During this absence in Wiltshire, David sent me boxes of wild flowers, and one thrush's egg—the first he had found. I have it still with the inscription I wrote in the lid of the box, " From my dearest friend David Townsend, to be kept always in memory of a happy friendship."

During this time my father's illness got worse and worse, and after an operation on his throat, a few days after David's return, he died. I was alone with my mother the night of his death. We had left him for a little while in the care of the nurse to get a little much-needed sleep, but we simply lay down on the bed in our clothes, expecting to be called at any moment. While we were alone together in the early hours of the morning, my mother using all the advan-

tage of our relation, and of the emotional crisis through which we were passing and which for the while brought us together, asked me to promise to give up David's friendship. She saw plainer than we did to what it was tending, and she disliked David so, and felt jealous of my growing affection for him. In the middle of a terrible discussion the nurse came in to summon us to my father, who was in his last agony, and when we got to his bedside he was dead.

I remember my mother fainting, and my running upstairs to wake my two sisters, and my own feeling of loneliness and despair that I had lost such a dear friend and ally. I remember waiting for the morning to come which would bring David outside the house to wait for news, and my running out to tell him, but I cannot remember how he took it.

After my father's death, life at home became very different. His genial kindness and happiness withdrawn, my mother's harshness became more pronounced. Quite frankly she showed that her daughters were a bother to her. She had to add to her small income by taking in boarders, and these young men—quite decent and nice of their kind—became as her family. The affection and sympathy she might have given her daughters she gave these strangers, and they and she lived in the happiest relations. My friendship with David when it was mentioned was always alluded to with sneers and contempt. The young men took it up, and with my mother's approval did all they could to make it appear ridiculous to me. David never came to the house now, but though my mother had forbidden it she was powerless to prevent my meeting him, and I never hid it from her. We met and walked and talked, and love grew.

There was no definite moment when friendship became love, but a natural merging into love as we became closer friends. At this time we both knew that

the friendship between us was the happiest thing in our lives, but we did not regard the future. We were content with the present. But I remember one evening very well. It was in the spring and nearing David's birthday, March 3rd. We were walking on the Common, very happy, talking of what we had been reading, what doing, what thinking—walking as usual hand in hand. In a space of silence, when thought and emotion went to and fro between us too full even for speech, I felt that wonderful experience of the first stirring of desire, though at this time it seemed half-maternal tenderness for his big, strong body, and his lovely face, and his hand holding mine, which now held his more firmly—mingled with something new and strange that I did not understand. I remember how, with that emotion flooding my being, my heart beat too fast, and my faced burned, and I could have fainted with the pain and the joy of it. For it affected me as later I was affected by the first flutter of my baby in my womb.

When we reached the place for good-night I could not let him go as he had always done before, but put my hands round his head and drew it down to mine and kissed his mouth and looked close into his eyes. And he returned my kiss and my look, and then turned to go. But as I turned to go too he caught me in his arms, and pressed me to him and kissed my mouth and my eyes and my neck : blindly and fiercely he kissed me, and I abandoned myself to him, not responding, but just yielding myself to his kisses. When I was in my bed I could not sleep, but lay trembling half with fear, half with wonder, at what I had awakened in him. I had not known that love could be like that, so fierce, so rough, so greedy.

Quite soon after my father's death my position at home became unbearable, and I left to earn my living as a nursery governess with a family at Margate, called Dodd. I do not remember that this parting

from David seemed terrible to us at all—we were so happy in our love and so sure of the future. I remember that my mother came to see me off, and that she uttered no protest nor showed any surprise when David came too. And so I left home for the first time in my life.

During the time that I was in Margate we wrote to each other every day. My letters were written last thing at night in the only time of my own that I had. My work filled my day. I had four young children to bathe, dress, teach (including piano and violin), take out walks, and mend for ; and in the evening when they were in bed I was expected to play cards with Mr. and Mrs. Dodd on week days, and on Sundays listen patiently while Mr. Dodd read aloud to his long-suffering wife and me Cary's translation of Dante. How I used to long impatiently for ten o'clock to strike, for when the hour came we stopped the game or the reading. They went to bed, and I to my room to read over again the letter I had had in the morning, and to write all that my heart and mind were full of. Long letters they were—poured out of my brimming consciousness. We wrote of our daily lives, our thoughts, the books we were reading, and our emotions. We hid nothing of ourselves from each other, and we now looked forward to a life together, when it would be possible. Marriage did not enter into our plans, but just a passionate desire to be one in body as we were in spirit.

Looking back, it seems to me unbelievable that we were so ignorant of sexual love. But we were very ignorant and very innocent.

I had been at Margate many months, and I was so inexperienced, and I suppose so well, and so happy with my secret, that it never occurred to me to ask for a holiday, and none was ever offered. The servants and the nurse all had their times off, but I never had any. However, one day David wrote to me that he

was coming into Kent to Horsmonden with a frien to fish. He had been working hard for a Civil Servic Examination, and this was to be a little rest before th examination actually took place. I remember when asked Mrs. Dodd for the day, and told her why, sh said, as if so surprised to find I had any life more tha her children provided for me—"Oh, I didn't knov Phyllis had got a Corydon." So very early one morn ing I set off. I had to get up at about five, for th journey was a tiresome cross-country one. The cook who was very kind to me, had left my breakfast lai in the school-room, and I remember stealing down stairs so as not to wake anyone, and finding to my great joy that the weather promised to be fine. I wa wearing mourning for my father, but I hated it an the idea of it. I was too poor to buy a new frock fo this great day: so I had made a white blouse t wear with my black coat and skirt, and with a big blacl hat from which I had taken the black ribbon, puttin instead a coloured scarf, I made the best of myself.

I remember the journey only vaguely. What chiefly remember is the changing smell of the air fron the sharp saltiness of the sea to the soft earthy smell o the green country. When at last I got to Horsmonden David was on the platform, and in a moment w were together. We did not speak or kiss, but wher we got into the lane, and I took in a great, deep breatl of the delicious air, he said, "O Jenny, love me mor than anything you love," and stopped in the lane, tool me in his arms, and kissed me, and we leaned tremblingly against each other. And I said, "I onl love other things so much because I love you, dear." And then we walked hand-in-hand silently, till we came to the top of a little hill, when he ran down, pulling me with him till we were both out of breath and laugh ing, and we sat by the roadside among cow parsley and speedwell till we had got our breath again.

I remember every minute of that day—how we talked and talked as we walked, I not noticing where we were going, but deeply conscious of all the beauty, so strange and so especially lovely to me after the sea and the barren country just inland.

We came at last to a mill pond and to a stick planted in the bank. Here David leaned down and pulled up a bottle of lemonade that he had lowered into the cool water, and from under a bush he produced a basket full of sandwiches, eggs, cake and fruit, all wrapped up in cool leaves. Not far from the stream was a little copse, and here in the coolness, within sound of the stream, and on a carpet of dog's mercury, we sat and ate and talked. I was very hungry after my early rising, and as I sat with David's arm round me, and he was stroking my hair, I soon began to feel sleepy, and when he saw that he made fun of me. It was a hot summer day, and even in the shade of the copse it was hot, and so David unfastened the first few buttons of my blouse, to let the air in on my throat, and then with dry leaves he made a place for me to lie, and took off my shoes and stockings. And I lay down in the little place he had made for me, and he sat down by me and kissing my eyes shut told me to go to sleep, and soon I was fast asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but I think not long. I was wakened by feeling his face near to mine, and when he saw my eyes opened he kissed my eyes and my mouth and my throat, and took my head between his hands, and kissed me again and again; and I, putting my arms round him, drew him to my breast, and so we lay in each other's arms, with our hearts beating wildly together. And yet I can remember no desire for more than this; the new rapture of such an embrace contented us utterly. Then we walked through meadows and woods, and through a beautiful park where I first learnt to distinguish trees. I remember the lime trees there and the beech, and it seems strange now that there

was ever a time when I could not recognise the fin textured skin-like bark, and the set of the trunk an branches like human limbs, and the beautiful curv that the leafy branches make, like a hand opened fo giving.

For tea we made a fire and boiled a kettle. I was the first time we had had a whole day together the first time we had eaten out of doors together. Picnic had been very rare treats in my towny childhood, an this seemed to me the height of happiness. My sur prise and joy and excitement in it all were as wonderfu to David as the whole adventure was to me.

At dusk I went. He saw me off in the train, and tha day ended, and we did not see each other again for man months.

During this time David was working for his exam ination, but very half-heartedly, for he hated the ide of an office life. He had very much wanted to go t Oxford, but the idea was not encouraged by his parents partly on account of the expense, and partly becaus his father thought that University life would encourag David in his desire to earn his living by writing, whic his father rightly felt would never lead to fortune, whil fame never entered his mind as a possibility. M father's influence had, of course, been on the side of literary career, and so David's work for the highe branch of the Civil Service was very much against th grain. About this time his first book was published He had during his long walks at all times of the yea kept a minute diary of natural events—birds nestin flowers opening, and descriptions of the sky and cloud and atmosphere, and all sorts of observations made fro day to day. This diary he offered, on my father' advice, to a firm which accepted it. I shall never fo get my pride and joy when my copy of the book arrive and how in spite of my shyness in speaking to m employers of my own affairs I rushed up to Mrs. Do

to show her the book written by my lover, and dedicated to my father. Mrs. Dodd admired my father's work, and the incident led to my telling her about David, and after that I had an interested and sympathetic friend in her.

Soon after this I left Margate. My mother said she wanted me at home. I did stay at home with her for a little while, but the old antagonism sprang up and I could not endure it for long. I very soon got another post as governess with a Mr. and Mrs. Scott, so that I should not be dependent on her. I lived at home, paying mother for my keep.

She tried again to make me give up David, and forbade me to see him; so he could not come to the house. Each evening David and I met, generally on Wandsworth Common, where afar off I would recognise him by his long swinging stride even though with my short sight I could distinguish nothing else about him. Sometimes on these evenings he would just walk with me as far as my gate, but sometimes we would go to Wimbledon Common. It was on one of these summer evenings we had been talking of Richard Jefferies, and his love for the human body. We had just read his essay "Nature in the Louvre," and his description of the "Venus Accroupi" which he had admired so much. We were sitting in the undergrowth of a little copse in a remote part of the Common. David had said that he had never seen a woman's body. . . .

[Here the writer tells of how she knelt naked before her lover.]

At the last he said, "Jenny, I did not know there was such beauty."

He told me as we walked home that no statue or picture of a nude woman had ever given him a true idea, and that it was a far more beautiful thing than he had thought. For though he loved the Greek statues, it seemed to him that my body was far lovelier. But that

was only because a warm and living thing has beauty which a stone representation of the most perfect body can never have.

We were still very ignorant of sex, and only knew in a vague way through the reading of poetry how the human sexual act was performed. I remember very well with what joy I realized that his head would be on my breast, and I would enfold him in my arms.

After that often when we were in remote places I undressed and lay in the long grass, often beside the infant Wandle, then still an unpolluted stream. I had always from childhood had a love of feeling the air and sun on my body, and now to be able often to have that experience and added to it the joy of my lover's delight, my heart was full indeed. . . . I was half ashamed of his too great admiration, and wishing I was indeed all that he thought I was—wishing that I had perfect sight, wishing that my hair was not so straight, and my nose was straighter, wishing that I could match his intellect and spirit, wishing that I had more to give him, and longing to give him all. But in spite of all that I knew to be imperfect in me I was utterly happy in his love, and hoped that in his heart he created beauty where none was, out of his love for me.

During these stolen hours we sometimes used to go to his home and read aloud, and sometimes we would go into town to the British Museum or the National Gallery, with Ruskin dictating our taste, sometimes, and we finding it for ourselves, too. Sometimes we would haunt Booksellers' Row—that queer little back street that used to lie behind the Strand—and spend a shilling or two on a second-hand copy of some book we wanted, or having saved up would buy a new volume of Ruskin in a good edition, of Shelley or Keats. Often we had no money, and could only turn the books over, and if we saw one we wanted hope that it would be

there next time we came. Sometimes we would walk all the way home along the Embankment and over Battersea Bridge and home through Clapham Junction. Or we would walk to Hampstead and look at Keats house, and walk on the Heath, where David would be sure to find some unexpected wild flower, or hear a bird he did not think to hear there, or notice some beautiful effect of clouds or of smoke against the blue sky. All of this was a new aspect of life to me. My eye readily caught the beauty of a group of red roofs, and the iron-work of an old entrance gate, or the bend of a street of tall dignified houses, but nature was a sealed book to me, until David taught me to see with new eyes and hear with new ears. And often I used to escape from home in the evening and go for little walks with him, to fields and lanes whose existence so near home I had not dreamed of, and we would talk of life, and books, and love, and nature, and ourselves and sometimes there was no need for talk—silence satisfied us more.

All this time he was working for his Civil Service Examination, and I was going to and from my work. He was hating more and more the idea of entering the Civil Service, and about this time, greatly to his father's anger, gave up the work and decided to try to earn his living by writing. Some of the literary weeklies were taking his essays, and his book had had a fair sale. His father, naturally enough, hated the precariousness of this way of living; and, after much discussion, it was decided that David should go to Oxford.

My twentieth birthday drew near, and I was to have a whole holiday, which David and I were to spend on our favourite Wimbledon Common. We were to picnic there for lunch and tea, and go home to a birthday dinner in the evening. It was July, and glorious weather. I had made myself a very pretty white frock, embroidered in flame-coloured silk. I wore a shady

hat trimmed with the same colour. It suited me, an I know I looked as pretty as it was possible for me t look. I remember Mr. Scott saying as I went out "Why, Jenny, you look like a bride going to mee her bridegroom," and I remember blushing and feelin a great wave of passionate joy surging up in me, an I could hardly help laughing back at him, "I am, am!"

I was to bring the lunch and David the tea, an I bought fruit and sandwiches and biscuits and some c our favourite Gruyère cheese and half a bottle of wine We met in the horrid, dark tunnel at Clapham Junc tion station. He was there waiting for me, so tall, s distinguished from other men, dressed, as always, wit a sort of carelessness that was not at all untidy, but jus easy and individual. He was in his person scrupulousl careful, and his large hands, which he used so well i all sorts of work, were always well kept. No love could have pleased the eye more, no girl have bee prouder of her man than I of mine, and the wonder o his loving me never left me. Our hearts were beatin so, and our joy so intense, we could not speak, but jus in that crowded place pressed each other's hands an walked side by side.

It did not take us long to get to the Common There in solitude we walked hand in hand, o David with his arm round my waist, and I wit my hand over his hand, whose pressure jus under my breast made my whole body tende with desire. Our souls, spreading their wings, enfolde us in such dreamlike happiness that nothing disturbe our calm and our utter satisfaction. We talked as w sauntered along of what I would do while he was a Oxford, of our life together when he left, of my longin for children, of his ambitions in literature; and in th talk, as in many others, there was often hinted th deep spiritual unrest, which as yet we did not recognis

—much less realize how it was to overshadow so much of his life and mine. All the beauty of the earth, the grass, the flaming gorse, the lark's song, the high cloudlets, the sweet air laden with the honey smell of gorse, seemed to be a part of our love. We could not speak of it, but as we stood to watch a bumble bee make the gorse flower deliver its secret to him, he, standing a little behind me, with his hands over my breasts, drew me to him, and kissed me where my hair grew soft and curly under my ear. So I leaned smiling up at him, and he solemnly looking down at me, his eyes half closed, his lovely mouth trembling from the kiss. So on, walking with hips moving together, laughing because of my short step and his long one. He picked a little bunch of flowers in the grass—white clover, yellow bedstraw and milkwort—and then remembered he had a birthday present for me. It was a brooch made of gold wire twisted into a Celtic pattern, and when I had put my arms round his neck and kissed him for it, he pinned the flowers into the opening of my dress, which first he opened a little more to kiss the warm soft swell of my breast, and while he kissed me I pressed his head yet further down into the warmth and sweetness there.

So we walked on into the remote part of the Common among the trees, until we came to a beautiful little pool, where moorhens and coots lived in the reeds, and where water-voles dipped out of their holes in the low bank into the water making a sound like cream being stirred. Here we sat and paddled our feet in the water and ate our lunch. We were so quiet that the timid water creatures grew bold and birds skimmed over the water, and a flaming dragonfly darted in the air round and round us, as if weaving round us a web of rainbow colours. As we sat, David read to me some of the old Ballads—*Edom O'Gordon*, and *Chevy Chase*, and *Sir Patrick Spens*—he leaning against a beech tree, and I leaning in the crook of his arm and shoulder, listening

to his deep, clear voice, so quiet, so vibrating, so tender. I was caught up into heaven; all beauty, all love, all content was mine. Life gave me all it had to give. As I lay there in the bend of his arm, in the silence that the splash of the voles, and the song of the lark, and the sound of his voice did not disturb, the beating of his heart under my cheek lulled me to sleep, and my eyes were only opened by his kisses. He kissed my eyes and my funny nose and my mouth and neck and my hands and feet. But I laughed at his serious kisses and pushed him away, and before he knew what I meant to do I had run away and hidden in a thicket of hazel and beech, and crouched down in the dry leaves. I heard his step rustling in the leaves. I waited trembling, half with fear of his finding me, and half afraid I had hidden myself too well. But he came upon me before I knew he was near, and caught me up in his arms and carried me further and further into the little copse. I lay inert in his arms conscious of nothing but his beating heart. Soon he came to a little glade in the copse, leafy and mossy and sunny, and putting me down knelt in front of me and undid my hair, but finding it fall over my face he picked a trail of white bryony and made a filet of it to keep my hair back. . . .

I only remember vaguely that the birthday dinner at home was very jolly and rollicking. My sisters were there, and my youngest sister's sweetheart—a man very much approved of by my mother—and full of fun and well to do and practical and a clever engineer. He was for ever scoring off me in some way, and tried to do the same with David, but he got as good as he gave, for David's wit was quick and penetrating though he was not often moved to show it. We walked back over Wandsworth Common to Clapham Junction, talking happily enough of the books we would buy with the five pounds my mother had given me. I had seen, too,

some old brass candlesticks, and a nice Morland print I had set my heart on buying him for his Oxford rooms. We kissed our good-night kiss on the dark Common, and David gave me to wear for a wedding ring the beautiful old signet ring which he wore—a red stone set in a very delicately designed gold setting. It had belonged to his great-grandfather, a Spanish sea-captain.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Sound in the Dark

THE streets are shining wet with rain,
  And all along the way
Are shimmering lights that make the night
  More living than the day.

The great trees raise their darkened heads
  And live their quiet life,
Where winds are fresh above the earth
  Beyond all human strife.

In stillness there we heard a sound,
  A sound of mystery,
Tremulous notes of a lonely owl
  In a deep, shadowy tree.

Our eyes met when we heard again
  The tender, wailing cry,
Above the striving sounds of men,
  From years that never die.

JOAN ARDEN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Two Monuments.—I was surprised recently to hear a tumult arise from so queer a cause as an assault on the æsthetic sensibility of the public; even alarmed. Why, the next thing might be the overthrowing of Edith Cavell's Second Martyrdom by the National Gallery, or a public bonfire of Best Sellers, or the cruel hooting of a magnificent speech by a Great Orator. The sales of the Picture Press might sink, the betting editions of all the London evening papers dwindle to the circulation of the "Studio"—but, God knows, this won't bear clear thinking on for ten seconds. Anything might happen. Yet we have always known that that æsthetic sensibility did exist. My own guileless faith is that some day it may even help to break down the industrial system, through the loss in the general of every interest to maintain what is ugly. There may be no common appeal in the *Religio Medici*, or the *Arabia Deserta*, or the *Ninth Symphony*; but the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pickwick*, and *Don Quixote* are for everybody. All the same, the uproar we heard around Epstein's memorial tablet to W. H. Hudson had an ugly and vicious ring. *Punch* for example—that national institution, which most carefully safeguards the refined taste of Suburbia for the best brands of whisky and cigarettes—*Punch* did not fail to observe that the artist's name was so un-English that it ended in stein. Kamerad! Such an accident of birth may have nothing to do with the quality of a piece of sculpture, but the fact must be brought to the notice of the right golf club-houses, so that good form may be preserved for the caste of plus-fours. Other journals were more direct. They required Epstein to take away his work and bury it. The capacity to judge a work of art was so suddenly developed in Fleet Street among those who had not read *Green Mansions*, and did not know who

Rima was, that one suspected the noise made there was but the cry of dislike and derision raised by the ignorant over any manifestation of what is both remarkable and comely. (Yes; I understand that the noises made by *Punch* and the popular newspapers do not constitute a popular uproar, but merely indicate a desire that their outcries may be popular.) So I went to see Epstein's memorial. To me, it did not appear to call for a fuss either way. It is seemly and modest. It stands very well for a testimony to W. H. Hudson. And it is not, in fact, the subject of this note, but merely leads to it. Because, after leaving Hyde Park, I found another new memorial, just by St. George's Hospital, over which the Press and the critics, so far as I know, have raised no cry of horror. Yet it blasphemes the memory of those who, before they made us safe again, were Heroes. It purports to be to the memory of the men of the Machine Gun Corps. There is a gigantic figure of a naked youth in bronze, an athletic form, holding an immense sword; but an eunuch nevertheless, and no soldier, for the figure has only a fig-leaf. Or perhaps the figure is only of an inhuman monster, reproducing its kind by parthenogenesis. I have met many machine-gunners, but not a man like it. However, it does not represent a man at all, as the inscription on its pedestal plainly shows; which reads: "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." The memorial, we see, is not to the m..., but to the brute which killed most of them. It is dedicate to the machine-gun itself. The inscription might just as well have been in German. The monument is an apotheosis of the most terrible devil of the war. There it is, in central London, near the Royal Residence, and not far from Westminster Abbey; our tribute to Moloch. What the figure represents filled British homes with memorial cards. We celebrate it in bronze, and *Punch* says never a word. The Press has no criticism to offer

But what criticism could it offer? Who did most of the patriotic work in supplying that monster with its sacrificial victims?—ARNOLD CHEESEMAN.

ON LIFE AND DEATH AND SCIENCE.—The discussion about "control of life," "creative evolution," and "acceptance of life and death" might be assisted by clarifying the meaning of the terms "life" and "death." May an onlooker define them, and add some conclusions deducible from the definitions?

1.—"Life" = (for man) conscious existence in *objective* conditions. "Death" = cesser of that state and (unless you disbelieve in survival) conscious existence in *subjective* conditions. Life and Death are but larger modes of our daily waking and sleeping states, which are overtones (or repetitions in small) of the major process of living and dying, through which we have all passed innumerable times before reaching our present state.

2.—Shakespeare knew this. See his philosophy of the subject in the Duke's great speech in *Measure for Measure* (Act. iii, 1) beginning "Reason thus with life," which amplifies his other phrase that "we must endure our going hence even as our coming hither."

3.—Life and Death are therefore halves (the outside and the inside) of a process within the time-order; both halves being subordinate phases of a state transcending and comprehending them. That higher synthetic state is neither "life" nor "death," but absolute *Being*, of which life and death are the manifestations in the time-order, but which itself is above that order,—outside time-space-causation.

4.—To absolute Being belongs the soul, the permanent Self of us; only the impermanent personality (body and its incidental faculties) belongs to the time-order. The soul itself knows neither life nor death, but only permanent being (of which it has temporarily

lost consciousness but can regain it,—for which purpose we are here). Life and death are rank superstitions and illusions as regards the soul, which always was and always will be; which is static, "going" neither here nor there either in life or death, but remaining stationary and experiencing vicissitudes and alternations of objective and subjective consciousness according to its condition at the moment.

5.—Mere "Life" is *torture* to anyone who has regained and knows real Being. ("Knowing" implies not merely a notional concept of Being, but habitual, if intermittent, experience of it; for, whilst the body adheres to the soul, such knowing is necessarily intermittent and of an in-and-out character.) Hence the truth of the Christian symbol of the Cross; the body, and mere "life" in it, being a crucifixion of the soul.

6.—A wise man dreads the thought of going to heaven as much as the unwise fears that of going to hell. For both heaven and hell are (as Milton and Omar Khayyam truly said) merely mind-states *within the time-order*. The wise man aims to get beyond both. What profits it to be hung up in some "heaven," however agreeable in contrast with the earth-plane, with the prospect of having to come back to resume one's uncompleted work? He therefore aims at complete liberation from the wheel of successive births and deaths and to attain pure Being—the Nirvana beyond both heaven, earth, and hell.

7.—This liberation can only be effected from the earth-plane, where alone objective and subjective conditions co-exist and the *will* is present to effect the deliverance. The *post-mortem* state is subjective only and the will becomes dormant (as in dreams); "the night cometh when no man can *work*" (at liberation).

The philosophy of liberation was fully declared by Buddha and can be best read in Sir E. Arnold's superb translation in Book VIII. of "The Light of Asia."

The Buddhist "Nirvana" and the Christian "Life Eternal" mean the same thing,—attainment of absolute Being, beyond life and death.

8.—In parenthesis, it should be remembered that in the hieratic, technical sense of Scripture "life" and "death" do not bear the same meaning as in modern colloquial speech. "Life," there, = not carnal existence, but ultimate Being, Super-life. "Death," there, means not somatic dissolution and postmortem subjective existence, but *unconsciousness of true Being* (however vividly alive and conscious one may be in other ways); the Easterns call it *A-vidya* (= *non video*); not seeing; unawareness. In this higher sense one must interpret such words as "Ye shall surely die"; "Awake from the dead"; "Raised from the dead"; "O death, where is thy sting?" They relate not to decease of the body, but to the torpor and blindness of the sense-intoxicated soul. "O grave, where is thy sting?" relates not to the cemetery, but to the *body,* which both by Plato and the Hebrew writers is uniformly called the "grave" of the soul.

9.—As to "control of life" by science. The only life science can control (or rather manipulate) is temporal existence-modes; real Being is beyond its sphere and power. But within the existence-modes of the time-order its possibilities of control are unlimited. It may, and probably will, succeed (at its peril) in devising artificial automata, Robots, and monstrosities; it has done so before, witness Faust and the manufacture of the *homunculus*. And Shaw's *Methuselah* fantasy of the protraction of life by will-power is no idle dream (as anyone conversant with magic knows), but a true imagination of something well within the compass of the enormous powers open to highly trained will—which can be perverted equally to the ends of modifying plastic life-forms to its own purpose and extending the duration of physical existence, as it can be directed

to the more profitable aim of transcending that existence altogether and attaining liberation from the time-order to timeless Being.

10.—It follows that the suggestion that "creative evolution" is the gospel for the future is a complete fallacy. Evolution is predicable only of transient physical forms. Real Being is outside evolution, as it is outside time-space-causation, although *in*volved in them. The true gospel therefore is, and can only be, *liberation* of our involved permanent Self from the sphere where alone flux, evolution and the time-order obtain. "My kingdom (real Being) is *not* of this world" and can never *evolve* from it. But it can be separated, detached, liberated from it; and this is the only work of wisdom we can undertake. It is a work too of science, but not of science of the modern kind, which deals only with externals and sensibles. Whoever pursues this higher science and attains consciousness of real Being, passes, while still in the flesh, from a life which *is* death to a state transcending both life and death, heaven and earth. For him (as the Vedantists and our own Scriptures say) it is the "end of the world,"—the end of the worldly, time-order, limited consciousness, and the opening up of consciousness in pure Being. He who does this, although the somatic body still clings to him until in its own order it becomes sloughed off, is already beyond mere "life" and its problems and vexations, whilst for him "death" has passed out of his vocabulary. "Life," however painful it may be, he will "accept," not for its own sake but as a sacrificial means of serving the less advanced of his kind and assisting them to the same realisation of Being that he himself knows.

Some old German mystic wrote this tag :—

> Weme Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit
> Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,
> Der ist befreyt rom allem Streit.

> He for whose mind time and the Ever
> Are twain no more but blent together,
> Is freed from time and this world's tether.
>
> —W. L. WILMSHURST.

THE LAST NIGHT.—There is an aspect of theatrical endeavour which is forever hidden from the audience. They, to whom the theatre is at best a procession of surprising, lively phantoms, must occasionally wonder of the hidden springs which feed, and exact from the actor, a continuance of his art. Perhaps they do wonder, and they cannot be harshly blamed for stilling themselves with an answer which is framed on "the glamour of the footlights." O threadbare, time-worn phrase! Specious, empty contribution of self-deception. It is not that. The earnest sensitive actor will say that, to his knowledge, that is sheer agony, a thrust of the audience which stifles most of his brothers, and all but few of his sisters. The audience does this thing in ignorance, although from the manifold books of reminiscences wherein this hidden substance may be partly glimpsed, there is opportunity enough for remedy. Even the dramatic critic, though his time be devoted, his knowledge more empiric, is yet a spectator, one who leaves when the theatre closes its doors. He, too, is concerned with the life of the actor's entertainment, perhaps with the significance of its birth, but not with the strangeness of its death. With a privileged few of the audience he may be there when the actor is rehearsing, striving, weeping his human tears, or suffering with an inner vision; but he is not there, or are the others, when the actor is collecting his photographs from his dressing-room, or standing alone in the empty theatre, his season finished.

To all those intimately connected with a production—and it is explanatory of that emotion, however unrecognized it may pass, which takes hold of scene-shifters

limelight operators and property men old in their profession—there comes, after the last encore, a most strange longing of the heart. It is not a sorrow that it is over, or a wish to go through the production once more. Rather is it a curious death, an exhalation of the breath of a deeply earnest humanity. It may not be in any proportion to the critic's standard of values. It is almost beside the life which the play portrays, something beyond, more profound, whence the play itself draws life. It can see, with a vision grown in exercise, the passage of its smaller self, intensely lived and self-strangled, into a realm of remembrance. Indeed, each incident of each night, with a full anticipation and insistence on its transience, steeps itself in the mind; to remain a pulsing, arresting memory of a thing breathed into life.

That is the dearness, and tenderness of the emotion; that it is an inner seeing, knowing and living. That the actor is content with this constitutes and indures him as an actor. For in his heart he loves this death. It signifies a resurrection. He stands cleansed, richer, fuller in his love, his susceptibilities, his sensitivity. He learns to see each act, each sentence, tinged with his final consummation, and loves the pain it gives him. Although it is perhaps but gently removed from the reveries to be found in an old house, or in an old letter, it is, none the less, a most sincere manifestation of the inner consciousness.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

ROUND AND ABOUT SINCERITY

By The Journeyman

The current *Hibbert Journal* contains an article "Concerning God" in which Mr. Horace Thorogood, literary editor of *The Star,* discusses the views on that important subject held by a number of contemporary writers. I do not think that Mr. Thorogood has anything of great consequence to say on the matter; yet his article is interesting. It is a fascinating piece of self-revelation, and as such it has its significance.

Mr. Thorogood is one of those people who do not like to think things *out*. He might be described as "a good sort of man"; he means well: but that, as Samuel Butler shrewdly observed, is about the most damning thing that can be said of anybody, though I daresay it is not a bad qualification for a modern journalist, who is required by the nature of his office to believe in contradictories.

What chiefly interests me in Mr. Thorogood is his ill-concealed distaste for the people who do think things out; it amounts to a positive aversion. He makes a brave attempt to hide it. He is willing to confess, for instance, that Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is one of "our greatest masters of the art of literature." (I too admire Mr. Tomlinson's writing; but I cannot help suspecting that the critic who uses a phrase of such magniloquent emptiness to describe him, does not know very much about his writing or "the art of literature.") However, Mr. Thorogood admires Mr. Tomlinson. But he does not like his attitude to God. He says: "He believes in God because he must have somebody to

taunt and reproach for the state of the world; the others believe in God because they must have somebody to praise and thank for it."

Mr. Thorogood, therefore, is one of those who must have somebody to thank for the state of the world, and when he finds a writer, like Mr. Tomlinson, who does not think the state of the world is such that anyone ought to be thanked for it, he is grieved.

But, instead of setting to and making up his mind for himself whether the state of the world is so lovely that someone must be thanked for it, or so desperate that someone ought to be cursed for it; or whether this is a true dilemma at all, since it may very well be that there is, fortunately, no person to be either thanked or cursed for it,—Mr. Thorogood proceeds to suggest that Mr. Tomlinson could not have come to his adverse conclusion concerning God on his own initiative at all. He was led away by someone: and that someone—really a person this time—is Mr. Thomas Hardy.

I am anxious to track down the processes of Mr. Thorogood's mind. As I say, it interests me. But before I press on in pursuit, I would point out that a number of interesting points are being left behind. You must not take Mr. Thorogood's word for it that Mr. Tomlinson "believes in God because he must have someone to taunt and reproach for the state of the world." Mr. Thorogood has a quotation from Mr. Tomlinson from which he derives that conclusion—but by the process called a *non-sequitur*.

In reality, Mr. Tomlinson's position is quite simply and exactly agnostic. He does not know whether any deity is personally responsible for the state of the world: but he hopes and believes not.

Fundamentally, the belief is very like Mr. Hardy's. Therefore, says Mr. Thorogood, Tomlinson has been influenced by Hardy. That is to say, Mr. Thorogood cannot conceive that two independent

honest, and powerful minds should come to the same conclusion concerning the state of the world, and decide that it is such that no *personal* God could be responsible for it. And it is rather difficult to conceive this, I suppose, if you feel that things in general are so magnificently ordered that you must find someone to praise for it.

Since this is the case with Mr. Thorogood—is it not a happy name for the lineal descendant of that English branch of the noble family of Pangloss, whose most famous representative believed that "all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds"?—I cannot help wondering still more whether he does really admire Mr. Tomlinson's writing. Mr. Tomlinson's writing without Mr. Tomlinson's attitude is a distinctly hypothetical entity. Still more do I wonder whether the following words concerning Mr. Hardy are sincere.

> Personally, though I delight in Hardy's art as a novelist and as the poet of *The Dynasts*, I have a hearty dislike for his miserable and querulous philosophy. It escapes in all its bitterness in his poems. The subject of a Hardy poem is nearly always some ugliness of death or failure. What service to truth or art does Hardy do by this Mrs. Gummidge business? None to truth . . .

Can that be sincere? Impossible. Because anyone who really "delighted, &c.," would know that a separation between *The Dynasts* and the rest of Hardy's poems, or between his poems and his novels cannot be made. Whatever you may think of Hardy, he is *totus, teres atque rotundus*: all of a piece. So Mr. Thorogood is caught at a game which I think must be second nature to him—"delighting in" and "heartily disliking" the same thing at the same time. In other words, Mr. Thorogood is a Laodicean: he blows hot and cold with the same breath.

I should say—to pursue my dispassionate inquiry—that he is a professional Laodicean. For it is pretty

easy to see which breath comes from him with more conviction. No one who really admired Hardy would talk of his philosophy as "this Mrs. Gummidge business." A genuine admiration imposes restraints. There are, no doubt, many people who do not agree with Hardy's philosophy; but I have never met a man whose opinion in these matters was worth a rap who did not respect it. You cannot help respecting it; for, *if* you have taken the trouble to understand it, you know that it is a philosophy that can only be answered by an immediate and unshakable religious experience. On its own plane Hardy's indictment of the scheme of things is unanswerable. And I pity any man who has lived through the events of the last dozen years and has not felt that Hardy's philosophy was profoundly true—more than true—the only truth that was being spoken in our day.

No, I do not pity such a man: I have a contempt for him. I have a contempt for wish-wash. And behind all Mr. Thorogood's decorous indignations, I feel the wish-washy mind. He rejects Mr. Hardy's vision of the world in the name of religion. It is a dangerous thing to do. John Henry Newman knew something about the reality of religion: his view of human life was far darker than Hardy's. That one fact, if Mr. Thorogood had but known it, might have made him suspect that Hardy's might be, through and through, in the height and in the depth, a religious attitude. But Mr. Thorogood does not know very much; he does not think very much; and he does not feel very much.

Before I give the very simple explanation why Hardy's is a religious attitude, I will inquire a little further into Mr. Thorogood's mind. What is this religion of his in the name of which he is scornful of Hardy's attitude? Is it Christianity? Not at all. Mr. Thorogood has the candour to confess that "the conception of Jesus as divine, immortal, still with us,

and still at the right hand of God . . . staggers his own powers of belief." An honest man i' faith. But wait a moment. On the next page : "Religion without a divine Jesus seems to me not much preferable to the dry and barren doctrine of the rationalists." Hot and cold again? Or can it be candour, and Mr. Thoroughgood is talking of his own religion? Not a bit of it. Simply hot and cold again. Jesus is not divine ; yet if Jesus is not divine, my religion is dry and barren. What then? "Shadows are often more beautiful than realities."

Murder will out. If that is Mr. Thorogood's religion, I wish him joy of it. I call it a mush. Jesus was divine, or he was not. If you cannot believe the former, then be honest and face the fact of his death and the manner of it. Oh, but that is very painful. By God, it is. And this gentleman, who will look nothing in the face, has the assurance to describe Hardy's philosophy as "this Mrs. Gummidge business"! Hardy got his philosophy by looking things in the face. "Shadows are often more beautiful than realities." By God, they are. But it is a *man's* business to look at the realities.

I do not know what lovely shadows Mr. Thorogood comforted himself by contemplating during the European War. I do know that the newspapers with which he is associated had the honour to dismiss Mr. Tomlinson because he insisted on revealing something of the reality of that war. But what I want to rub Mr. Thorogood's nose in is this : that what makes a Hardy and a Tomlinson look at realities instead of shadows is not "querulous pessimism," but love for their fellow-men. Love, love, and love again. They love truth because they love their fellow-men ; and they love truth because they love their fellow-men.

> None can usurp this height (return'd that shade)
> But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery and will not let them rest.

When Mr. Thorogood has managed to love his fellow-creatures one thousandth part as well as either of those whom he condemns for "querulous pessimism"—then, and not till then, will I listen to him as a critic of their religion. For religion can only be judged by religion, truth by truth, and love by love.

Finally, I would recommend to Mr. Thorogood's earnest study, if he would save his soul alive, these gentle words of Hardy himself:

> That these impressions have been condemned as "pessimistic"—as if that were a very wicked adjective—shows a curious muddle-mindedness. It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth. Existence is either ordered in a certain way or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison with other conjectures which do not so harmonise. So that to say one view is worse than other views without proving it erroneous implies the possibility of a false view being better or more expedient than a true view; and no pragmatic proppings can make that *idolum specus* stand on its feet, for it postulates a prescience denied to humanity.

BOOKS TO READ

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.) 18s. net.

We think Mr. Melville ranks Lady Mary rather too high as a letter writer. She has nothing of the quality of a Sevigné, a Dorothy Osborne, a Chesterfield, or a Keats; and placing her in the second order beside La Fayette, Cowper, or even Fitzgerald, you find her inferior as literature, though more important to social history. She holds, of course, a position of far greater significance in medical history, as the introducer of vaccination ("ingrafting") from the East. Mr. Melville is a very practised, but not a consummate biographer: his *arrangement* is not perfect. The book, naturally, is mainly correspondence; though it was not of course practicable to embody all the extant letters. It is, necessarily, of great interest; though it lacks both glamour and profundity. Mr. Melville gives a curious dark impression of society under the early Hanoverians. His estimate of Lady Mary's character is rather indeterminate; what strikes us chiefly is a progressive moral deterioration in "Sappho" and her dull husband, who both seemed to start promisingly. (Their love-story was dealt with by Mr. Stevenson at length in the July ADELPHI.) Mr. Melville brings out well Lady Mary's foreign experiences and her literary connections; but he disconcerts (p. 126) with an incredible perversion of two lines from the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

PARNELL. By St. John Ervine. (Benn.) 12s. 6d. net

Mr. Ervine, as one would expect, makes his theme interesting; his admirable style, his stimulating blend of sympathy and malice, enliven a depressing passage in our political annals. Charles Stewart Parnell was one of the heroic type, with its more than ordinary human weaknesses: but it is curious that his personal magnetism, which dominated one people and astonished another, remains quite inexplicable and seems beyond biography's power to convey. Mr. Ervine's estimate of the Celtic temperament is very penetrating; especially as to its emotional unfitness for leadership, the moral of which is that Southern Ireland can unite, but only under an alien dictator. It is almost impossible to shake off political bias in one's judgment of Parnell; but even those who stoutly maintain that "Ireland never had a grievance" will own that "here was a *man*" and acknowledge the tragedy and political disaster of his early taking-off. Mr. Ervine's sparkle never betrays him into actual superficiality; still, the book is not out of place in a series edited by Mr. Guedalla.

JESUS: BY AN EYE-WITNESS. By H. D. A. Major. (John Murray.) 3s. 6d. net.

This valuable little book is not, as the title may suggest, a narrative of the "unknown disciple" sort. If Dr. Major desired a striking title for this excellent exposition of the essential historicity of Mark's Gospel he would have done better to choose "Peter's Reminiscences of Jesus." More and more, we believe, as time goes on will it be recognised that Mark has given the world something beyond price, a fundamentally faithful record of the life of Jesus from his baptism to his death. If we accept, as we must, the origin of Mark's material in Peter's recollections, then we gradually conceive an immense admiration for the passionate honesty of the old disciple, who told a world which he might easily have deceived of his own lack of understanding and his cowardice. On the rock of Peter's honesty all historical scepticism finally is broken; and on that rock one day, perhaps, a new Christianity will be built. Dr. Major's little book is a real contribution to this future. On one occasion (p. 27) he shows a strange lapse of understanding in the choice of an adjective.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By A. F. Pollard. (Cambridge University Press.) 8s. 6d.

This, the fourth series of lectures delivered on the Sir George Watson Foundation differs remarkably in manner from its American predecessors! It is Liberal in tone, and conduces to that all-important "better understanding" between England and the States. Professor Pollard is the exponent of a certain historical method. He has great learning and [illegible], and many of his aperçus are sound and illuminating. [illegible] difficult to track him to any conclusions, and we fear many readers may find the lectures a little dull. He surveys the evolution of [illegible] from the viewpoint of legal and constitutional history and theory, and in these respects the book is remarkably "full."

THE CIVILE CONVERSATION OF M. STEEVEN GUAZZO. Tr. by George Pettie. (Fourth Book by Barth. Young.) Introduction by Sir Edward Sullivan. Two vols. (Constable.) 45s. net.

We welcome the handsome "Tudor Translations" reprint of this dialogue. Both Guazzo and Pettie were very interesting men. Courtesy books, of which Castiglione's *Courtier* is the best-known, were naturally translated and read eagerly by a generation anxious to acquire the elegance of Renaissance Italy. The present work, when translated from the French (probably Chappuy's version), with emendations from the original Italian, had a great vogue, as it is the most homely of the Courtesy books and comes nearest to the aspirant middle-classes. Pettie's style was very good and un-Euphemistic: if not all his editor claims. Sir George gives us 54 pages of "parallel passages" to show that Shakespeare borrowed from Pettie: it is almost certain he had read Pettie, but after an honest examination of the arguments we cannot see that anything further is proved.

PAUL OF TARSUS. By T. R. Glover. (Student Christian Movement.) 9s. net.

On the whole this is an extremely good book; far more profound than the same author's study of Jesus, which suffered from the serious internal weakness that Mr. Glover either had not made up his mind, or had not the courage to express his mind, concerning Jesus' humanity. In dealing with Paul he has no such indecision; and he therefore succeeds in rendering—as he did not with the Master—the *exciting* quality of the man and his thought. Having done that, we are inclined to say, Mr. Glover has done everything. We can only hope his book will lead many back to the study of the greatest of all Christians.

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL FRANCE. By Joan Evans. (Oxford University Press.) 15s. net.

The reconstruction of everyday life in past ages is a necessary historical function: events cannot be understood unless their background can be visualized. This book provides, fairly thoroughly, that background for Mediæval France. The persistence of the Imperial idea and the growth of nationalism are ably treated. The chapters on Education and on the break-up of the "Mediæval System" are instructive. The illustrations are numerous and well-chosen.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By Harold Temperley. (Bell.) 25s. net.

In this massive, richly documented, ably written and scholarly work Mr. Temperley traces the career of "the Philosophic Tory," in succession to Professor Webster's recent book on Castlereagh. It supplements his own biography of twenty years ago, treating one whom he has always reverenced as our greatest Foreign Minister from the angle of diplomatic history—which opens wider issues. His estimate of European politics after the death of Napoleon is masterly. When the control of affairs passed from the triple group of Alexander, Metternich, and Castlereagh there succeeded the dangerous "Neo-Holy Alliance," which, together with the Spanish dissensions and the complications with America, imposed a severe test upon English diplomacy. Canning's achievement, from 1822 to his final triumph in the London Treaty of '27, makes an impressive story. Unlike Castlereagh, he has always been appreciated, but Mr. Temperley gives an added tribute to both. History now has a clear view of the enduring "party"-transcending quality of each.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE SEVEN YEARS WAR. By the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. (Hutchinson.) 21s. net.

This is a sequel to Mr. Charteris's earlier book which treated Cumberland's life as far as the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is an act of justice rather than a deeply interesting story. Even for one of the best charted periods of history, the author's documentation is commendably full and comprehensive. The "Bloody Butcher" of Culloden emerges as an unfortunate, rather stupid but dignified, courageous and loyal man, who carried through a difficult campaign against Saxe more creditably than has ever been acknowledged. His attitude to political and social questions was always prompted by a patriotic sense of service; physical courage was not the only military tradition of England which he embodied to a degree. An uninspiring figure, indeed, but far from a repellent or contemptible one. An entertaining section of the book deals with him as one of the great patrons of the Turf.

The History of Mathematics in Europe. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Oxford University Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

This excellent little "World's Manual" summarises the history of mathematics from the fall of Greek science (the point reached by Herr J. L. Heiberg in a previous manual on Science in Classical Antiquity) to the rise of the conception of mathematical rigour. We hesitate, however, to recommend it as likely to be intelligible to "the great body of general readers" for whom the series purports to provide. Mr. Sullivan—who is probably our most able exponent of science in its humanistic aspects—holds the view, extremely interesting and comparatively modern, that mathematics is an art rather than a science; that it contains, in short, not the secret of the Universe as Pythagoras believed, but the music of the spheres.

The Shakespeare Canon: Part V. By J. M. Robertson. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d.

In this, the fourth volume he has devoted to the Canon, Mr. Robertson combats with some asperity the "acceptance" of Shakespeare, by Dr. E. K. Chambers in particular. His examinations are of great interest; he is an extremely able and careful scholar, and we disagree with those who, chiefly by reason of his sometimes awkward and cumbersome style, deny him æsthetic perception—though here his devastating judgment on "The Phœnix and the Turtle," which he ascribes to Chapman, provokes some demur. He argues convincingly that "All's Well" and "Romeo and Juliet" are built upon pre-Shakespearian plays, and that both, the former especially, were only revised by Shakespeare. He regards Peele, Greene, and Chapman as leading contributors: he is an expert on all these men, and shows a keen perception of the characteristics that distinguish their work. It is not possible here to go into the wider question of Mr. Robertson *versus* the "acceptance" *of the Folio*; and though he seems to us to carry a good many of his opponents' positions, especially their theory that Shakespeare was a habitual imitator of the popular playwrights; every student should read Mr. Robertson *and* his opponents with an unprejudiced mind. We should like to know exactly what Mr. Robertson means when he says "criticism"; and why his own method is to be regarded as uniquely scientific.

The Hogarth Essays. Contemporary Techniques of Poetry. By Robert Graves. 3s. 6d. net. **The Character of John Dryden.** By A. Lubbock. 2s. 6d. net. **Histriophone.** By B. Dobrée. (Hogarth Press.)

Mr. Graves is very superficial and his "Political Analogy" is both clumsy and prejudiced. Mr. Lubbock on Dryden is good, if not profoundly original or final. Mr. Dobrée's survey of the question of dramatic diction (itself cast as a dialogue between *Heltubada* and *Benivias*) is expert, suggestive and entertaining.

Contemporary French Literature. By René Lalou. Translated by W. A. Bradley. (Cape.) 18s. net.

M. Lalou's book meets a demand; but it is not fully satisfactory. It makes heavy and difficult reading, partly because the translation is involved and ponderous. The author's method is to map out and trace separately the chief movements since 1871; he will deal with the same author twice under different aspects. He has critical ability, but he does not maintain a definite level. He is rather given to working-out cut-and-dried theories too arbitrarily. Gratitude is due for much information and for an honest attempt to impose a unity: but a broader conception of literary history and a more subtle taste are needed to make the book a triumph.

Between the Old World and the New. By M. P. Willcocks. (Allen & Unwin.) [illegible] 6d. net.

A very unusual book of essays on nineteenth-century writers. Miss Willcocks believes, in common with many of her heroes, that a fundamental change in the human consciousness is necessary and possible, and she traces the emergence of this conviction in a series of studies of the great writers of the last century. A fine sensitiveness, a rare power of [illegible] and comprehension, the ability to read the spirit through the [illegible], distinguish this book completely from that "[illegible]" criticism of which the Journeyman lately complained.

"TOLSTOY ON ART" AND ITS CRITICS. By Aylmer Maude. (Oxford University Press.) 6d. net.

Mr. Maude believes that the vast majority of reviewers of *What is Art?* do not understand the book; we believe that Mr. Maude is right, and also that Tolstoy's view of what is art is worth understanding. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said in a review written in 1898, which is the *clou* of this pamphlet, "Tolstoy's main point is the establishment of his definition of art. It is, he says, 'an activity by means of which one man, having experienced a feeling, intentionally transmits it to others.' This is the simple truth: the moment it is uttered, whoever is really conversant with art recognizes in it the voice of a master." After reading Mr. Maude's depressing collection of cocksure blunders and stupid misconceptions, we are forced to the conclusion that it needs someone out of the ordinary to recognize the voice of a master.

THAMYRIS. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

Were a modern Rip Van Winkle, with a classical education and a bent towards prosodic theories, to awaken from a slumber of rather more than twenty years; and were he then invited by the Editors of the "To-day and To-morrow" series to write on this theme of "Is there a Future for Poetry?" he might produce such a book as "Thamyris." We are sorry to put it thus: for *au fond* we have some sympathy with Mr. Trevelyan's tastes, and believe that he is (*not* in his amusing celestial apologue!) on the side of the angels. But he scarcely touches the fringe of his important theme: to all appearance he might know nothing of contemporary poetry or its problems, and he shirks almost entirely the question of its future. He makes just two critical remarks of interest, and just two distressingly uncritical ones: for the rest, he ambles along with pleasant irrelevance. He stresses at disproportionate length the theory that poetry is made to be sung or "intoned": but his whole technical attitude is half-apprehended and unconvincing.

CONTACT COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. (Three Mountains Press, Paris.) $5.00 net.

This interesting enterprise is more of the nature of a magazine of advanced literature than of an anthology representing anything in particular. Most of the contributors are rather handicapped by publication in fragments. Miss Sinclair's slightly eerie tale, "The Intercessor" is the longest, most satisfying and (in every sense) most complete contribution. Miss Dorothy Richardson gives us a humorous and subtly written phase of Miriam. H. D. appears in prose—a rather involved and tortuous prose—with a delicately and beautifully conceived passage from an imaginary biography of the poet Hedylus at Samos. Mr. McAlmon is a vigorous writer of the American realistic type. The rest—excepting Miss Sitwell and Bryher, who are vivaciously entertaining in very different ways—are either frivolous or sketchily represented. We wonder if Mr. Ezra Pound's patient admirers ever have any suspicion that their legs are being pulled.

NOTABLE NOVELS

THE POLYGLOTS. By W. Gerhardi. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 7s. 6d. net.

An extraordinarily cosmopolitan range of experiences, rendered with vivid power of satirical description, embodies Mr. Gerhardi's sensitive recoil from some phases of post-war civilization—which may or may not be typical or significant. He has a real feeling for beauty; but is oddly afraid of being suspected of it.

SEGELFOSS TOWN. (Segelfoss By.) By Knut Hamsun. Two vols. (Gyldendal.) 12s. net.

The eminent Norwegian novelist brings his sombre realism, his minute, ruthless yet strangely inclusive perception of humanity to bear upon the rise of democracy and the encroachments of commercial materialism upon the rather primitive life of a small Northern seaport. It is in a way a complement to *Growth of the Soil*; but it has not the width and depth of scope, nor even quite the quality, of that masterpiece. The characterization is as good; but Hamsun is less in contact with—well, the Soil. This translation is good, but the haphazard amassment of myriad strangely-named persons is a most confusing technical habit.

Barren Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. (Murray.) 7s. 6d. net.

A sombre, too unrelieved, yet real and urgent story of the struggle of human weakness against the bleak land of Virginia. The painful life of the heroine, who passes from disillusion to [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] uncomfortable, yet undeniable sympathy; and one slowly realises, with a strange mingling of awe and revulsion, the power of the "ground" itself—the only permanency amid the terror of mutable things.

The Low Road. By Isabella Holt. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Holt's novel starts rather well but deteriorates appreciably. She has thoughtfulness and some dramatic skill; but a kind of over-facility, especially in wit that is often second-rate to the verge of "cheapness," lessens the interest which she does at first arouse in the three daughters of a genteel American family that has fallen upon misfortune. The belauded heroine, pseudo-brilliant, frank and unconventional, becomes tedious; and the one or two minor characters such as Miss Harriet who evoke interest and sympathy suffer from their author's facetiousness.

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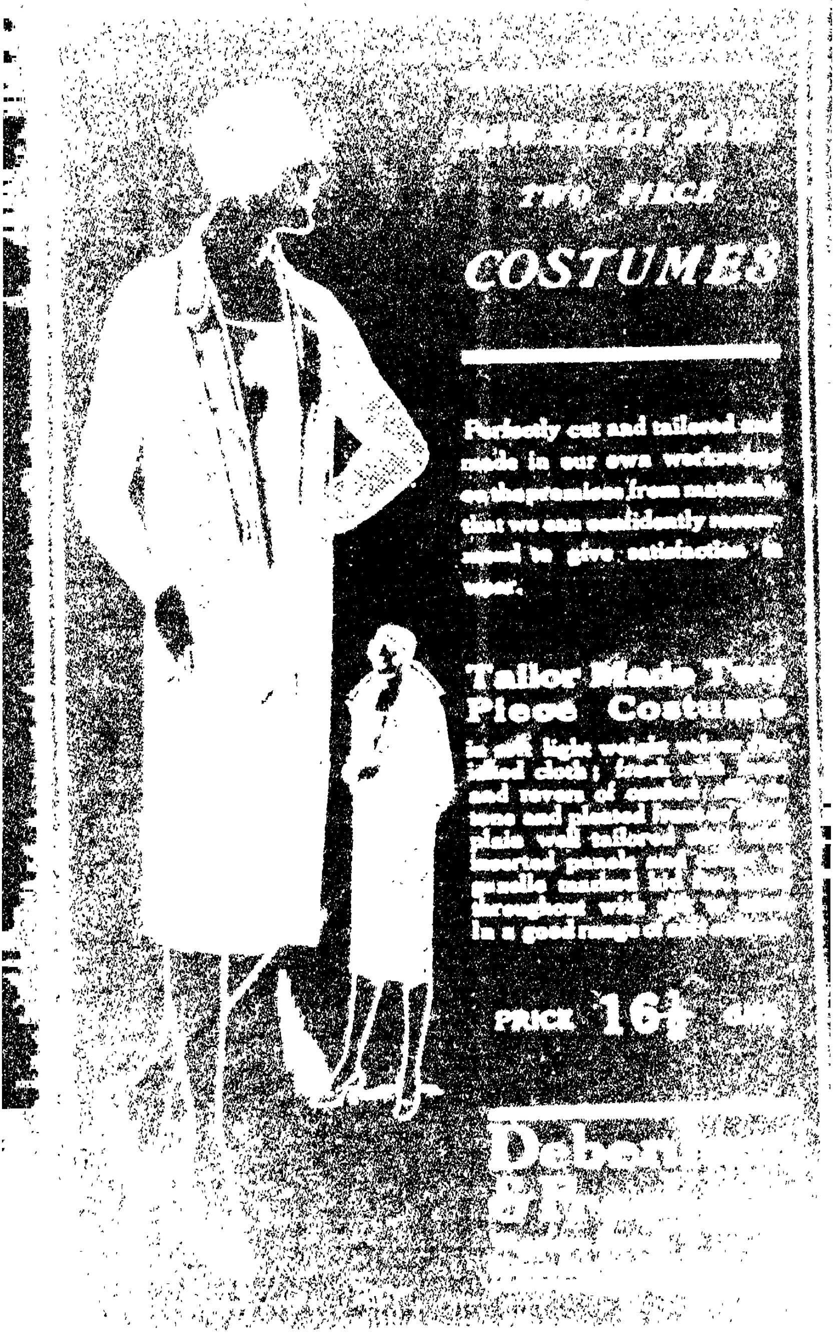

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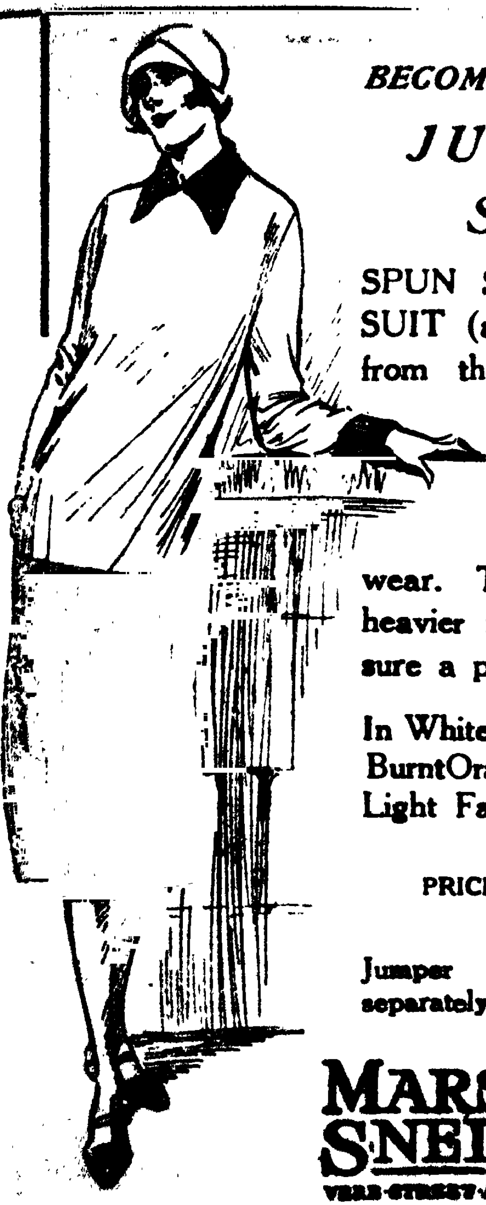
OCTOBER, 1925 MONTHLY VOL. III. NO. 5

The Adelphi

1/3 1/3

EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY


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made in our own
that we can confidently
to give satisfaction
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CONTENTS

(*Continued on page* iii.)

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The Adelphi

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FROM MAN TO GOD

By John Middleton Murry

LET me press on. I must say my small say quickly, or it will never be done.

I have said that the life of Jesus enables us to believe in man. Since he veritably was, we can believe in, and we can work for, the creation of a new man. It is the only thing in which we can believe.

"That is impossible. What of the War?"

The war proved one thing, and one alone; but proved it finally. The old man, the present man, is doomed to disaster. Somehow man must be changed. We have a breathing space; for ten, for twenty years this blasphemy of humanity which is modern war may be spared us. We have a breathing space. We can use it.

Somehow man must be changed. To change man: that is the problem.

"It cannot be done. Man is not; he is millions of men and women."

No, we cannot change millions of men: perhaps we shall need millions of years for that. But to change millions is not required. One man, who was changed nineteen hundred years ago, wrought wonders. Is it not a wonder even to think that if one man in a thousand of those who professed to follow him had taken but one

step on his road, the war could not have been? Think therefore not of changing millions, but of changing ones, and those ones—ourselves.

"Oh, but it was not we who were responsible for the war."

By God, was it not? Who, in very deed, but we? We, the clever ones, we, the thinking ones. Not the politicians, not the priests. We knew them for what they were. Can *we* blame the Church, when we had left her? Can *we* blame the politicians, when we despised them? Were we prepared to do what we knew they would not do—to cry aloud that this thing was a blasphemy, and *take the consequences*? I pity the man among us, the clever ones, the thinking ones, who has not known, in his hour, that he, and *he alone*, bore the guilt of the war. It is we, who have had that knowledge, or a glimmering of it, who must be changed. We who have wrung our hands over the mud and blood of the muckheap of the world, and have had a sudden sight that it is we, and we alone, who were the muckheap—we who knew and felt, and did not act. There is no one for us to blame, but ourselves. *Nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa.*

Think therefore of changing ones, and those ones, ourselves.

I have thought of it now, it seems, for years: I have thought of little else. How can one man be changed?

I can see but one way to do it: to take the life of Jesus as the reality it was.

First of all, then, to *believe* that his life was a reality. Well, we cannot do that unless we have a sense of its reality. Without that we shall not even be interested. I take the sense of its reality for granted. From that sense we must work, loyally, according to the conditions of a grown mind. We must ruthlessly reject from his story all that makes him incredible to a grown mind. There must be no compromise. Some

will say we are thereby rejecting all that makes him "divine." Let it be: we do not care. The "divine" that is incredible to a modern mind is for that mind an inoperative divine. All that we cannot honestly accept as true of a living man must go. Something happened, something of infinite import to humanity, it happened in one way, and one alone. The Jesus we can believe in must be a historical Jesus. It is no use saying, as one sincere correspondent has written to me, that a Jesus without a resurrection is inoperative for men. For heaven's sake let us not be pragmatical! If we are to judge by results, where are we? Has a Jesus with a resurrection been so greatly operative among men? Let us think again of the war: and begin by believing only what we can *believe*.

A historical Jesus, then. But what do we mean by that? Only a little of his earthly course can be recovered from the darkness. Let us recover all we can, working like men of science. It is our duty: we desire to recapture a *fact*. But the fact of Jesus cannot be recreated on a chart. Where he went is little known; what he did, but little more; what he was—let us wait for this.

But of what he did, one thing is certain: he died, and deliberately died, for his belief. We are ruthless with the story, rejecting miracle, pious legend, everything in which we cannot believe. One fact remains. Do what we will to the story as we have it, there is a moment when his face is set to go to Jerusalem—to proclaim the new truth, and to die proclaiming it. He went—no one understood why he was going; he died—no one understood why he died. The historical criticism which would destroy that part of the story is negligible. He deliberately died for his belief, and died for mankind. I have tried to shake that certainty: I have played the devil's advocate against my own exceeding desire, knowing that I cannot afford to build

upon a lie, however dear. I am getting on in years. I was once young: the war put an end to that. Whatever I find to live by, there must be no lie in it. The death, the decision and the purpose of the death of Jesus stand firm. It *was* so.

Also gut. Here was a *man*. He found it in himself to do what no man, as far as we know, had ever done before; what no man could ever do again. He died lonely, utterly forsaken, by his followers, by his God. That could never be again. The Christian martyrs died: they had him with them. The non-Christian martyr has died: he, no less, if he died lonely for humanity, has had Jesus with him. They were not *alone*. Jesus was.

Also gut. Here was *the man*. This is no lie. That despairing cry of his was never invented. I know not the mind among all the early Christians from Paul or "John" to Augustine who could have invented that: who would have *dared* to invent it—not that extreme of human suffering. If I am told the words come from a Psalm, I shake my head. The words of extreme agony are ever the same. "And thou, Brutus!" was not spoken once alone in the world's history. Nor was *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*. But once alone by a man who deliberately died for humanity. Against all my devil doubts, that cry vindicates the reality of Jesus' death. It *was* so.

Here was *the* man. We must look again. Much, infinitely much, depends on this. What was he? Did he die for a dream? If he did die for a dream—may be we also are dreamers, too, and have to die for ours—to make our dreams come true. If he did not die for a dream, what then . . . what then?

Here was *the* man. What was he?

A man who loved all things and all men, who believed that God was the Father of all men, who knew himself the Son of God, who called himself the

Son of Man, who deliberately risked, and endured, a death in agony, in order to proclaim to men that the God of his belief verily existed, and who was forsaken by his God at the last. Those are the *facts*, strange facts, simple facts. What can we make of them? Somehow they hang together: mysteriously they fit.

Let us begin therefore at the beginning—his love. Perhaps we shall find the way into the heart of it.

Love—it is a hard thing. Hard to achieve, hard to understand. But his love loved *everything*. And loved everything *naturally*. That seems to me, as an adult man, the prime reality of the historical Jesus. To make anything of it we need to know a little about love—to have loved, something or somebody. It is no use *trying* to love people or things. You either love them, or you don't. Sometimes a condition of not-loving passes into a condition of loving—miracle of miracles! —but your effort had not much to do with it. It happened. Suddenly you saw that such a person or such a thing was *to-be-loved*. That he in himself, it in itself, compelled love from you. That is the cardinal fact of love.

That Jesus loved everything means, above all else, that to him everything was to-be-loved. He loved, not by a tense effort of will, nor in a sentimental swoon, but as a man who saw the divine—yes, the divine—particularity of men and things. "Behold the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There is the secret of the love which is in all great art, without which all art is lifeless and worthless, so spoken that a child may understand. As with things so with men and women. The man who called James and John the "Sons of Thunder" was laughing at them, for the naïve children they were. But laughing with love; seeing them as precious and absurd, as they were indeed, clamouring that he should call down fire and

brimstone on a village that would not receive them, clamouring that one should sit on his right hand and the other on his left in the kingdom. James and John, " Sons of Thunder " : let us muse upon that name. It may convey more to us of the reality of Jesus' love than many volumes. A love that could laugh ; a love that must laugh.

Such a love, of all things and all men—a finding of all things and all men in themselves lovable and lovely. A sense that men could not help being what they were. Could not help it, do I say ? Rather, that it was divinely appointed that they should be what they were. Divinely appointed, but only up to the moment when he appeared, seeing them thus divinely appointed—*not an instant longer.*

For when he first wholly saw that lovable creation, he knew in that same moment that it had been created with love. There was the lovable creation ; there must be the loving creator. No doubt at all : no possible doubt. He saw the creation : he loved the creator. No illusion here : not the vestige of an illusion. Any man who, for a moment of time, can see the whole creation as Jesus saw it, knows that it is the handiwork of love. Knows it for that moment. All supreme artists have known it for that moment. But they cannot remain there : they cannot *believe in* their vision. Jesus could and did.

Into the presence of that divine and loving Creator he went when he came up out of the waters of Jordan. The Son had found the Father—a God in whom his love could find rest.

No illusion here : I say it again. This was inevitable ; this was true. God the Father had been created, because God the Father had been seen ; because God the Father had been seen, God the Father had been known. Jesus had not merely loved ; he had recognised the lovable. Knowing God's creation, he passed

into the presence of its Creator. The Father had found the Son, to know him.

At that moment the divine necessity that men should be what they were was at an end; from that moment it was completely changed. Now men had to be something different : they had to become new men and follow the new man into the knowledge and presence of the new God. They had to see that all things and all men were to-be-loved : the moment they saw that, they would be changed. They would have to change : they could not help it. If they saw, they could not mar the beauty which they saw; they must cease to be discordant, once they had heard the harmony. Once they could see the lovable creation, they must know the loving creator. Then they would know that God was their father and they his sons.

No illusion here : not the vestige of an illusion. Love makes no mistakes, whatever the wise of the world may say. What can be seen as lovable *is* lovable—now and for ever—even though only one man has seen it. A loved creation compels a loving creator.

Is that an illusion? Never. We who cannot love much, but have loved a little, know that in that which we loved the handwork was divine. Though all the rest were the devil's business, so much was divine. Divine that woman whom we loved; that little child divine—that bird, that glint of sky.

Love alone can know love. Love tells us that this man loved all. The whole universe was lovely for him : he loved it and laughed. And it *was* lovely while he was there to see it.

But Pain? The Pain of the world? Was that also lovely?

Wait with that question. It cannot be answered now. Remember only this : that the man who saw a divine and manifest necessity that all things and men should be what they were, saw also a divine and mani-

fest necessity that, *from the instant of his seeing*, thing and men should be no longer what they were. Th moment a man saw the harmony, he must be subdue to it; the moment a man knew the Father, he becam a Son.

The Son had found the Father; he could not fai to find him. He had created Him; he was bound t create Him. A God for the new man that he was: a loving God who should have, who could have, not subjects but only sons. He the new man, the man of th new love, had created the new God.

Sublimest of all creations; never-ceasing wonder t the seeing eye; miracle of miracles. You who canno believe in this man, except as one who changed wate into wine, or made one loaf into a hundred, can yo not turn for a moment and discern how little is thi faith of yours? This man whom you would make a street-corner conjurer wrought a miracle whereat th stars shot from their spheres. This man created Go the Father; out of his new human nature he was compelled to create him. Here was he, and he could n other. And because he was, verily and indeed, wha he was, the God the Father he created does exist an has existed ever since that moment when Jesus cam up out of the waters of Jordan and knew him—but a the God of a new man, known only by a new man When any man can see the world—the birds, th beasts, the fishes, and mankind—as Jesus saw it, the he too is a new man, and he too is bound to create fo himself a new God. He adds existence to the God o Jesus; and that God will wholly be on the great da towards which the whole creation groans and travails —the day when all men love all things as Jesus love them. Then every man will know what it is to be th son of God, and be it, and in that company of sons w God the Father have his consummation and his being

There is the miracle; and there is none besides

Let a man take this into his soul, and the miracle will begin once more to be in him. Nothing is asked of him, save that he should be a man. Let him deny nothing, surrender nothing of what is truly his; reject no knowledge, accept no faith; only be loyal to the greatest man who ever lived, who spoke the truest words and lived the truest life. Strive to understand him. It is your duty. You believe in knowledge; you believe in history; you believe in *fact*. What of this *fact*? Be loyal; be honest. Look at the fact, and look at nothing more. Throw everything away that an honest man of the twentieth century cannot believe; reject it utterly. The fact remains. Stick to the fact. What of the *fact*?

Was ever love on earth like this man's? Was ever life or death on earth like his? Ever pain? Ever loneliness? Be loyal: be honest. There is but one answer. Never!

What then?

What think you of love? Is it not the highest we know, or dream? Something we touch for a moment and it departs? Something we could give our souls, our lives, to possess?

To love all things, all men. Have not all our greatest striven for this alone? Shakespeare—for what else did he go through his hell and win his victory? What else do his works reveal? What else is revealed by the work of any man whose utterance lives in the human soul, and is not as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? What else than love manifest, in the magical creation of love's seeing, distinguishes the true from the false among the words of men? Keats's wasted hand put down his pen with the words: "I have loved the principle of *beauty in all things*." What else can a man love? What else is love?

What all our greatest have seen in part and known in part, this man Jesus knew wholly. He lived and

died for love of the whole world. For that love, for the God whom that love created, he endured agony of agonies. There is your *fact*.

Will you now talk of the pale Galilean? Will you condescend to him? Will you say of this man that his God was a dream? Because his God forsook him at the last?

Look closer yet. As surely as that man lived, his God lived; as surely as he died, his God died also. But his God had been. While Jesus lived, he *was*. Whenever Jesus lived again, where alone he can live, in the hearts and souls of men, whenever the love he loved of all things and all men broke into tiny birth again, his God was alive once more. His God is as real as his vision: no more, no less—the most real thing that has ever descended into the soul of man. When he was forsaken at the last by his God, he had paid the last sacrifice of love. It was necessary that the great fact of his life should be completed by that crowning *fact*. By his cry that God had forsaken him, he made God exist. On the fact of that cry, the fact of his whole life rests secure. This was a *man*.

Gone are the centuries of faith. Let us be glad. We need no faith any more. We need only to know. This was a man, wholly and forever a man. Rejoice, again I say rejoice! What could faith give to the faithful that was like this knowledge for them that know? This is how man can love, this is how man can live, this is how man can die, this is what man can believe!

Lift up your heads O ye gates: be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors! for the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The man Jesus, and his brothers in ages yet to be, who will love the wonder of this world in time as he loved it, love the lily of the field and the sparrow and the ass and the harlot and the publican and the sinner. Men who will see, like him, all things new—each single

thing, each single man, bright with the bloom of birth.

These are the new men; these are the sons of God, and Jesus was the first-born. Because he was the first-born son he had no Father; his father forsook him in his need. That to all perfect things that were, one wonder at the last might be added—a perfect life of man. The agony that drove God the Father from the Universe, established Him there for ever. Out of the depths of defeat, victory was wrung; out of a discord that jarred the foundations of the world, harmony; out of death, life.

This man who lived and died for love, who lived and died to reveal to men the God of love's creation, wrought at the last one thing beyond his knowing—the beauty of absolute pain. What love could not love, Jesus by his death revealed as to be loved before all things else. Love could love its pain, love could love its death; but not its brother's pain, not its brother's death. But on the day when Jesus died with a loud cry on the Cross, the last great barrier of love was flung down. For the first time love could love his brother's pain, and love the absolute of his pain. The pain of Jesus was Pain: no pain was like that one, nor ever can be—utter, unmitigated Evil. But no man who will face that pain will ever shrink before the mystery of Pain. On that day, Pain was conquered.

Then, for the first time love could love his brother's pain: and then for the last. Once only is it required of him; once only is it necessary. For the one blinding and ineffable moment when he may see that all things and men, all life, in the height and the depth, are to-be-loved. Pain absolute was only once here in this world of men: in that pain is all pain: then it too was lovely, lovely beyond all dream.

Such was the victory of love: it made its own destruction the loveliest thing that love can ever know. Nothing so beautiful as the life and death of Jesus has ever

been, or ever will be, revealed to man. Utter love, utter loneliness, utter pain, utter annihilation. Look on it well, look till your eyes cannot see for tears.

"I cannot look!"

Look, look! Have you no love? This was a Man. Do not turn your eyes away. Hold on, I conjure you, though your heart be ashes and your mind a frozen thing. It is nothing to what he suffered for you. Suffer this for him. Not for him—for your own soul's sake. What do you see?

"I see Beauty, Beauty Absolute; I see Perfection of all Perfections—the love of a loving God."

Towards the Coast

We leave the intricate earth. White butterflies
Blundering low over the wind-tossed vetch,—
The road,—the dust,—the windmill,—all are touched
With a simplicity of coming strangeness.
For there, across the dunes (take in your breath)
Under the dove-gray sky,—as wide as death—
The Sea.
Fall, fall away, all soot and dust; despair,
Turmoil abroil, uncertainties that rend,
All grinding pain and sound be ever still,
Here is the end:—
Unmeasured sands to walk, as spirits may—
With washed, unweighing feet for ever free,—
The hush of waves almost unreachable
By mortal sense, as is Eternity.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

"A MATTER OF FAITH"

By Horace Newte

Miriam Lazell joined the drab throng which dumbly waited in a drizzle outside the chief entrance to Chelmsford gaol.

A woman of slow comprehensions, her heart was both heavy and light: it was heavy because she mourned the child she had lost: it was light because she was to meet her man who had served a term of imprisonment for following the letter of his belief in failing to call in a doctor for the son who had been sick unto death.

And over and above these emotions, Miriam was not unalive to a sense of importance among her brother and sister "Peculiars" in being the wife of the man who had suffered for the faith that was his.

"How you be!" said one or two acquaintances; and upon her replying to these salutations with the inevitable formula of "Nicely, thank you" heads sympathetically turned in her direction, and the Chapel Elder honoured her by offering the shelter of his shabby umbrella.

Miriam and the others waited [illegible] the heedless rain, but her Daniel did not come; and those who had lost good money by neglecting their work, impatiently stamped their feet, and strained their ears for the next announcement of the impersonal Town Clock.

"Should be out by now," muttered the Elder who was wondering if his wife had forgotten to milk the goats in the hoppet.

"Sam Willingate were out at eight to the tick," returned Miriam, who devoutly hoped she had not plodded four miles of miry Essex lanes for nothing.

"We'd best bide a bit. Cruel and hard as the la oppresses we, it do do things 'parliament way,'" d clared the Elder, and added as an afterthought—"A He never forgets His true believers."

Miriam, who had not been born in the faith; and wa the daughter of a mother with a "head-piece," wh spent more than she could afford on patent medicine was not so sure; but did not venture to say so, for fea of giving offence to Daniel's fellow worshippers: sh had known from the very beginnings of her baby's il ness that the doctor should have been sent for; but ha foolishly put her trust in her husband's and the Elder assurance that anointing with oil, and prayers, an whole-hearted faith in the "Lard" were all that wer necessary for her little one's recovery.

His death and the remarks of the Coroner to th effect that the life could have been saved by adequat treatment had hardened her heart against her husband but his arrest and trial, and more than either of thes the six months' separation, brought about by the servin of his sentence, had inclined her to him once more: an now that she waited and waited, and he did not com her resentment was well nigh forgotten; and she ache for the sight of his face.

Doubtless the Elder was alive to a failing of spiri not only on her part, but also on that of the others; fo after the Town Clock had struck the quarter, and or or two had remarked it "weren't much use waiting an longer," he said:

"I'll ask help of the 'Lard,' and see what He in H infinite mercy will do for we."

Thereupon he raised his puffy face and unctuous voi in perfervid prayer, and as though his appeal had n fallen on deaf ears, he had scarcely finished, before th ponderous doors were opened, and Daniel Lazell can forth.

And because the "Peculiars" believed his comin

was the result of intercession, they lifted their voices in a hymn of thanksgiving for the latest mercy vouchsafed them.

Miriam sang in a quavering voice with an eye on her husband's spare figure; and she noticed that instead of joining in, Daniel glanced from one to another in that rain-sodden assembly in the hope of discovering his wife.

Apart from his love of his Maker, she was always first in his heart.

Miriam stayed where she was, and did not advance to greet him; for much to her surprise, she knew a sudden coldness for her husband; and if she had been blessed (or cursed) with a habit of self-analysis, she would have known this aloofness was solely owing to a natural reaction from the suspense that had weighed her down.

She nodded and scarcely smiled when he caught sight of her, and at the conclusion of the hymn, she stood solitary, whilst the others, headed by the Elder, gathered about him, and pressed his hand in taken of their admiration for his having suffered for the faith.

And upon his presently joining her, they walked together for a space in the direction of the town before either of them opened their lips.

She knew well enough he was longing to hear her voice, but she could not forget the emptiness in her heart for which he and his brother "Peculiars" had been responsible.

Daniel was the first to break the significant silence.

"Baint yu glad to see I, Miriam?"

"May be."

"I be mortal glad to see yu."

"Yu be!"

"I be."

A further silence followed, during which Miriam was aware that sooner or later, and probably sooner, she

would be compelled to have it out with her man: the grievous loss she had sustained rankled, and at times it was as though the pent-up emotion within her must incontinently break its confines.

Perhaps he was alive to the resentment that welled within her, for he not infrequently fearfully glanced at her face; and made as though to speak; and changed his mind.

And it shortly came about that Miriam stopped from sheer weariness of the flesh, and leaned against a doorway for support: she had had no breakfast, and had walked and waited in the rain on nothing more substantial than a cup of stewed tea.

Wherefore her husband took pity on her extremity, and headed her into a coffee shop of the humbler sort across the road, where he ordered a substantial meal of tea and eggs and bacon for her and himself.

Fortified with this, she was more herself; yet because of Daniel's furtive attentions, and the dumb pleading look in his eyes, she almost found it in her heart to hate him for having been at the back of the tragic turn of events.

"Yu kep' going while I was away!" he presently hazarded.

"Yes, I kep' 'going,'" she returned sullenly.

"Yu worked at great housen?"

"I worked there, and your master didn't forget I."

She referred to Daniel's employer, who knew him for a sober and reliable tree feller; and apart from his pig-headed opinions, conscientious and hard working.

"Ah! If the master would see the Light," commented Daniel.

"The Light!"

"The Light as is found in the Gospel, and told by those who hold to our hands."

"You mean *your* Light, Dan!"

"Baint it yours, Miriam?" he asked; and on her

failing to reply, he was blind to the clouds that darkened her brow, and fatuously repeated his question, and the storm that had gathered broke.

Miriam was ordinarily a woman of few words, but, perhaps for the first time in her life, a torrent of bitter reproaches flowed from her lips : the flood gates of her anger were unloosened; and heedless of who might hearken, her astounded Danied heard things of his beliefs he had never heard before.

He and his like had as good as murdered their child : if he didn't think so, her mother did ; and for swallowing all the rubbish he heard in Chapel, he wasn't a man with any sort of " head-piece," but was no better than the village " shanny."

She stopped as suddenly as she had started, and after he had recovered his mental wind (it took a lot of doing) he said to the irresponsive Miriam—

" See here, Miriam ! You believe in the Book ! Baint it all there in black and white, for all as can read, how the Holy Apostles cured the sick ? "

He continued ardently, if haltingly, to expound his simple faith, which was the literal interpretation of healing as set down in the New Testament : and because she made no sign, and spoke no word, his heart quailed within him, for he feared that he had lost his Miriam's love for him : and being a simple homespun man, this loss was no light thing.

But astounded as he had been by her outbreak, he was yet more astounded by what happened next : for without any hint of what was coming, her head sunk on his shoulder, and she blurted between her sobs—

" I do love ee, Dan : I do love ee, dear. An' I've said bitter words I can't unsay, and I wish it were me that had died instead of he."

Dan did his best to comfort her with tender words, the while he wondered at the incomprehensible waywardness of women ; and at the dawning knowledge that

now and henceforth he and Miriam would be all the more to each other.

And for this he was duly thankful; and regarded it as a sign that God approved of his ways, and had thus signally rewarded him.

" Baint yu well? " asked Miriam, who did her best to conceal her concern at her husband's altered appearance.

" I been better," he returned evasively.

" Why yu leave your work? "

" The Master told I to go home, an' not to come back till I were right, an' wished me better."

" What be going to do? "

" Go to bed and send for Elder."

" Him! " she cried with a note of contempt in her voice.

" Why not! "

" Yu got the 'fleunza: lot o' good the Elder'll do 'ee."

" I shall send for Elder," declared Daniel with the obstinacy that as good as told Miriam that it would be sheer waste of words to endeavour to divert him from his purpose.

Daniel duly went to bed in the room in the roof, and was ministered to by his wife within the compass of her rule of thumb knowledge: and because he got worse instead of better, and asked that the Elder might be sent for, Miriam complied with his wish and took counsel with herself.

Miriam was not going to lose her man as she had lost her little one, if she could possibly prevent it; and by the time the Elder had arrived, her mind was quite

" The "

" The garded the buffoonery that went on in the bed-

those wh scornful eyes: buffoonery that consisted of

" You anointing Daniel with oil; laying hands upon

" Baint

the patient; praying by the bedside; clumsily capering about the room, the while he clapped his hands; and then saying to the sick man—"Be yu better? Be yu better?"

And after the Elder had consumed the best part of a homemade cake, and swallowed three glasses of elder-berry wine, and taken his leave, Miriam put on her hat and cloak and went up the creaking stairs to the room in the roof.

"Yu going out," said Daniel as he turned his fever brightened eyes on his wife.

"Jest down the street. Yu'll be all right while I'm gone."

"Yu won't leave I long?"

"Not longer than I can help, Dan. Yu may be sartain sure o' that."

Daniel laid his hand on her arm, and Miriam bent to kiss her husband's brow.

"Give I a promise," said the sick man.

"What is it, Dan?"

"Don't give I any doctor's stuff. If yu do, I'll surely die. Faith and the Elder's works will make me whole, and narthen else'll do ut."

Miriam nodded, and in order to avoid her Daniel's appealing glance, she kissed him again, and this time on the lips, before she quitted the room.

And on leaving the cottage in the village of Willingale Doe, she was thankful the night was dark, and the moon was late, for it would never do if her errand were discovered by prying "Peculiars," and inevitably reported to her husband.

Miriam did not go by the shortest way to her destination, but fetched something of a compass: the doctor lived on the outskirts of the village, and she wanted to approach his house from a direction other than the lane leading from her cottage.

She did not look forward to seeing him, for the doctor

had been instrumental in having her husband convicted, and was a man who did not mince his words.

Miriam counted herself lucky in finding the waiting-room untenanted; and on entering the surgery, and encountering Dr. Horn's penetrating eyes, her heart went into her shabby boots, and she wished she had not come, and had trudged to a neighbouring village doctor.

"You!—What do you want?" said the doctor; and on seeing the hesitation of her manner, he went on: "Sit down and tell me all about it."

Miriam did as she was bid, so far as her limited vocabulary and lethargic habit of thought would permit; but the doctor was a man of quick comprehension, and was not ill-pleased at this abject surrender of the wife of a staunch "Peculiar."

"You admit you are all wrong!" said the doctor after she had done.

"Mebbe: mebbe not be. But mother takes pink pills, and they always puts her right."

"Pink pills are another form of faith healing. But that's by the way. What I gather you're after is something you can give Lazell without his knowing it, and will really do him some good."

Upon Miriam nodding assent, he gave her two white powders, and told her to mix one at night in something hot, and to keep her husband in bed until he was better. "We can't afford to lose Lazell," he said. "He's a good fellow for all his wrongheadedness; and you can't afford to make another mistake."

The doctor would take nothing for his services, and let her out of the front door; and, getting home, Miriam heated some milk, added one of the powders, and took it upstairs to her husband.

And if she had feared he might question her, her apprehensions were wasted: he scarcely knew she was there, and more than once rambled in his speech.

But he greedily swallowed the mixture; and when Miriam got into bed, he had fallen sound asleep.

The fever had left him in the morning, but he was yet very weak: and in the time she could spare to be with him, he put down his marked improvement to the ministrations of the Elder.

There was the same mummery in the evening when the Elder made his call; and after he had finished the rest of the cake, and gone, Miriam gave her Daniel the second powder in a glass of hot milk.

Again the unsuspecting Daniel slept soundly; was more himself in the morning, and was already talking of returning to work.

And upon the Elder calling in the evening, and perceiving the change for the better, he capered clumsily about the room, clapped his hands, and repeatedly cried:

"Then praise the Lard! Then praise the Lard."

He seemed not a little surprised that Miriam did not share his devotional enthusiasm.

"What did I tell yu!" said Daniel when the Elder had left to spread the good news to an evening gathering of his flock. "Didn't I say that faith would make I whole?"

"Indeed yu did, Dan. Don't worrit 'bout it now. All you have to do is to get well and strong again."

"If yu'd sent for the doctor, I should have been mortal bad, if not dead, Miriam."

And because she did not reply, he went on:

"Yu stick by the faith an' the faith'll stick by yu. What be matter, Miriam? Yu look mortal bad!"

"'Fraid I be, Dan."

"Yu baint going to be bad!"

"I'm sure I hope not.—I'm—I'm certain it be narthen."

She had scarcely spoken before she was convulsively

shivering and her head was stabbed as though with a sharp knife.

Miriam was taken so ill there was nothing for it but to send for her mother who lived in a village some ten miles away : she was a redoubtable old dame, and she duly arrived with her no-nonsense manner and three boxes of her beloved pink pills.

And she had not been ten minutes in the place before the Elder came and was brought up to the bedroom by Daniel.

Mrs. Amwright had old-fashioned notions and did not hesitate to let Daniel know what she thought of him for bringing a stranger to his wife's bedside ; and upon the Elder flopping on his knees and praying in a loud voice, she caught him by the collar and bundled him down the stairs.

" None of that nonsense for me," cried Mrs. Amwright. " My gal's my gal, and if pink pills don't put her right, I'm off to the doctor to see what he can do."

Single-hearted Daniel protested, and protested in vain : there was no gainsaying the old lady's forcefulness ; and as she pertinently said, she had reared eleven children, and not lost one ; and that she'd stake her opinion against all the " Peculiars " in Essex.

Miriam did not benefit from the many pink pills she was compelled to swallow, whereupon Mrs. Amwright trotted off for the doctor while Daniel was at work ; and after the former had come and looked over the patient, he said he would send some medicine it was imperative Miriam should have.

This arrived after Daniel's return from work : he was having his tea in the kitchen, and took in the stuff, and presently brought it upstairs to the room in the roof where Mrs. Amwright was attending to her daughter.

Miriam was feeling so " mortal bad " she had not got it in her to worry what Daniel might think of this

challenge to his lifelong convictions: she was a work-loving woman and hated lying abed, and therefore the sight of the medicine that was to make her whole heartened her even more than her mother's comforting presence.

She gratefully swallowed the white powder mixed in hot milk, and went to sleep in the firm conviction she would be up and about in a day or two.

Miriam did not recover so soon as she had expected. She was weaker than she had thought; and were it not for the tonic the doctor had sent, she was quite sure she would have been some time on her back.

And on getting better, and collecting her scattered wits, she rather feared her husband would take it ill that the Elder had been given short shrift; that Dr. Horn had been consulted; and that she had taken the stuff he had prescribed.

Greatly to her surprise, Dan was mum on all this, and what amazed her even more, he was kinder and more devoted than ever he had been.

His attentions went to her heart; and because she loved him much in her dumb, elemental fashion, she was troubled by the fact of her deception over the medicine she had given him in the milk.

The pricklings of conscience kept her awake at night, and worried her by day, until a time came when she could no longer suffer in silence.

Something she had heard in Chapel about the confession of sin had been as a light in her path; and on the Monday evening, she sat silent at the supper-table, while Daniel stolidly munched his bread and cheese.

"Baint yu hungry?" he asked presently.

"Not very, Dan, dear," she replied.

"You're eating narthen."

"Don't feel like it, Dan."

He put down his knife, and regarded her with so

much concern, that she was perforce compelled to admit her double dealing.

"Dan, dear!" she began.

"What be ut, Miriam?"

"I did wrong to yu."

"Yu did wrong to I?" he asked, and as though striving to take in the meaning of her words.

"Yes, Dan. When yu was ill in bed."

"When I was ill in bed!"

"Yes, Dan. I feared for yu, and went to the doctor, and got stuff, and twice I put it in the milk."

And as he did not reply, she went on:

"I was afeared, an' didn't want to lose 'ee same as —same as——"

A flood of tears completed her sentence.

He comforted her with clumsy attentions, and when she was more herself, he said:

"See here, Miriam: I be no better than yu."

"What say, Dan!"

"I be no better than you. When doctor's stuff came, I obeyed the voice of the Lard, an' put flour in place o' the powder, an' some stuff I coloured for the medicine I poured away."

"Yu did, Dan!" she exclaimed in no small surprise.

"I did, Miriam. But I spent whole nights in prayer. 'Twas that that made 'ee whole."

Miriam, as has been said, was a woman of slow comprehensions, and was a long time taking things in. Therefore it came about that many a day dawned before it was borne in upon her that whereas her husband, who held to healing by prayer, had been cured by medicine; so she, who believed in doctor's remedies, owed the fact of her recovery to nothing other than faith.

CHAPLIN AND THE HICKS

By Henry King

Mr. Robert Nichols has lately contributed to *The Times* a series of interesting articles on the men and conditions controlling the cinema industry in America. Mr. Nichols has been making a long sojourn in Hollywood, California, where because of climatic advantages the production of American films is centralized; and he himself has been engaged there, I believe, as a writer of film-scenarios. He therefore speaks with more authority than most writers on the cinema.

Nevertheless he has come, in the main, to what may be called a foregone conclusion. The great American film-producers strive to give the public what it wants, and that is the reason why the standard of American films (which, as we all know, form the great bulk of the films exhibited in England) is so deplorably low. But Mr. Nichols adds a spice of novelty to the general conclusion by his revelation that the public which the American producers aim to satisfy is an American public: it consists of the millions of American citizens who are picturesquely called Hicks, the mighty stream of standardized humanity that flows through Main Street, the stream against which such a one as Mr. Sherwood Anderson puts up a pathetic and heroic struggle. "Speed, hurried workmanship, cheap automobiles for cheap men, cheap chairs in cheap houses, city apartment houses with shining bathroom floors, the Ford, the Twentieth Century Ltd., the world war, Jazz, the movies." *The movies*: it is the art of the Hicks. The Hicks pay the piper, and the Hicks call the tune.

Whereat the English Press is greatly moved to scorn. It has somebody else to blame for the desperate condition of the cinema. Those Hicks! Those gum-chewing, Cluett-Peabody-collar-wearing, pie-eating Hicks!

As though we had no Hicks at home, in this free and enlightened country. Dear old Hicks! Why it is even possible that our own home-grown Hicks may be a little more Hickory than the originals, inasmuch as they stubbornly prefer the American film to the home-product. And if we do not call them Hicks, a rose by any other name may smell as sweet.

Not the Hicks, therefore, are responsible for the condition of the cinema, but something altogether less distinctively American—Democracy. Does anyone seriously imagine that if the great American producers were to aim at giving the English public what it wanted, the films would be better than those which satisfy and delight the dwellers in Main Street? Have the indigenous British films ever shown themselves to be better by a single caption than the imported Americans? They are on the same level as far as subject and treatment are concerned, and infinitely inferior technically.

The cinema is, through and through, a *democratic* art: the only one. It costs so much to produce a modern film—sometimes a million pounds is sunk in a single one—that the largest possible public is the only public which can concern the producer. He must aim at producing a household commodity. It is as though a publisher could *exist* only by publishing best-sellers. But in the case of books the conditions are quite different. It costs very little, relatively, to produce a book. A publisher may sleep happily if one in fifty of his books is a veritable best-seller; he may be prosperous and respected and comfortable even though he never hits upon a best-seller at all. Books that are bought by two, three, and four thousand people are very profit-

able to him in comparison with his outlay. It actually pays him to cater for the discriminating public. Not so the cinema-producer. With him it must be best-sellers all the way.

What is the remedy? Mr. Nichols abandons himself to the old cry: "Educate the public." Since he puts it in the form: "Educate the Hicks!" the English Press echoes it, forgetting that to educate the public would be to compass its own destruction, or perhaps rather with the cynical knowledge that it has nothing to fear, because nothing will ever come of "educating the public." "Educating the public" is, indeed, pure humbug. No amount of public education will bring the public to like better films, or better books. And what, anyhow, is the good of its liking *better* films, or *better* books? There is no such distinction in the world of art: there are good films and bad ones, good books and bad ones. The public cannot be brought by easy stages from liking bad to liking good. That only leads to the worst condition of all: pretending to like that which is neither bad nor good, but simply rotten.

Let us away with the pious humbug of "educating the public" to like anything: and above all with the particular humbug of educating the public *outside* the cinema to like better things *in* the cinema. It can't be done; and if it could, the result would be merely nasty—the singularly putrescent hypocrisy that masquerades as "artistic culture." If the cinema public is to be educated it must be educated *by* the cinema.

So we are locked in a vicious circle. The great film-producers supply what the public wants; therefore the public can never learn to like anything better than they supply. Apparently cogent and conclusive; but only apparently. The vicious circle has been broken, year after year, with unfailing regularity by a single man—Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is the only genius the cinema has produced: it is worth while examining what he

has done. Much depends upon that slight and girlish-looking man.

I need hardly refer readers of THE ADELPHI to the remarkable article he wrote in its pages in January, 1924. It should be, by now, the *locus classicus* of cinema criticism. It is more worth, for profundity and direct insight into the essential problem of the cinema as a democratic art, than all that all the professional critics of the cinema put together have written.

> Quite frankly (he wrote) I do not believe that the public knows what it wants. . . . The public has no specification for films. The demands of the public are negative at best. Entertainment is what "they" really want. . . .
>
> Just about this time, when I had decided that I knew what the public wanted and my success encouraged me to that belief, I received a jolt in the form of a letter from a man I have never seen and whose name I don't even know to-day, though his letter I can write here word for word. He had seen me in *The Fireman* in a large theatre in the Middle West, and wrote:
>
> "I have noticed in your last picture a lack of spontaneity. Although the picture was unfailing as a laugh-getter, the laughter was not so round as at some of your earlier work. I am afraid you are becoming a slave to your public, whereas in most of your pictures the audiences were a slave to you. The public, Charlie, likes to be slaves."
>
> This letter was a great lesson to me, and I took stock so to speak. My work could be no good unless I got the right spirit of joy, joy in itself. And since that letter I have tried to avoid what I think the public wants. *I prefer my own taste as a truer expression of what the public wants of me than anything that I can fathom out of the things that I observe, either in my own work or in that of others who are unmistakably successful.*

"My own taste": there is the root of the matter. Chaplin is an artist, working out his own salvation, and lo! the democratic public responds.

But we must look a little further. After all, Chaplin's own taste is Chaplin's. What is at the bottom of it? What, over and above his prodigious technical

accomplishment as a mime, distinguishes Chaplin's work absolutely from that of the rest of the cinema stars?

Simply this. Chaplin believes in the great democratic public; his faith in democracy is wary and sad-smiling, but ineradicable. He believes in it, because he believes in himself. He is, and he never forgets that he is, a child of democracy; he comes from the multitude, and he knows the multitude. Of what he is capable, as artist, they are capable as audience. So long as he is true to the truth that is in him, so long will they respond to him, for the same truth is in them also. He makes the great act of faith, and he is abundantly justified. That is why he alone of all his fellows can actually hold an audience of Hicks, in Illinois or Hoxton, spell-bound and poised for an hour between laughter and tears, by a technique the like of which for sheer subtlety is unknown in all the world of the cinema.

Chaplin is, first and foremost, a democratic artist. (So, let us not forget, was Shakespeare: an artist who sought for the biggest audience he could get, and *accepted* it.) The rest of the American films come from the Hick-exploiters: they are, essentially, mere dope. The German film, at its best, is an intellectual exercise, or at a lower level an exploration of the art of photography, strictly of the same kind as Reinhardt's *kolossal* theatrical experiments, that never fail to empty the baby with the bath-water.

Chaplin is utterly different: an *artist* of the cinema. There is no other. We have come slowly to recognize that. But it is still more important to recognize that he is an artist *of the cinema*. There is no other. He creates out of a *true* relation with the true audience of the cinema—the democratic audience. He cannot help himself; but he has consciously and gladly accepted his destiny. He knows something which the Hicks know, which is the best they know, better than which

the best do not know. "La pitié, voyez-vous, M. le Professor, c'est le fond même du génie." And pity, of a brother for a brother, is the very essence of Chaplin's creations. It is not the Hick, but the organized contempt for him, that is the curse which rests on the modern cinema. Chaplin alone has had the power, and shown the way, to lift it.

An Editorial Explanation.—The Editor owes his readers an explanation of the condition in which the second part of "As It Was" was placed before them in the last Adelphi. It appeared with a number of omissions which, in fairness to the author, had to be indicated; the indications of these omissions gave to the narrative a flavour of suggestiveness which was completely absent from the original.

For this neither the author, nor the Editor, was in any way responsible. Objection was taken by the printers and publishers to certain passages, not on the ground that they considered them objectionable, but that objection would be taken and they, as printers and publishers, would run the risk of prosecution. Accordingly they refused to print and publish the narrative unless certain deletions were made.

In the circumstances, the Editor had no choice but to comply. He considers that a true and beautiful piece of writing was, by these enforced deletions, not merely mutilated, but rendered suggestive. And he offers his apologies both to the author and the readers. But in making these circumstances public he wishes it to be understood that the printers and publishers are in no way to blame. The state of the law is such that they alone would have had to bear the consequences of any legal action. They acted in perfect fairness in refusing to take the risk.

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

III.

During August I went away with the Scotts to Sandgate, and I got to know the country about there very well, taking the child long walks on to the chalk hills behind, and along the coast to Dymchurch, and other villages in the Marsh. I forget when it was that David went in for a scholarship at Balliol and did not get it, and went in for one at Lincoln and did. I think it was while I was at Sandgate. However, I know that he was very soon to go to Oxford, when at end of six weeks at Sandgate without any holiday, I was given a few quite unexpected days leave. It was too good a chance to be missed, and all in a hurry we decided to go away somewhere together for a tiny honeymoon. For me it was simple, but David had to invent some tale of having to go to Oxford or something. He was very eager to show me his beloved Wiltshire Downs, and so we decided to go to a little place he knew very well among the Downs just outside Swindon, and put up in the cottage of his old gamekeeper friend. All this we arranged in the greatest secrecy and joy. We took the train to Swindon, and from there walked with our few belongings in rucksacks, the seven miles to the Downs. I shall never forget the wild excitement we felt at being all alone and free ; no one knowing where we were, our time all our own. There was a little risk too that added to our enjoyment, for David's grandmother and aunt lived at Swindon, and he had often stayed with them, and was well known by quite a

number of people. But we risked that, walking quickly through the town until we came to the solitary country road leading through a cleft in the Downs.

I do not remember the hamlet to which our cottage belonged, but of the cottage itself and its immediate surroundings, I remember every detail. It stood like a fairy tale cottage right in a wood, and quite off the road, a track from the lane taking you to it. It had a deep thatched roof almost hiding the little windows of the bedrooms with its deep eaves; a porch with a little bench let in each side, and covered with traveller's joy and briar roses that filled the air with their musky scent. It belonged to the wood, and the wood to it, as if it had been in reality the brown fur-covered creature that it looked, whose eyes peered out from under its overhanging brows shyly and kindly. All along under the thick untrimmed hedge of the garden was a row of bee hives, one or two of the painted wooden new kind, but half a dozen or more of the old-fashioned skeps with earthenware pans inverted over them. The garden was full of bees and of flowers for them, red and blue and yellow. I had never seen anything so lovely, so exactly what I would have chosen for my honeymoon. The old man was full of fun, and he and his old wife, who welcomed us as though we were her children, could not make enough jokes at our expense. They had an enormous tea ready for us, of bacon and eggs and honey and lardy cakes and strong tea with cream in it, in the living room of the cottage. This room had a flagged floor, with a big open range in it in which burned even at this time of the year a huge wood fire; the walls were covered with pictures and guns and traps. Bunches of herbs in paper bags hung from the raftered ceiling, for the old man was very proud of his herb medicines and ointments for men and beasts, and on a little table in the window, covered with a fox's skin, stood a huge Bible, and on the Bible a

book in which he had written down all his prescriptions and remedies. He and David talked eagerly over old times of birds' nesting, and fishing in the huge reservoir near by. And there were jokes and nods and winks every now and then which we all laughed at. I was so glad they liked me, for they had known David since he was a little boy, and loved him, and I had felt afraid that I might not be the sort of girl they would like. But we got on splendidly. David sang some of the old songs in his clear deep voice, and then the old man sang some that he knew, "The Farmer's Boy" and "Turmut Hoeing" and "The Seeds of Love," and we all joined in at the chorus. Just before bed-time the old woman brought out a bottle of mead, made from their own honey, I do not know how many years ago. It was like cloudy amber to look at, and had the softest, most subtle taste you can imagine. We drank it like a liqueur. It was very strong, and they were delighted that we liked it, and took it as a compliment that we dared not drink much of it; though they tried to make us, telling us it was a right proper drink for lovers. They told me I must call them Dad and Granny as David had always done, and they called me Mrs. Davy.

Our bedroom was just as right as all the rest of the cottage was—a small room almost filled by the four-poster, with such a thick mattress and feather bed on it, covered with a patchwork quilt, that I had to climb on a chair before I could get into bed. The hangings of the bed were chintz in a pattern of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, all in bright colours. There was a little dressing-table with a white dimity flounce all round it, and a little corner washstand. The tiny window was draped with dimity curtains, and the window was kept open by a large dried sunflower head. The scent of the briar rose over the porch mingled with the smell of lavender of which there were two vases full on the dressing-table. For me it was enchanting; I

had never been in such a cottage before. David was as happy as I, and overjoyed at my delight in it all. It was so lovely, too, to be together like this. So little of our courtship and love-making had been indoors, and it was a delicious experience to be together in this sweet little room, all to ourselves, chatting and laughing together, unpacking our rucksacks, and finding places for our things all so intimate and homely. We washed in rain-water, and even the rough towel smelt sweet. Outside the owls hooted about the cottage, and bats twittered, and starlings stirred in the thatch. No other sound was to be heard, no trams, no people, no traffic, nothing but the sounds that do not spoil silence, but rather deepen it, and a little breeze wandering through the wood, and a leaf flapping against our window.

As we stood together by the window sniffing the sweet air, and looking into the dark wood, David took the pins out of my hair, and when I was going to plait it into two plaits he said : " No, let it be loose." I got into bed first and sank down into the thick feather bed. All night we were to be together, and all day, and all day and all night again. I sighed a deep sigh of content and happiness. " Happy ? " David asked, as he blew out the candle and got in beside me and took me in his arms.

David was awake early and, half-dressed, and went down to the reservoir to bathe. As soon as he was gone, Granny came up with a huge cup of tea, and a tiny doll's loaf just out of the oven on a plate for me. While I sat up and ate and drank she stood talking to me about David, and her sons—three of them, all doing well—and of her young days. Of how Dad was a bit wild when he was young, and how she had had to work hard to keep things going, though many's the time she and the children had sat down to a dish of boiled turnips and bread for their dinner, and not much bread either, for flour was dear. But though he had been a bit wild he

had never been unkind to her and the boys, and as he got older he settled down, and they had been very happy ever since. She told me they loved David as much as their own boys, and showed me letters that they had had from him when he was a little boy, and a handkerchief, bought and chosen by himself, which David had sent her one Christmas many years ago. We were gossiping away when we heard David's step, and he called to me from the garden to come out. So Granny left me to get dressed saying, with a wink, " Drat the men, they never leave a poor woman in peace ! " and we laughed at the joke. But I knew that all my life my only peace would be to be needed by him. And so it was.

For there were to come dark days when his brooding melancholy shut me out in a lonely exile, and my heart waited too eagerly to be let into the light again. When these days came, with no apparent reason for their coming, bringing to him a deep spiritual unrest and discontent, he would be silent for hours, and perhaps stride out of the house, angry and bitter and cruel, and walk and walk far into the night, and come home worn out with deadly fatigue. When these days came my heart trembled for what might happen, and I, suffering his terrible spiritual loneliness, had no thought, or seeing, or hearing, for anything but his agony and my own despair. Then my strong body that he loved so came to my rescue, and in hard house work, scrubbing and washing and digging in the garden I would force myself to be, so that when the cloud left him he would find me to welcome him. I did these things mechanically—cooked the food, took the children out walks, spoke to them, picked flowers with them, but I did not know afterwards what I had done while my spirit waited in the dark.

But this was to come, and it was only now and then had I had hints of this darkness in his soul, this fierce

unrest which beyond all found peace in Nature, but n
in me. Alone he had to be in his agony, but whe
he emerged from it, exhausted by God knows wh
bitter contest, he looked for me and needed me, and ou
love was always the firm ground on which we stoo
secure and that no storm ever swept away.

But now I washed and dressed and ran down, and a
I ran through the kitchen where Granny was cookin
the breakfast, she shooed me out. "Get along, yo
hussy," she said.

All that day we were out, fishing in the reservoi
and bathing in it and walking in the deep woods, n
talking much as I remember. We brought home som
perch for supper, which Granny pretended to be cro
with David for bringing, "Such trashy fish, all scal
and guts," she said. But she cooked them, and whi
we ate them David read how Izaak Walton would hav
cooked them, to tease Granny with the white wine an
this and that ungettable spice. When Dad came i
he brought a dead jay so that I could have the beautif
wing for a hat. I didn't like to think of the lovely bi
being killed for such a purpose, but I kept that t
myself, knowing it would be incomprehensible to hin
and appreciating his kind thought for me. After te
Dad showed me the garden and the bee-hives, and a
the bees swarming over the comb. They filled me wi
disgust. They are such ugly creatures in a mass lik
that, and their highly developed social life, so ordere
so cold, so lacking in impulse, repelled me then a
it does now. Dad laughed when I tried to tell him ho
I felt about them. "Ah, but what about the mead an
the honey?" he said, and, of course, I said, "Ye
I like that," but could regard the bees almost as o
does machinery. But I loved the hermit, home-makin
bumble bees—humble bees of the earth, primitive an
indolent and beautiful.

While Dad and I had been flirting over the bees an

flowers, and his collection of dried skins of ferret and weasel and rabbit and squirrel, David was helping Granny to wash up, much to her amusement and delight, and she had tied her long white apron round him. At the end of our little round he said, "Now give your old Dad a kiss, but don't tell that boy of yourn, for I be no fighter these days." So I kissed him and promised I wouldn't tell, and we had our little secret; but Dad, with such winks and significant looks, soon let the cat out of the bag, and all had to be confessed. Then David had to kiss Granny to make it quits, and we were very happy together with our jokes and fun. I had never met people like these before, and though the things they said sometimes startled me because they were so new to me, their coarse, simple talk full of proverbs, and shrewd observation and wit, did not shock me at all. I felt perfectly at home with them, and felt that they didn't feel they had to make a difference for me, but were with me as they had always been with David. He was glad too, I could see. I loved them just as I love the earth, and the rain, and the bumble bees.

After we had all had some mead, Dad and Granny got very jolly and gay, and Granny got up and began to dance and said, "I be as young as any, aren't I, Dad?" and Dad said, of course she was, and they got up and danced hand-in-hand up and down the kitchen, Granny holding up her apron and Dad looking at her with admiration. And as they danced some old dance they had remembered from their courting days, David whistled the tune, for he was too shy to dance, and so was I. I wonder when again that lovely old tune was whistled in that cottage, and when again that jig was danced under that roof, for those who danced are dead, and he who whistled the tune is dead, and I think that those who live in that cottage now have forgotten these old things, as soon all will have forgotten them. So

we lay another night in the great bed, and slept in e other's arms, slept the sound sleep that lovers sle so sound and yet so light that like a dream the conscio ness of the other is always there—the only dream t enters the deep sleep of lovers.

After breakfast we had to leave, and Dad was ready to go with us as far as the market-place in town where he had business. Dear old Granny l all ready for me a little neatly arranged posy of all sweet-smelling flowers and herbs from the garden— outside fringe of " old man " and in the middle a ti pink rosebud surrounded by a circle of mint. S told me it was to smell in London and remind me them and the garden. As if I should ever forget the though I have never seen them again! They insis on our taking a pot of honey, and half a dozen of apples and two great lardy cakes, and Granny gave a length of fine crochet lace that she had made lo ago, with much joking and looking sideways at Dav and he pretending he didn't know what on earth s meant by all her hints. Dad gave David a little book of all sorts of receipts he had collected for fo for medicine for beast and man, for curing skins a all sorts of things. All these with difficulty we pack into our rucksacks, and off we set, with Dad insisti on carrying our traps, and Granny waving to us fr the gate.

And soon in the train we left the long line of dow behind us, and were in London.

I have passed those downs since and have seen t places where we walked, and from the train have four as David showed me how, the glint of the sun on t reservoir where we bathed. I have never seen th again, but I know it as I know no other place. I ha my jay's wing still. I never put it in a hat, but t lace I used again and again on my babies' clothes, a it has never worn out.

Then David went to Oxford, and I stayed on in my job. We wrote to each other every day, and his letters were full of his new life, and I could tell how he was enjoying the society of his fellows, and also the freedom from home rules which he experienced for the first time in his life. He had always been kept very short of money, and it was a quite new experience to have a small allowance to manage himself. Of course, he thought it would do much more than was possible. He loved beautiful things, and his own home was so devoid of beauty, and he at once went the way of, I suppose, most undergraduates. He spent in his first year much more than he could afford on editions de luxe, pictures, and china. I was always on the look-out for odds and ends for his rooms—brass, and pewter, and bright cushions, and books all the time as I could afford. He now read Pater, and Oscar Wilde, and John Addington Symonds. It was *The Yellow Book* period, and he was very interested in the movement, though never carried away by it. I was rather repelled by it, though being young and healthy, something in its breaking away from the old conventions appealed to me. I read *The Woman Who Did,* but having done likewise I was not impressed by it—it seemed to me a lot of fuss about nothing. I detested Aubrey Beardsley's drawings and loved Max Beerbohm's essays as they appeared in *The Yellow Book.* It was an interesting time to be growing up in, and David and I were both quick to respond to any new ideas in art and literature. But David was much more influenced by the old than the new, and I think *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and *Urn Burial, Tristram Shandy, Lear* and *Macbeth,* and Keats and the Bible, to name a few, were the foundations of his taste. These were the books we read at the same time, and in our letters we wrote about them and about ourselves and our love and our future life together.

At this time I became an intimate of a circle of pe living in Kensington. The centre of the circle w friend of Mrs. Scott's, but it was through an old fri of mine that I was introduced to it—her name was M Halliday. They were artistic Bohemian people, yo mostly, though Mrs. Halliday was not. She had th lovely daughters, the eldest about sixteen or sevent when I first knew them. This household and t ways were a revelation to me. I loved their la spacious rooms with very little furniture in them, polished floors bare except for a rug or two, and almost bare walls ; the absence of stuffy upholstery curtains, and the simple beauty and comfort of ev thing delighted me. I had, of course, read Will Morris and been very attracted by his ideas, but I never before seen a house decorated and furnished his designs and in the way he advocated. The bea of it delighted me, and I thought it the perfect set for these people, with their freedom of manner thought. The house was always full of men and wo living in delightful freedom of intercourse—all pe interested in some form of art from Church embroi to acting. There was a poet who has since achie fame, an actor who is at the top of the tree, a pai who is now an acknowledged master, and sev notable craftsmen whose work is now known to conn seurs. Folk songs were just being collected, an was here I first heard these beautiful old songs b sung. They were eager, enthusiastic people, an admired them immensely. I look back upon this ho hold as having been—after David—the stron influence in my life. It opened new windows for m the social and artistic world, a world I was stran unfamiliar with, and because they liked me I felt at with them and found pleasure in talking to them, looked forward to the discussions which took plac their beautiful drawing-room. There were no serva

but everyone, men and women, helped in the house, and everything ran smoothly.

I introduced David to these people, but he didn't get on with them. He was too reserved, and sat among them like some judging Sphinx. But I, being so much simpler, and so frankly admiring, was accepted at once. I was often there when David was at Oxford, a humble disciple of what seemed to me a higher ideal of freedom than I had ever imagined possible. David used to make fun of their serious cults of purity and freedom and nakedness, but I thought it very fine, and admired and loved them. They regarded no convention, and I did not see till later that their unconvention was almost as intolerant as my parents' convention. But they were kind and gracious people, and proved good friends to me when I needed friends, which I was soon to do.

I cannot quite remember how events hurried on, but I think the estrangement between Mrs. Scott and Beatrice did not happen till David had been at Oxford some time, and I cannot remember individual vacations. Mrs. Scott disliked my going to see Beatrice, and because I would go she became suspicious, and after a while I found that she had been reading David's letters to me. She never confessed that she had done this, and I could never prove it, but I gathered that she had discovered what our relationship was. So I asked the advice of Beatrice, who of course knew that David and I were lovers, and she advised me to leave, and offered me a post in her own household, which I gladly accepted. My duties were to do anything that wanted doing, and included cooking and housekeeping, as well as sewing and helping the children with their lessons. David did not wholly like this, but it had certain very great advantages. I was with friends, and as long as certain things were done I was free to come and go as I liked. David in his vacations spent

a good deal of time here, and gradually got on better with the circle, who welcomed him and found him an interesting and stimulating participator in their discussions about art and life. But though he got to know and like them better, and they him, something always kept them from becoming intimate. Here I had a very nice room of my own, half bedroom, half sitting-room, where David often spent the night with me. From here, too, we had many lovely days in the country, though we never had another chance to go to our honeymoon cottage, for the old couple had had to leave it, and had moved into the town, near the railway works which employed their son.

So here I lived a jolly Bohemian life, working hard, and liking and being liked by the people I mixed with. I would have done anything for Beatrice, and did, in fact, work very hard at anything that came along to be done. The eldest girl was on the stage—a very beautiful and very selfish girl, and I was the one person she had some consideration for. She knew how I admired her beauty, especially her lovely hair, which I used to brush for her, and my natural good temper somehow softened her hard, spoilt heart. Her beauty was to bring her nothing but unhappiness, and I saw it coming, and so used to mother her, and she who was so imperious to her own mother used to be yielding to me.

All this time David was working fairly hard at Oxford, and rowing for his College, and experimenting in all sorts of experiences. He tried alcohol and opium, and used to write to me and tell me everything that he went through in these various phases. He was influenced by the æsthetic school, and his dress and taste in colour and design were all very much affected by that. He had made a large number of friends, many of whom he kept all his life. He had a wonderful capacity for friendship, and inspired love and admira-

tion wherever he went. He exacted a great deal, and gave a great deal.

He was enjoying it all enormously, and this life helped to overcome his natural shyness and reserve. He never wore his heart on his sleeve, as I did, and people had to meet him more than half-way, but this they always found worth doing. He was earning about £80 a year by writing. He became a more or less regular contributor to *The Speaker, The Academy,* and *The Literary World,* so that his life was very full. His style was at this time very much influenced by Pater, and he wrote, besides nature studies, romantic and imaginative essays in an ornate precious style which he afterwards dropped entirely. His writing was always full of a deep melancholy; even in his Oxford days this melancholy and spiritual disquietude were becoming more and more characteristic of his temperament.

He had been at Oxford two years, when, shortly after the end of the spring vacation, I found I was pregnant.

THE BUSINESS MAN OF SYRIA.—I have found the following advertisement in the American *Bookman*:

I suppose the basic text is: "Make friends to yourselves of the Mammon of unrighteousness." But I should like to see the book.—O. B. E.

ARISTOGENIC EVOLUTION

By Henry Chester Tracy

All sympathy can be enlisted in the search for better forms of living. It is the intimate concern of society and of every individual that composes it. Not so universal is the search for better forms of life—of better individuals, that is to say, to do the living that is to be done. We are, for the most part, rank fatalists in regard to the human best: it comes, or it does not come, out of that cosmic process that gives us birth; and we do not feel ourselves concerned to tamper with or direct it. Better animals and plants we know can be bred, but the human person is unique. His traits and propensities we leave to God and necessity, deeming it enough to care for ourselves when alive. In this respect the common man and the philosopher—not excluding the humanist—have often taken much the same ground. A purely philosophical expression of belief in the development of the best was given by J. S. Mackenzie in the Dunkin Lectures* when he said of the humanistic conception of ultimate reality that "it amounts to trying to think of the universe as an efficient unity in which the most excellent forms of life are developed through a continuous process." There is a good deal of voluntarism about this, and it is also too broad to satisfy the demands of the scientific humanist who knows something of the processes—in detail—by which new forms are produced, and something of the distri-

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* Humanism, 1907.

bution of types that results from these processes. He seriously questions whether more and more excellent forms will be developed by a *laissez-faire* system and no clear notion of the qualities that tend to better the breed —no social conception of the best.

There is a certain utility in the term proposed by Sutherland for the process of breeding from the best. He observed that when " best " is defined as the individual possessing the completest nerve development, it is found that the natural process does not always favour it. *Aristogeny,* he called the process, when it occurs. In a preponderant number of cases (confining his observation to the lower vertebrate and invertebrate forms) he found that the advantage lay with changes that represent no real progress in the organism but are superficial adaptive devices; and the process of breeding from these he called *dologeny*. Both are useful terms in this discussion, although neither has taken any great hold on the literature of selection; partly because there are so many gradations and types of selective values that cannot be included under either term: as, for instance, the variations noted by John Gulick in the species of Helix—no advantage either way, and no trick or device for protection, but merely the result of segregation, giving the tendency to vary full play. In the face of a multiplicity of forms, with so many and such varied kinds of survival values, the technical biologist is not likely to admit that there is any " best " but an arbitrary one, imposed by one class or another according as its interests are conserved. Of that position we have to take account.

There was, we easily see, a direct and Darwinian advantage favouring individuals of higher nervous organization—a natural aristogeny—when man was becoming expert and inventive in the use of tools. Now that the mass of mankind live as beneficiaries of such superior organization and intelligence, while slow wit

and the power to endure endless monotonous labour are at a premium for manning the machinery, it is not so clear that aristogeny holds good. Further, a preponderance of unintelligent consumers serves the purposes of the speculative élite; and the democratic ideal holds the flag of approval over all. What can be better than the common man? To what end should he be improved?

One is tempted to think that dologeny rules; that even in human matings the trickiest has the best chance. Certainly the modern usage in the matter of cosmetics is dologenic in the extreme. It was another generation, not the present one, that held an unhealthy complexion to be a disgrace. But perhaps the preference for the unreal and the function of "concealing coloration" has passed to a psychic stage, where the value is no longer a passive but an active one. We like to be deceived. So much for lip-stick and rouge; they prevent the wearer—at least in the United States—from being distinguishable in a feminine crowd. It is interesting to reflect that the quality of fraud or artifice has been used by the lesser organisms from the earliest times; and by such means those that are by no means either strongest or best have managed to live. There seems no reason to suppose that this resource has failed, or is failing, in the case of women and men. How shall we say that there is for human beings, any more than for animals or plants, any process that tends toward a *numerical* preponderance of the best? Certainly the best are produced—but in the smallest numbers. The advantage of fecundity lay always with the lower types, the organisms that had the least to pass on to the individual by way of inheritance or social protection and care. It is one of the greatest (and least noticed) of the Darwinian laws. Its application is this: if you wish to reduce the numerical preponderance of a given race, educate the individuals and raise the social level of their lives. Automatically their progeny will decrease. The

garden-tilling coolie that is felt to be such a menace to the American West, loses his fecundity when "the laws of social capillarity" elevate him to a position of wealth. Conversely, persecute the inferior populations and they become veritable human weeds. As plants that survive in spite of every handicap have their waxes, resins, spines, scales, their glandular hairs, their poisons and, above all, their endless fecundity, so the offensive human types breed with a Malthusian fecundity in the situations that industrialism creates and would spread—thanks to a barbarian system of politics—over the entire Eastern world. It is easy to predict the result; but neither Malthus nor the economies based on his hypothesis offer any remedy for that disturbing end. There is a remedy, and it has been hinted above. We cannot throw the responsibility either upon Deity or upon Natural Selection. There is, however, something in the latter which we can use, just as there is something in our conception of the former that moves us to use it. Nature has a place for the best.

This principle is recognized by Mr. Julian Huxley in his chapter on biological progress, when he remarks that "*a certain fraction*" of the guiding force of Natural Selection will be felt in the direction of the progressive change, the fundamentally finer organization or more perfect functioning—in short, the selection of the best. In the same essay he calls attention to the fact that the "*upper level* of attainment" will be raised even though some of the changes that are selected for survival occur at right angles to or against the stream of progress. This is true. Applied to human evolution it means that "a certain fraction" of the force, for example, of sexual selection will be effective in the production of the better bred. It must be borne in upon even the most pessimistic of philosophers that a percentage, perhaps not negligible, of those finely endowed persons who appear from time to

time on the earth will form harmonic Mendelian attach ments and some fine recessive traits be conserved.

The drift of the discussion just quoted is in favou of the recognition of a distinctive biological progres that is to include man as a part of its movement. Ignor ing the historic period as too short to furnish data fo or against the notion of progress, it finds a life move ment that does inevitably produce what may fairly b called better forms; incidentally it contains a clear an admirable account of the part played by the *adjusto mechanism* in adaptive improvement—that mechanisn having found its chance in embryonic nutrition in th placental mammal. On that chance our whole psychi evolution is certainly based. However, as Mr. Hux ley himself points out, consciousness, having entere the field, *must* function if we are to reach any level higher than the one that ushered it in. And if, as thi writer has himself said in an earlier paper, " the leve of independence is the measure of individuality's per fection in living things," then in consciousness o present and past—consciousness of the life of others a well as one's own—must be found the key to tha social best which it was the object of this chapter t explore. Its attainment will be a non-Darwinian pro cess: if you like, an arbitrary one: a difficult objective, in any case. How can we raise the " level of independ ence " and yet keep our social orientation intact?

The rationalization of this search for a social best is, one supposes, a part of the task of humanism. It is an involved and arduous work, which only those persons will feel like undertaking who feel that " a certain fraction " of the directive force of Natural Selection " is not adequate to social needs, and whose responsibilities have compelled them to feel the sag in standards of all kinds.

Granted, with the late Mr. T. E. Hulme, that per fectibility is a heresy for which the humanist has a still

peculiar weakness: there must still be a direction of movement, which is neither backward nor down. It is a part of the charm as well as the perpetual tantalization of conscious life that we never reach the objectives toward which we aim. There is always the incentive to go on. This incentive, and the ground of it, is the distinctively human characteristic, the supra-moral nature that leads us to form ideals and break them, forming others instead. It is therefore the core of humanism, and to be distinguished from all those tendencies that crystallize about traditional moulds, in practice or in belief. Fixed ideals tend to produce conformists, and it will always be fashionable to pretend to conform. The popular "best" will therefore be letter-perfect, according to some social code; and that code will have no universal intent. But we shall learn to recognize another consciousness that carries its own principle of growth; has its own tropisms and is always alive. It fulfils the ancestral tradition, is not suppressed by it. It expresses the life-inheritance; is not inhibited by it. This is not romantic individualism, it is the maturing in the form of personal consciousness, of generations of life. This is the kind of consciousness that was meant when it was said that "love is the fulfilling of the law." But we have yet to liberate the conception of love from that of a contracted ethical function to a spontaneous impulse, warm toward all that is vital and significant and productive of æsthetic delight. When we have done that we shall have laid the foundation for an individual as well as a social "best."

The life of "the dead," as we call them—our ancestors—has to be fulfilled. It is the law. But they are many and we are one. We have to modulate their lives. Determinism is a philosophic bogey, effective only with those who can believe in it. All others are free. The impulse which, in our forbears, was murder, we dissipate by a look or a word. Other impulses we

school and develop, because we deem them to be socially fit. True, we have nothing but our impulses and our tissues, as an architect has his materials and his tools; but out of them, as he erects various possible buildings, we may build our choice of lives. Thus the field of natural selection has shifted to ourselves, and to the conscious plane. Behaviourism has nothing to say of self-determination, but has only to show us our tools. And this is an important function, because, by the misuse of a single tool or organ, a whole life plan may be marred.

The selection of the best, then, is not merely a concern of Eugenics, but also an affair of individual lives, and of society, so far as it is able to furnish inducements for a wise selection of impulses and lines of self-fulfilment. We seem to have got that far along the evolutionary road. Some, of course, must live in a stage of incompleteness, because they are not psychically matured. One feels this of certain populations in Southern Europe—that they are carrying a vast potential of human energy that may not, for many generations, be unlocked. Their best in life will be a very different one from that of the sensitive Westerner who is strongly psychic very soon after birth, and the more precocious of the Northern born. M. Stanislavsky, the distinguished director of the Moscow Art Theatre, wrote: "My ancestors came from the glebe filled with a strength that was the accumulation of centuries, and lived through their lives in an incomplete way, unable to take advantage of their natural endowments." This advantage he himself was able to take; but it required stimuli, which he found in an urban environment, out of which he selected those that were to his taste. In his autobiography much is made of the world of childish impressions—strains of music, the opera, dramatic productions. It is an instance of the evident truth that no individual is realizable as a unit apart; in and through

a social environment, by means of interactions, he develops and he *becomes* something more than "in the course of nature" he could ever have been. He efficiently realizes "one of the most excellent forms of 'life.'"

It is a common saying in competitive circles that "there is always room at the top." What I wish to point out here is that with every realization of the human best in an individual, room is made for the others just below. The real best never competes. The real best, however, may cease to breed its like. There was no reason why Jesus should have left a line of physical heredity. He became a social factor for elevating the status of man. Believers or disbelievers, we have to admit that his drawing influence has been felt by the crowd, and that until the principle of that magnetism is confused with *organization* the Christian "elect" do not compete with the secular groups for existence on the earth. Nor does any rational and social best. It is a confusion of thought to suppose that those persons who are to be social best of the future will have to survive by means of the elimination, by competitive means, of the less fit; or to suppose that the world would be better off if we were less humane, and more scientific, and found some means to exterminate the worst. The social best do not survive by means of a Darwinian fitness, nor are they necessarily the finest genetic types. The category of quality, so generally neglected, lies, as Mackenzie remarked (in the lectures quoted) at the basis of the humanistic point of view, and it is characteristic of the humane quality that it tolerates the imperfect and the incomplete types with whom it comes in contact, and refuses either to compete with them or to use them as tools.

There is no prevailing process of aristogeny. The true aristocracy do not form a competitive best, or survive by displacing inferior groups. Proletarianism

school and develop, because we deem them to socially fit. True, we have nothing but our impul and our tissues, as an architect has his materials and tools; but out of them, as he erects various possi buildings, we may build our choice of lives. Thus field of natural selection has shifted to ourselves, to the conscious plane. Behaviourism has nothing say of self-determination, but has only to show us tools. And this is an important function, because, the misuse of a single tool or organ, a whole life p may be marred.

The selection of the best, then, is not merely a c cern of Eugenics, but also an affair of individual liv and of society, so far as it is able to furnish induceme for a wise selection of impulses and lines of self-fu ment. We seem to have got that far along the evoluti ary road. Some, of course, must live in a stage of inco pleteness, because they are not psychically matur One feels this of certain populations in Southern Eur —that they are carrying a vast potential of hun energy that may not, for many generations, be locked. Their best in life will be a very different from that of the sensitive Westerner who is stron psychic very soon after birth, and the more precoci of the Northern born. M. Stanislavsky, the dis guished director of the Moscow Art Theatre, wro "My ancestors came from the glebe filled with strength that was the accumulation of centuries, lived through their lives in an incomplete way, una to take advantage of their natural endowments." T advantage he himself was able to take; but it requi stimuli, which he found in an urban environment, out which he selected those that were to his taste. In autobiography much is made of the world of child impressions—strains of music, the opera, dramatic p ductions. It is an instance of the evident truth that individual is realizable as a unit apart; in and throu

a social environment, by means of interactions, he develops and he *becomes* something more than "in the course of nature" he could ever have been. He efficiently realizes "one of the most excellent forms of 'life.'"

It is a common saying in competitive circles that "there is always room at the top." What I wish to point out here is that with every realization of the human best in an individual, room is made for the others just below. The real best never competes. The real best, however, may cease to breed its like. There was no reason why Jesus should have left a line of physical heredity. He became a social factor for elevating the status of man. Believers or disbelievers, we have to admit that his drawing influence has been felt by the crowd, and that until the principle of that magnetism is confused with *organization* the Christian "elect" do not compete with the secular groups for existence on the earth. Nor does any rational and social best. It is a confusion of thought to suppose that those persons who are to be social best of the future will have to survive by means of the elimination, by competitive means, of the less fit; or to suppose that the world would be better off if we were less humane, and more scientific, and found some means to exterminate the worst. The social best do not survive by means of a Darwinian fitness, nor are they necessarily the finest genetic types. The category of quality, so generally neglected, lies, as Mackenzie remarked (in the lectures quoted) at the basis of the humanistic point of view, and it is characteristic of the humane quality that it tolerates the imperfect and the incomplete types with whom it comes in contact, and refuses either to compete with them or to use them as tools.

There is no prevailing process of aristogeny. The true aristocracy do not form a competitive best, or survive by displacing inferior groups. Proletarianism

mistakes all aristocracies for evil ones, and so abolishes spiritual symbolism along with the insignia of caste. Its measure of satisfactions being purely quantitative, it is blind to the *quality* of humanity—which alone counts. That is why a philosophy of humanism, and one that is grounded on science, must penetrate every level of education if we are to promote the emergence of life's most excellent forms, raising the level for all life.

Women Too Proud

THEY pass me by, women too proud to speak
  To such a thing as I; beneath their brows
Their eyes neglect me as a thing too weak
  For them to care what pangs and dreams they rouse.

They pass me with the steadfast scorn of ships
  Driven full-sail beneath the sun's wide eye,
Turning with arrogant sway of throat and hips,
  Scorning my pangs and dreams as they pass by.

My mind, a hapless gull, flies in their wake,
  Beating behind them for a crumb back-thrown,
Drawn by desires I cannot overtake,
  And tossed by winds never to be outflown.

They pass, and they alone know whence or where,
  Shrines of a hopeless hope which never dies,
Leaving a fearful fragrance in the air
  And torturing memory of neglectful eyes.

GEOFFREY H. WELLS.

E CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

An Anonymous Letter to the Editor

E ABSOLUTE CHANGE.—I find the conception of
ossibility of " an absolute change " in the human
ousness, hinted at in the article " Science and the
ol of Life," valuable to me.

n a parson, who elects to remain in the Church.
sure that there is more in the belief in God the
r than you have yet touched, or perhaps better,
ed.) I have been for many years, like many
of my cloth, preoccupied with an attempt to
er the real Jesus. I owe a great deal to Albert
itzer, whose work may be known to you. But
itzer leaves me unsatisfied. His attempt to make
solute separation between the " eschatological "
ation of Jesus and his ethical teaching ; his argu-
that obedience to ethical commands as it were
ified " the disciple for entry into the Kingdom
d when it miraculously appeared, has always
d to me *wrong*. The more wrong because I could
fine its wrongness. With age I have become
nd more convinced of an absolute unity between
s preaching of the Kingdom and his teaching of
ual morality.

is is where your conception of " an absolute
: " in human consciousness seems to me
ely helpful. As I say, you merely hint at it.
may be wrong in my interpretation of your brief
e. But in reading it, it suddenly struck me
re was a solution of my difficulty. First, because
an absolute change," though difficult in the
e to conceive, is surely possible. At some point
evolutionary process, the human consciousness
ed. That surely was " an absolute change."

At all events, I can attach no real meaning to a *gradua* change from the animal to the human consciousness bring the animal as near to the human, and the huma as near to the animal as you will, there is still an abys between them. From which I conclude that an absolut change has been, and may be again.

Now, suppose that this second change not only ma be, but has been already. Suppose not merely tha Jesus, as you say, "was able to conceive an absolut change in human life," but that he had himself experi enced it: that he was, in fact, *a new kind of man* (That is what most of us feel, however obscurely but suppose it literally and, as it were, scientificall true.) Now I think I see that it would follow, neces sarily, that Jesus must believe that what had happene to him must be on the point of happening to all men It would—would it not?—be impossible for him t believe that he was alone. Only bitter experience coul teach him that he was, in fact, a freak or a sport. A the beginning of his ministry he would simply be ful of "the *glad* news" that the Kingdom of God wa at hand—the Kingdom of God being the universa attainment of this new consciousness, or new condition which he knew and in which he lived.

Is that clear? If it is, may we not suppose, are we not compelled to suppose, that the supreme fact of the new consciousness was a consciousness of the Father hood of God? You cannot *understand* that, neither can I: but that is because "the absolute change" has no occurred in us. But suppose "the absolute change" itself *consists* in the knowledge of the Fatherhood o God? As I read the story of the synoptics, it was in something of the kind that Jesus's crucial experience did consist when he came up from being baptized by John. If that were so, what wonder that neither you nor I nor most men can understand the Fatherhood o God? We belong to the old order; and the word

"Except ye be born again, ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of God" do literally apply to us.

Then it would follow—would it not?—that there can be no valid appeal to human experience to deny the Fatherhood of God. We judge our experience by the old consciousness; it might be utterly different if we could judge it by the new. Simply: if the Fatherhood of God were a real fact of our consciousness, would it not give a wholly different quality to our pains and catastrophes? We should *know* that there was a meaning in them. It is the apparent meaninglessness of our disasters that makes it impossible for us really to believe in the Fatherhood of God. *But if we really believed in it that apparent meaninglessness would no longer exist.*

Further, it follows—does it not?—that you cannot appeal even to *Eloi, Eloi* to invalidate God's Fatherhood. It is surely possible, nay, even probable, that Jesus himself did not wholly know the Father's purposes. All that you could fairly argue from that cry is that something which Jesus expected to happen did not happen: that some extreme of bodily agony was not spared him, or that some miraculous translation did not occur. Yes, surely *he felt* that his God had forsaken him. I would not mitigate or shirk that for one moment. But how could that invalidate his former knowledge? Not to have known the Father's purpose to the depth—how can that disprove his knowledge of the Father? It can disprove it only if you appeal to the old consciousness.

One step further and I have done. Does not the mere fact that you, after all your wanderings in the wilderness, stand staring at the Cross, with the conviction that everything depends upon your answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—strike you as in some sort an indication that God's purpose was indeed supremely revealed *in* the Crucifixion. Here, you feel—your article on "Christ and Christianity"

proves it—is the key to the mystery. I remember clearly some words of yours written when you began the ADELPHI magazine, concerning "the secret harmony and high design that lie within all human discomfiture." Is that, I wonder, anything else than an unconscious confession of the Fatherhood of God, which your consciousness denies? May you not be hovering between the old consciousness and the new? There is more to say than you have said: and perhaps you may yet be called upon to say it.

I do not wish to occupy your space further: only to remind you that I have been dragging out the implications of *your own words*. If my ideas and deductions are correct there is not much point in arguing whether Jesus was human or divine. He was, literally, *more than human*: of what "divine" may mean, I have no idea. But I find a profound truth in both his great titles: Son of Man and Son of God. And since I try to believe, and at moments do verily believe, in what he knew, I can and do say, "I believe in the God the Father Almighty" with an absolute conviction of my own honesty. Nay, I feel that then only am I truly honest when I do say it. Therefore, I remain in the Church, though I would the Church were otherwise. —A PARSON.

THE "THING" OF MR. HARDY'S POETRY.—In the world of Mr. Hardy's poetry his conception of Deity is so dominant that it must be faced if there is to be an adequate and sympathetic understanding of his work. I know of no one other line equal to that from *The Dynasts*, which presents the Deity as a "purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing," for revealing the dark, lidless-eyed Omnipotence, everywhere oppressively evident. It is richly suggestive, recalling, as it does, a knowledge of the Wessex mind gained by a life-time's experience of the men and women whose county the

poet has so assuredly and sympathetically claimed for the Republic of Literature. Of course Wessex has the religion of its Churches. But the fact remains that the Church religion has either absorbed into itself the Wessex conception of Providence, or else has superimposed its own upon a philosophy and theology native to Wessex. In Wessex, Providence looks with cold, unwinking eyes on men and women who are but puppets. What will be, will be, however men and women act. Not their mightiest effort can alter their destiny, nor can it affect "one grief-groan, or pleasure-gleam." They do but work out what was set them before they were born. Is a man slain by lightning, it is Providence who strikes him down. It is Providence who compasses a man's end at some level crossing. But the Wessex man does not regard his view of Providence as distinct from the Church's; and would probably accept no proof that it is.

Mr. Hardy's mind has led him into apparent opposition to orthodox and organized religion. I say apparent, advisedly, for his antagonism is no more than apparent. Fundamentally there is no opposition. The real antagonism is to accidentals. And the "dominant Thing" is the cause of that. That conception originates in a revolt against the popular conception of God which did not agree with the poet's experience of life, or with his interpretation of that experience. In Wessex, Providence is conceived as a dominant Person; and Mr. Hardy has stripped off its anthropomorphic garments and exposed the naked Thing which plays haphazard with Wessex loves, hopes, and lives. And the result of this very natural revolt against that tyranny is that he has circled back to the fundamental orthodoxy of Wessex. It is the poet who sees that the Deity—

> heaves through space, and moulds the times,
> With mortals for its fingers. . . .

It is the Wessex mind that is the abode of the "pur-

posive, unmotived, dominant Thing." And th
tion between the poet's heterodoxy and the o
of Wessex is the distinction between Person an

It is probable that few people are at hom
de-personalized God. To my feeling, the poet
though he rises superior to It in so many wa
exception, but is perplexed and oppressed by tl
nant Thing. It is an obsession. That this is
certainly feels when one enters Mr. Hardy'
And the reason why one so certainly knows
obsession is probably (I think certainly) foun
poet's frequent use of words for their logical
alone. The number of prose lines, though the
often disguises them by strict metrical patter
probable explanation of a pronounced philo
theological element. At any rate there the el
and may not be ignored. To be exact, the poe
pretation of life and his conception of Deity see
sively materialistic only because they and the
aroused by them, are in many instances only
transmuted, and in some others are not trans
all. Consequently the atmosphere of Mr.
poetic world is charged with the ominous infl
the Thing. Where we meet with compassion,
it is the poet's. His Deity has none ; for comp
of person and not of Thing. And neither co
looked for in a Deity, "a Clairvoyancy that kn
what it knows, yet works therewith."

How fundamental the Thing concept is
Hardy's poetic world is most conveniently ill
by examining one poem. One of the most
"On the portrait of a woman about to be hang
is at once a protest against the Thing and an a
It. The poet asks why "It sent a worm to
Its handiwork, when it might well not have
you." In this poem, as everywhere in his poet
Mr. Hardy refers the evils he sees to a First

As in the earlier thought of the Old Testament, of which much of the poet's thought is reminiscent, so here, there seems to be no place for secondary causes. Here too is the poet one with his Wessex. It is the Lord who hardens Pharaoh's heart. And the poem illustrates, what other poems show explicitly or implicitly, how Mr. Hardy "attempts to explain or excuse the presence of evil and the incongruity of penalising the irresponsible." The creature is but a puppet and therefore irresponsible. But is this true outside the poet's world? Is there no such thing as secondary cause? Some of the best minds of our time propose to us that there are secondary causes, that the individual is a responsible being; and if that be true, what of this poem? Granted choice (however limited) the structure falls and the motive fails. The emotion aroused by the contemplation of apparent injustice holds good; but except for Mr. Hardy's obsession with the Thing, its expression would have been different.

No one can read Mr. Hardy's poems, as they deserve to be read, and remain in ignorance of his handicap. It were easy to sing when one held—"God's in His heaven—All's right with the world." But weighed down as he is by consciousness of a "sense-bound" Thing "working evermore in his unweeting way," it is astonishing that he can sing at all. And the most astonishing fact (for me) about his poetry is that more than a Thing is apparently striving in him. His spirit is deeper than his philosophy or theology, and touches realities undreamed of by either.—J. A. Hall.

THEATRE AND CINEMA

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" (*Barnes Theatre*).

A most pleasing reflection is that the enthusiasm of both the actors and the audience of this production is a tribute to Mr. Hardy's genius. It may be late perhaps, but it is none the less sincere.

To style this play an adaptation of the novel seems incorrect. It exists in an inevitable dissociation; and a recognition of this fact is necessary for its proper apprehension. It is not intended to reproduce the richness of the Frome water-meadows, the haziness of the Blakemore Vale, or the searching quiet of the downs above Batcombe. Those are certain settings, wherein Mr. Hardy's characters may appear inextricably woven. And upon the removal of these things the question is left: are the lives, the emotions here presented so understood and moulded that they can stand alone, complete and essential? If dissociation be understood, there is but one answer, and that in the affirmative. That there should be a background of the novel in the mind is natural; indeed, there are lines which in some curious way speak suddenly of the Tess who has long since dwelt in the consciousness, but once the first realization is over the new Tess emerges. She may not be so graciously formed; that is not possible in three hours but she is a vision for which one is truly grateful.

It is almost a commonplace to say that Mr. Hardy's attitude to life has been formed by his native earth. But anyone who has passed a time in his county must know that there are no two ways of expressing its subtle airs, its warmth, the most majestic indifference of its personal life. It gives its own firm impress to the characters, yet here, concealed, part removed, half-known, it leaves Tess more swiftly tragic than before. That third phase of her life, so full in Nature's seeming kindness, almost non-existent. Yet given such characters, throw

together fatefully, Mr. Hardy shows them vibrant, tuned the one to the other, until they are overwhelmed by the very life which courses so visibly in their veins. The final phase, that of a love passed beyond desire, is deeply and movingly portrayed. The whole stands, a true story, without need of a setting.—A. G.

"HAMLET" IN MODERN DRESS (Kingsway Theatre).—The production of *Hamlet* in modern costume is intended chiefly, Sir Barry Jackson explains in the official *News Letter* of his company, for the man in the street, that he may the more easily realize "Shakespeare's nearness to himself." Through the removal of the barriers of traditional mounting, the dim, bare rooms of Elsinore, the remote dress, the unnatural music of versified speech, it is intended to afford him "a real conflict of credible human beings"; and perhaps a new angle of appreciation to the scholar.

As an experiment, whose every step is capable of awakening an interest in the real Shakespeare, it is fully justified, but each aspect of the presentation appears to announce that Sir Barry Jackson has either misread his man in the street, both in his constitution and in his requirements of dramatic art, or has not yet found the means of reaching his mind. Yet, even so, if it only slightly pierces the core of faithful, romantic, apathetic acceptance of Shakespeare in the average man it will have performed a signal service.

It is upon contact with this core, which is harder and greater than the traditions of Shakespearean production, that the experiment wavers—the conservatism of the man in the street for Shakespeare's method. He knows or does not know that Shakespeare wrote in blank verse for a reason, chose an historical setting for his tragedy with a reason, and was deeply aware of the significance of costume, as Oscar Wilde pointed out in *Intentions*; but he does know, in some curious fashion,

that these are methods by whose operation the play is lifted into the highest realms of human achievement. Generally he is well content at their use, and to lose his play as too dear for possessing; now he is given the plot, wearing thin to syncopated music, and the characters, of slurring, hurried speech, once woven to it in the poet's insight.

Thus he has either to accept this as Shakespeare's tragedy—truly it can be easily accepted so—or to satisfy his conscience by stepping over it to the fuller, beautiful conception in the music of blank verse. He is not usually troubled by his conscience, however, and it becomes doubtful if the experiment will precipitate an understanding in him with which he will feel bound to make further tests. It has this capacity, for the play stands strong as ever with its profound problem; but the reactions seem too delicate. Shakespeare is not allowed, by his "nearness," to lift the whole work into the complete beauty into which he projected it, any more than would Goethe if his *Faust,* even in its traffic with essentials, were robbed of its mediæval setting.—A. G.

"THE GOLD RUSH" (*Tivoli Theatre*).—Once again Mr. Chaplin has appeared before a world sodden with the "photo-play." He brings a contribution which is but one more definite, confirming indication of life in the cinema. Unlike the Germans, whose true ability in this art cannot be questioned, he brings the aspect of the little, intimate, tiresome life of the overwhelming commonplace. Nothing is presented but that which is credible to the poor imagination.

It is his old self, graduated from the slight infirmity of the curate's garb in "The Pilgrim," shown in the midst of brutality and senselessness in Alaska. It is a treasure which shines with some of the old tricks, and a surprising number of new ones. Yet told with a

technique which neither he, nor anyone else, has yet equalled.

That is perhaps the most surprising aspect of the film. However the humour is derived, logically or intuitively, it all conforms to a remarkable technical skill, each fragment being adjusted into delicate balance. And it seems that it is just as possible for each part to fall into pure fun, as into heart-searching sympathy. Such a definite bond is established from the very first, when he is seen pursuing a lonely but cheerful way into the snowfields, that it is impossible to disregard his dangers, although one is glad of them. One knows that he will triumph, but each conquest, so near complete failure, is achieved so unexpectedly, so shrewdly, so accidentally that in some way it seems the very behaviour and substance of life. Each action is intensely related. The sharing of his boot, as the only edible substance, with a fat, ravenous prospector, is no passing joke. Its complexities overtake him, and require profound attention on many occasions. Upon the loss of a braces button hangs the romance of his poor, solitary life ; and such worn, haphazard threads as supported it are symbolic of his later joys.—A. G.

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ON BEING A CLASSIC

By The Journeyman

I had often wondered what it would mean to be a classic. If Shakespeare were alive to-day—and who knows? (I said to myself) he may be somewhere about, smiling at the mess we have made of things since his time, cutting his lawn with a blunt mower of an evening, and waiting patiently for the day when he can write another play with a chance of getting it produced. At all events, after that sentence, he was alive enough for me to ask him what he makes out of it.

" Enough to rub along with, thank you," said Shakespeare. " About a thousand a year.

" That's very little, you think? You forget: my plays don't run for very long in England. I suppose they aren't such good plays as I thought them."

" The world's great playwright? Is that so? That's very kind of them. I have heard that I do rather better abroad. I remember some of our fellows made a fair thing out of a tour in Holland and Germany. But I don't get anything out of that. You forget there was no Continental copyright in my day."

" Mr. S—— makes twenty thousand? What a lot of money! But you forget. I am a classic; he is not. You mustn't judge my income by non-classical standards. I assure you I do very well. A thousand a year—it's a great deal of money. And I don't pay income-tax."

" Why ever not? Not for want of trying, I assure you. But when the income-tax came in—that's rather

before your time, I imagine—I wrote on the form: *William Shakespeare, gentleman, player and playwright,* and the inspector sent me another, and said I was liable for a fine of £20 for giving false information. I filled up the other: *William Shaxper, armiger, histrio et fabulator.* He sent me another, saying I was liable to a fine of £30 for using a foreign language. I filled up the third, *William Shakespere, author of 'Hamlet.'* (You have heard of it, I daresay. It always went well: I don't know why.) The inspector did not trouble me again. Things have changed since my time—

> the insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

I could *write*: don't you think?"

"Oh, you're one of the Shakespeariolaters, are you? And that's why you think I should have more than £1,000 a year. Bless you, boy. It's kind of you to think that. And you are one of those who write kind things about me, I'm sure. People are very kind: but I sometimes wish they would read me before writing about me. But I suppose it shows a good heart."

"A million! Good heavens, boy—forgive me, but you are a good deal younger than I, aren't you?—what on earth should I do with a million? I am independent, and a gentleman. I never asked for more."

"You think it strange I should have asked so much? I suppose I had to prove to myself the world was not a dream—not altogether. But I say that, now, looking back. I did not think like that when I began. I had to pull myself out of the gutter, the veritable gutter. So you've heard the story of my holding horses for twopence? It's true. 'Put money in thy purse.' Money! It's terribly important. It gives a man whereon to stand. Money enough to stand on—no more —but that I slaved for. They can't understand that? I'm afraid they don't understand many things, even

now. They don't understand that there is a difference in kind between the man who has known poverty, and the man who has never known it. They're like Lazarus and Dives on the painted cloth : between me and thee is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot ; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

" They call me a snob? I think the people who call me that belong to Dives' company. When you are in the gutter, you fight your way out of it, or you die. A good many of our fellows died. Hardly a snob, I fancy. I don't like well-to-do writers. A writer must never lose sight of the gutter, never forget that how thin is the ground on which he treads."

" Yes, they come to see me sometimes. I like the young ones best—Keats and Chatterton are my favourites. I think they're happy in the garden here, above all in the evening."

" What do we talk about? Oh, nothing much. When you grow older, when you've learned a little more, you'll understand that at the last there's nothing much to *say*. We dream and hope and believe. There are a great many flowers in the garden here, you know, sweet-smelling evening flowers. Sometimes a nightingale sings. I'm glad of that, for Keats' sake. One evening he told me a poem, as though it had been a dream. Oh, you know it? I'm glad of that. Even I never wrote a poem like that one. Have you ever thought what it meant that a *boy* should have written that? Terrible, terrible; but wonderful, wonderful. You have? Well, I am glad. So you do really think about us sometimes. Love us? Ah, that is the word. But don't waste it on me, boy. Love them. They suffered much for you. And yet—perhaps your love of me is not wholly wasted. No true love is. It keeps your own heart sweet, if nothing more."

" That's hard? There is nothing harder, boy : nor

anything more precious. A sweet heart alone can know that it is not all in vain."

"You would like to come and listen? You are truly young; you still think there is a secret somewhere that we might speak and you might hear? No, no! All that we could *say*, we have said, even the youngest of us. You would be disappointed, boy,—you are young—to hear us say: 'These are good apples,' or 'The sky is red to-night.'"

You are still looking for a sign. You remember: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and no sign shall be given it. Oh, no; I did not mean it for you. But there's a tinge of the old Adam still, isn't there? It's the hardest thing of all to learn: that there are no signs, because everything is a sign.

Prospero? Was I Prospero? No, you shouldn't ask such questions; you should know that I cannot answer them. Not that I would not, but simply that I cannot. Shall I say 'Yes,' when I made Prospero? Can I say 'No,' when he was of my making?

You love Miranda? Well, so did I. You knew it, did you? Why not? I couldn't keep it out—"The fringèd curtains of thine eyes advance, And say what thou seest yond." You know what those words have in them. And Perdita. I made things lovely for her to see:

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
> From Dis's waggon! Daffodils
> That came before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
> Most incident to maids. . . .

Yes, that is lovely. "Behold, I make all things new."

Perdita, the lost one ; Miranda, the one to be wondered at.

Why did I make a new woman, and not a new man. Boy, you press your questions home. Why? I wonder. It happened so. I loved women. And the new man must be *born*. The woman who should see loveliness, her I knew : but the man who shall do loveliness, he is yet to come.

"Take these," he said suddenly, filling my pockets with apples from a dish. "These are good apples." And he smiled.

I understood his meaning, and went my way.

BOOKS TO READ

CARLYLE ON CROMWELL AND OTHERS (1837-48). By David Alec Wilson. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

Mr. Wilson has reached the period when Carlyle, now a celebrity, is lecturing in London. The breezes of "Northern pulpit" eloquence are at their strongest. Mr. Wilson's weakness lies in his lack of the critical sense; his indiscriminate acceptance of all Carlyle's philosophizings; his failure to envisage or estimate his subject *intellectually*. He has a brisk, direct style and a dry humour of his own; and his arrangement in short chapters heightens the effect of a vivid yet thorough presentation. The most brilliant figures of the age throng these rapid scenes, and whether or not one shares Mr. Wilson's view of the hero, interest cannot flag. Very notable is the evident domestic happiness of Carlyle and his wife at this time. Yes, the latest and longest biography (over-eulogized though it has been) is worth while. But we cannot help wondering more and more what Froude would think about it all!

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICS. By Harold J. Laski. (Allen & Unwin.) 18s. net.

It is difficult, in an essay of such vague and unlimited scope as this, to avoid the impression of sometimes o'erleaping oneself. But Mr. Laski has given us a careful and exhaustive work, in which the very fundamentals of the social order, as well as the present question of reconstruction, are dealt with and no feeling of superficiality is left. He has an *international* training in politics and economics, yet neither obtrudes nor abuses it. He is a singularly unbiassed economist, and this negatives the effect of that political *arrière-pensée* which one has come by experience to look for in every writer on practical themes. He is an *obvious* Liberal, and does not exploit his science to propagandist ends. "We have to make a world by deliberate plan" is his assumption and, broadly, the impression he leaves with us. The alternative is disaster. Mr. Laski is optimistic; especially about the unity of nations and the potentialities of education. On his favourite theme of sovereignty he is particularly good, and though he is by inclination a theorist some of his practical suggestions seem to be excellent—and workable.

HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. Vol. I. By Arthur Weigall. (Thornton Butterworth.) 21s. net.

This opening volume covers the first eleven Dynasties. Mr. Weigall aims to steer a middle course between esotericism and too "popular" exposition; an obviously desirable method which most Egyptologists have ignored. He has unusual synthetic power. His new chronology is illuminating and is likely to affect practically all future work on the period. He is of the "Babylonian" persuasion; and he does not fully stress the unique sacerdotal prestige of the earliest monarchy really known to history. We await with interest the conclusion of his labours, in which Mr. Carter's discoveries will be utilized and the whole subject be seen in fuller perspective.

[S]OME HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Kenneth Pickthorn. (Philip Allan.) 3s. 6d. net.

A workmanlike enunciation of the fundamentals of British governance. The unexpectedness of developments in constitutional progress is shown to be out of keeping with the traditional idea that the Constitution has simply grown. Some recent happenings that affect constitutional practice are clearly treated; and the chapter on "Crown and Empire," touching on Britain's relation to her Colonies, opens a wide field for thought.. The book is brief and compact; its style lucid and pleasing.

[T]HE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME GREAT THINKERS OF THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REFORMATION. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.

A useful series of studies, by competent historians, of representative thinkers of the time—Nicolas of Cusa, Fortescue, Machiavelli, More, Erasmus, Luther, and Calvin. The editor's introduction, though inevitably a trifle oracular, makes a good background. Of these his own essay on Machiavelli deserves particular mention. There is something strangely familiar to us in this picture of the disillusioned diplomat of San Casciano, avowing his final faith in the force of arms, and proclaiming the "princely" qualities of violence and fraud as the only effective instruments of political salvation. Verily, a perverted doctrine! But it was, nevertheless, the fruit of pondered conviction; a cynicism distilled from long and bitter experience. And however sinister it may be, can we say that it is yet dead? If Metternich, Bismarck, and Cavour lie behind us, have we not Mussolini in our midst?

[T]HE LAWS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND: FROM EDMUND TO HENRY I. Edited by A. J. Robertson. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 25s. net.

The *biblion-abiblion* is difficult to criticize broadly. Miss Robertson has translated from the Anglo-Saxon and Latin the extant royal laws from 940 to 1150, making accessible some useful historical material. Besides adapting Liebermann and Schmid she has utilized research of her own. The chief law-givers of the period were Aethelred, Canute, William the Conqueror, and Henry. Interesting light is cast upon the—theoretical—status of the conquered Saxons. Scholars will feel indebted to this careful work.

[T]HE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By Benedetto Croce. Authorised translation by Arthur Livingston. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.

These papers first appeared in 1915, in *La Critica*. They are not, however, intended to supply a systematic treatise on morals. Instead, they offer us "sidelights on practical problems of conduct," the mature reflections of a shrewd and subtle thinker on some of the thousand and one concrete questions that face us in daily life. At times Croce can display a rare insight that seems to transform the baffling problems and lead us to an unexpected solution. Yet *only* at times, for the illumination is far from uniform, and too often the brilliant flash of paradox flickers out in a feeble platitude. Indeed, the quality of this work is disappointingly unequal. Some of the arguments, if not plain sophistries, are at any rate (to use his own phrase) more ingenious than profound. Nevertheless, Croce's views as a whole are much too interesting to be neglected; and in the present case they have the advantage of appearing in a translation which, despite an occasional jar, is eminently readable.

Five Stages of Greek Religion. By Gilbert Murray. (Oxford Universit Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Murray presents in a concise and interesting manner th development of Greek religious thought. It is a pity, however, that h ignores so largely the tremendous influence of Minoan and Mycenae cults upon the later religions of Greece. Is it not a matter for criticism too, that, in his otherwise excellent analysis of the fourth century, h should apply an Englishman's idea of what the Greek *should* have though rather than make an abstract constatation of a morality that prevailed Students will appreciate his summaries of information; and scholars wil admire the clarity and carefulness of his philosophic differentiations.

The Idea of Great Poetry. By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Secker.) 6s. net

This series of lectures by one of our finest theoretical critics of literatur is a valuable attempt to make clear the distinction between true poetr that is simply lyrical or personal, and great poetry. Professor Aber crombie's point is that the *scope* of a great poem intensifies, by cumulativ force, each separate perception that it includes. This conflicts with Croce's "lyrical" theory of art; and the author (who has already justified th existence of the Epic, as a true æsthetic kind, to modern criticism) seem to us to refute a very widespread heresy, and to affirm an opposing trut of great value. His closely packed argument will repay careful reading- though it is not always felicitously worded. Among the illustrations ther is an especially good incidental estimate of Wordsworth; and the only thing that definitely gives us pause is an over-confident, rather scornful vindication of the Witches in *Macbeth*, where the author does not quit make out his case.

What is Rhythm? By E. A. Sonnenschein. (Blackwell.) 10s. 6d. net.

The echoes answer, What? There is about prosodic theory a curious inconclusiveness. Professor Sonnenschein, whose book seems to us rather more heavy and involved than it need be, is a modernist and a liberal: his work, almost necessarily, lacks finality. He regards rhythm as essen- tially a balance of duration, in which a measure of disproportion is inherent; thus discrediting both quantity and mere duration as metric criteria. Some of his aural illustrations are suggestive; as are also the Appendices on syllable-measurement in which he has collaborated with phonetic experts.

The Touchstone of Architecture. By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Reginald Blomfield's collection of articles and addresses reprinted under the title of *The Touchstone of Architecture*, illustrates an old but very curious phenomenon in criticism. This phenomenon is usually mis- interpreted to the effect that a man who practises any one art is thereby disabled from delivering rational criticism in that art. The truth is that criticism to-day tends increasingly to explain its subjects instead of judging them; as Sainte Beuve says somewhere, it understands everything, but it comes to no conclusions. Now the architect may, or may not, be able to explain buildings; that depends upon his equipment as a theorist and writer. He will, however, if he is a good architect, in all probability prove a good judge of buildings. Sir Reginald Blomfield is both the one and the other, but hardly ever both at once, and this is where his book (apart from its other merits, which are great) is so instructive. When dealing with those kinds of architecture which are germane to that pro- duced by himself, his historical reflections become dry and sharp and are everywhere interspersed with praise or recrimination. On page [illegible] we read: "The Greeks were ignorant of the principle of . . .," "such clumsy expedients," "they built well"; indeed, words such as "mistake" and "clumsy" occur on almost every page of this particular essay. A clear contrast with this kind of writing is found in the paper identifying architectural with ethnological movements. Here the mood is tentative, demure, almost apologetic, so conscious is the author himself of the new manner of approach. It is a rare thing to find both manners used in the same volume, and rarer still to see them as sharply differentiated as they are throughout Sir Reginald Blomfield's essays.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued*

Voices of the Stones. By A. E. (Macmillan.) 3s. 6d. net.

The poet who is a mystic lives dangerously. What brings these (as nearly all of A. E.'s) poems among the most impressive of our day is the unusual depth and sufficiency of his mystical vision. He is so completely "brother to grass and stones," his emotional life is so fully liberated in the abstract world of his own natural perceptions, that only when his inspiration relaxes does one pause to reflect how tenuous is the human element in his work. Great poetry has a closer contact with life, and so a more tangible and concrete imagery: these poems have not that greatness, but few of them fall short of perfection in their kind.

The Doctrine of the Person of Christ. By Sydney Cave, D.D. (Duckworth.) 5s. net.

This is a good, as well as a brilliant, book. It is ostensibly a succinct history of the evolution of the dogma of the person of Christ from the earliest times; but it is written by one to whom the forms of this dogma have real meaning, as expressions of Christian experience, so that in his narrative we follow the successive attempts to formulate intellectually the life-giving power of the central Christian verity. To this task Dr. Cave brings unusual qualities, of which perhaps the most striking is an intimate knowledge, gained by missionary experience in India, of the difficulties felt by other minds than the Western European of *conceiving* the Christian mystery. To have given the reader a sense of the living reality of two thousand years of theological debate is no small achievement.

The Mystery of the Kingdom of God. By Albert Schweitzer. (A. and C. Black.) 6s. net.

A somewhat belated translation—even the excellent introductory essay is dated 1913—of Schweitzer's first statement, 1901, of his extreme "eschatological" position. To ourselves, we confess, Schweitzer's work, though stimulating, is on the whole quite as unsatisfactory as that of the "liberals" whom he derides. That very derision is characteristic of the quality we deplore, for there is something profoundly non-Christian in the slickness and logical precision of his attitude, as though the earthly career of Jesus were governed by clockwork. Schweitzer's assumption, that the life and teaching of Jesus can be wholly related to the eschatological conceptions current in his way, is in every way as arbitrary as the "liberal" assumption that he was essentially a modern liberal. If one thing is certain it is that Jesus was at least as greatly in advance of his own times as he is in advance of ours. Schweitzer will have done his work, however, when it is realized that an "eschatological" Jesus is merely another projection of his real mystery.

A Defence of Ryme. By Samuel Daniel; and **Observations in the Art of English Poesie.** By Thomas Campion. (The Bodley Head.) 2s. 6d. net. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

From the handy "Bodley Head Quartos." We venture to remind our readers that this controversy is one of the "tit-bits" of early English criticism. Campion's views on metre and kindred questions have never quite lost their freshness.

Axel. By Jean Marie Matthias Philippe Auguste, Count Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Tr. by H. P. R. Finberg. (Jarrolds.) £3 3s. net.

The intensely austere, intellectual, haughty spirit of Villiers the magnificent found probably its freest and most impressive utterance in *Axel*; and there is a kind of fitness in its enshrining in this luxurious and exotic form. His work belongs to a tradition of feeling that has long passed, and found only a faint reflection in England in more or less "decadent" movements. But, with all his aloofness, Villiers revealed in his art a genuine and exalted spirituality: "l'amour, épuré, s'allume sur l'autel: tout ce qu'il y a d'humain à ce feu s'évapore." Narrowness there is and a kind of unreality: but the reader is awed more than he is repelled. Mr. Yeats' Preface is simple and reassuring; and Mr. Finberg's Introduction more impeccable than his translation. The whole volume is suggestive of the choicest caviare; but as regards Mr. Sturge Moore's symbolic designs and textual decorations we fear we must be ranked with "the general."

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

LITTLE TIGER. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

A rather good but rather limited book; showing close observation of life but little perception of any underlying quality in life. The characterization is admirable—Little Tiger herself, for one, is a masterly study of a "whole loaf" temperament—but the construction is less so. A superficial world, not created by strong imagination. Sir Anthony has done better things; but few could do this so well as he. His attitude remains surprisingly youthful.

THE VINTAGE. By Nora Kent. (Holden.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Kent's art has advanced, but still shows immaturity and rough edges. This Sussex novel is commendable for its sincerity and carefulness. It shows simply the "vintage," to three generations, of a disastrous marriage. It opens most readably but deteriorates, being hampered by too obvious a conception of things.

GIRL OR BOY. By John North. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. North, who writes with a felicity and fluency not often met with in a first novel, has produced an amusing skit on publicity, sensationism, and popular gullibility as seen in this great city of London to-day. An insignificant advertisement canvasser is sacked, and retrieves his fortunes by the unscrupulous "discovery" hinted at in the title: his adventures, though farcical, are told with piquancy, humour, and even a flash of pathos.

THE WAY HOME. By H. H. Richardson. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

A sequel; in which the very human Mahonys, home from Australia and back again, still interest us through a series of rather uninteresting experiences. Mr. Richardson is a sincere and pleasant writer despite his rambling presentation: the slight historical effort of setting his tale in the 'sixties is a wholesome literary exercise, conducing to an agreeable prose style.

A WOMAN SCORNED. By Juliet M. Soskice. (Selwyn & Blount.) 7s. 6d. net.

The theme is tragic enough; but Mrs. Soskice does not—perhaps could not—avoid making it sordid. The woman is not a sympathetic figure, and the story is crude and even somewhat lurid; which is disappointing from a kinswoman of the Rossettis whose reminiscences, told with a much finer literary perception, were of great charm and interest.

NOAH'S ARK. By Amabel Williams-Ellis. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis's cleverness and sophisticated humour appear shallow on close examination. Her thesis is that marriage, even between a painfully self-conscious young couple, can actually be a success! The characterization is generally unreal. The wife's nine-months' chronicle is unusually intimate; but has more to do with pathology than with literature—an art which Mrs. Williams-Ellis could serve better were she content to be natural.



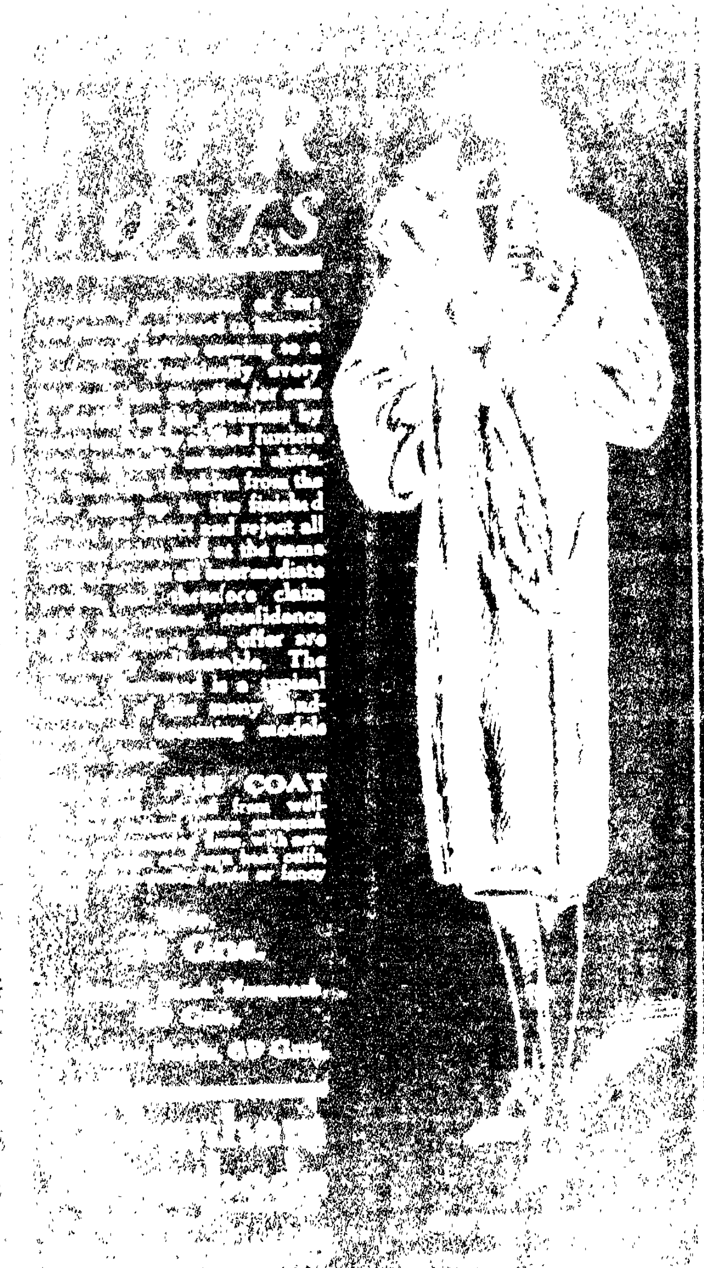
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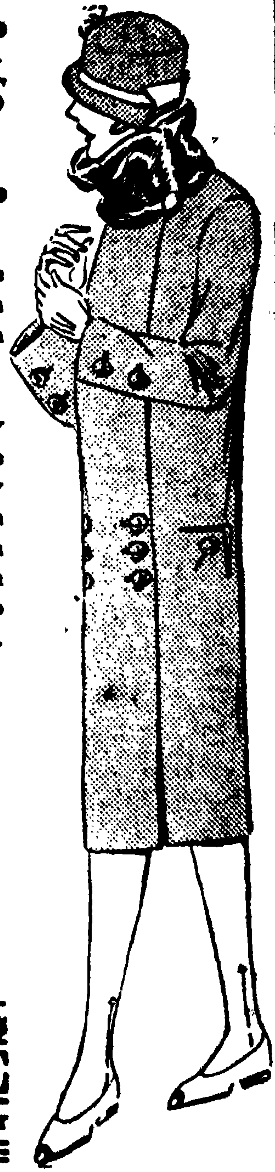
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The Adelphi

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A SIMPLE CREED

By John Middleton Murry

IT is as I feared: that once embarked upon this ocean, the voyage would never be done. Whatever I write upon this subject, so soon as the words are in cold print, appears to me altogether insufficient; and I dare not leave it there.

In the two previous papers I have tried to convey two attitudes of mine towards Christ and Christianity. I hold these attitudes simultaneously, knowing well that they are contradictory. I make no apology for that, because I believe that a religious *truth* is, by nature, incapable of being formulated save by means of contradictions. As Keyserling says, "Remote truths in particular can only be represented in powerful contrapuntal opposition."* And as though immediately to prove the truth of that statement, I must qualify it by saying that the remotest truths are always the nearest of all. We reach them by long and tortuous journeyings; but at the last we see them face to face: closer than that—for the final realization is that the truth is

* I beg my readers to obtain, by hook or by crook, Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" (Cape). It is expensive, 36s. net for the two volumes. But they should insist on their various libraries supplying it. For this is one of the few necessary books for a modern man, outside the domain of pure literature.

ourselves and in ourselves. To know what we are is the end of all the search for religion and for wisdom—the end; not merely the beginning, as the old Greek said.

I have tried in these papers to follow the spontaneous movement of my mind in its effort to extract a real meaning for itself out of the contemplation of Christ and Christianity. I have found my mind working—in a manner now familiar to me—by means of contradictions, such as that the completeness of Jesus' triumph is apprehensible only through a realization of the completeness of his defeat. The choice is between contradictions and silence. Perhaps if I were older and wiser than I am, I should have chosen silence.

The contradiction in my last two papers may be summed up, in personal terms, thus. On the one hand, a contemplation of the life and death of Jesus makes absolutely impossible a belief in the existence of God the Father Almighty; on the other hand, the life and death of Jesus are the supreme revelation of a loving God. To those two assertions in their fullness, and in the fullness of their opposition, I adhere.

The life and death of Jesus reveal the love of a loving *God*. There is the emphasis. The love of God is not as the love of man. We have a blinding glimpse of its nature in the perfection of the Crucifixion, which is the archetype of the perfection of all true tragedy. In the Christian conception of God as the Almighty Father a human love is ascribed to God. That conception is to me utterly impossible. I do not even desire it. The extreme of human love was manifested once for all, as it must be manifested, in a man. Him I worship. A man can worship a man. God he can only know.

The worship of Jesus, as the perfect exemplar of human love, and the knowledge of God as revealed by his life and death are two utterly different things; they belong to different orders. What is inacceptable in the

Christianity of the Church is that these two distinct things have been somehow fused into one, to produce an amalgam—a divine Christ, a loving God the Father Almighty—in which few if any professing Christians really believe, if their lives be regarded (as they must) as the test of the reality of their faith.

I think the time is past for these half-beliefs: they stick in my throat, and they stand in the way. We have, as modern Europeans, to accept ourselves for what we are. We can think, and we can think more clearly than our forefathers. Let us think, therefore. But, precisely because we can think, let us not be cockawhoop about our thinking. Simply because the old statements of the Christian verity are empty, were in fact emptied four hundred years ago, let us not imagine that Christ or Christianity is out of date. The old statements are useless to us. The "intellectual" *convert* to Catholicism to-day is a renegade to humanity. By his works ye shall know him: and there is always something rotten in his works. The man who is born and bred a Catholic, on the contrary, may well achieve within his religion, as final a knowledge as any man outside it. The Protestant is in a different case. His business is to follow the Protestant spirit to the bitter end, and on his journey thither to restate frankly, in a manner that admits of no equivocation, the Christian verity for to-day.

What I believe to be that verity I have tried to show. But I will state it again. God exists. The cardinal revelation of his nature *for a Western European* is in the life and death of Jesus, considered and pondered as credible historical fact. It was so in the past; it remains so to-day. What has changed is the method of conceiving historical fact. We do not have, for instance, to complete Jesus' life by a bodily resurrection: simply because we can resurrect him in our own way by striving to understand him. To the early Christian the

mighty fact about Jesus was not what he said or did, not that he died, but that he rose bodily from the tomb. To us the mighty fact is that he said what he said, and did what he did and died with a loud cry on the Cross. But, so far as the religious verity is concerned, the early Christian belief in his bodily resurrection, and ours in his bodily extinction, have the same potency and value. They are both means to a knowledge of that which is beyond both life and death—of God. The difference is really on the side of the subject, not of the object : we no longer need to distort facts to make them symbols of the divine. To us facts themselves, if we have eyes to see them, are divine—"the garment we see Him by."

God exists : Jesus existed. The further question is whether and to what extent we shall follow the man Jesus along the road which he declared—the road of universal love. This again is a question to be pondered by men as men. There are clear-sighted and deep-thinking men who do not believe at all in the gospel of love. They envisage the history of mankind very much in the same way as I do, as necessary, inevitable, and beautiful ; but, they say, as wars have been, so they must be : the pattern changes, but the elements are the same. Evil and pain are necessary.

Here, it may be, I confess my limitation, and prove myself no philosopher. But I cannot and will not accept this. Though I fully and freely accept the fact that "truth on one side of the Alps is falsehood on the other," that Christianity is the professed religion of but a portion of the world, that to men of other climates a different revelation of the nature of God and man from our own is and probably will always be necessary,—still I know that I am, in my own sense, a Christian. Christian culture is in my blood, and, I hope, a spark not to be quenched of Christian love in my soul. I cannot see the universe as the Moslem sees it, I cannot

know God or myself as the Hindu knows them. I belong to my race: no more than the Ethiopian can I change my skin. For this race to which I belong, the very constituents of whose blood have been altered by two thousand years of Christianity, Jesus remains the prophetic man. Its problems are not the problems of the Moslem and the Hindu. It is travelling along a different path into the unknown future: the woods, the trees, the rivers, the sky, the joys, the dangers—all are different.

In other words I am a European, and I believe that the conceptions, the habit of feeling, the spiritual atmosphere of Christianity is, and will for ever remain, an essential part of the European consciousness. I am not merely a European, but an Englishman: therefore the Christianity which is native to me is a Protestant Christianity. That is to say: I am not vitally concerned any more with the great Catholic tradition. I am the heir of a long succession of rebels against spiritual *authority*. Christianity is for me simply what I can find in it that is of use to me in my effort to live my own practical and spiritual life. I am, by nature and by consideration, opposed to the Catholic ideal. It has served its turn; I recognise that it was a great ideal—once. But my forebears abandoned it centuries ago: I am glad they did, and I am convinced that any movement of return is a movement backwards.

Whether or not Protestantism will move forward to a religion of personal loyalty to the man Jesus, is of course beyond my power to prophesy. I hope it will. For that is the least incomprehensible way I can find to describe the only path I see of escape from the abyss that suddenly yawned under our feet in the war. The morality of Jesus is the morality we can follow with some faint hope of achievement. I do not mean that we should follow the Sermon on the Mount literally: a great deal of it depends upon a belief in God as a loving

father which, in spite of all professions, not one man in a million truly holds. Not one man in a million *can* hold it.

Not Jesus as son of God but Jesus as son of Man—in the non-eschatological meaning of the phrase—is our ideal perfection. And we have the right and the duty to distinguish between his own native morality, that which made him what he was, and the morality that sprang from the combination of his native morality with his God-consciousness. When we have learned to love as Jesus loved, then it will be time for us to talk of our loving God, or of God's loving us. By that time he very likely will.

For, though it may sound a queer proposition, I hold that we humans have it in us to make God what we desire. If we truly desire a loving God, we can have him—at the price. What we do, God does. If we could get that primary truth into our souls, perhaps a new illumination would come to us. Then we should see quite simply why and how God the Father was Jesus' own creation. If we also want God to be our Father, then we must follow Jesus, the living man, implicitly, not as a pattern, but by our own spontaneous impulse, though the impulse may have been kindled by him. The existence of God the Father depends absolutely upon the number of his veritable sons.

For my own part I do not desire God to be a father. I am too conscious of the price; and I am by no means a hero. But I love my fellow-men sufficiently to desire actively that God should be a good deal more like a father than he actually is. So I am prepared to do something towards making God what I want him to be. The method of God-creation is simple: you have only to remember the simple fact that what you do, God does; what you are, God is. Even to the uttermost: if you disbelieve in God, then God *pro tanto* disbelieves in himself. Every man has the responsibility for God upon his shoulders.

That is my creed. Until this moment, strangely enough, it never entered my head to express it to myself in this simple fashion. It is a red-letter day to me that I have said something so clearly to myself as this: What I do, God does : what I am God is. Perhaps it may give others something of the simple satisfaction it gives me.

I am afraid it will not sound very logical. What I am to-day differs greatly from what I was three years ago : therefore God is greatly different from what he was three years ago. Well, why not? My part of him, his whole of me, is greatly different from what it was. I am content. I am not offering a faith for everybody, though it is one that everybody can hold. This creed of mine is meant only for those whom it suffices : I aim at no proselytes.

Yet it might be a good thing if this simple creed were to gain adherents? It is pleasant to imagine that the landlord of a slum-tenement who has kept the place in a foul and filthy condition should suddenly realize, when praying with the rest of his respectable fellows in church on Sunday; that what he is, God is : and that he should have a sudden sight of the heavenly mansion reserved for him, without a sink or a privy. Or that the fire-eating journalist who will not rest till he has done his part in creating another war, should see his God with a bayonet sticking in his vitals. There is room for laughter in this religion.

But, above all, it is a practical creed. It adjusts itself to every issue in a man's life. If he wants to find God, then God wants to find himself also. The unfortunate thing is that the simple truth of the matter will not have dawned upon him in that condition ; nor will it greatly pain a man who disbelieves in God to be told that God disbelieves in himself. I do not think it would have greatly pained me ten years ago. Which serves me as a reminder how great is the distance I have gone

—hopping, skipping, jumping, wriggling—ever since I began my *confessio fidei* in these pages; how innumerable have been my attempts to formulate to myself the one reality of whose existence I have long been convinced, how desperate my efforts to avoid being committed to a formulation I could not accept, how close I have seemed, even to myself, to come to Christianity, how certain nevertheless I have been that that haven was not mine. Perhaps I have found my resting-place.

A resting-place in my own creed: a fit end for an individualist. A resting-place which has no rest in it: which is what I have always desired. *What I am, God is: what I do, God does.* Yes, I think that will last me my time. And now that I have it, and read it, and stare at it, I wonder whether it can mean to any other soul, what it means to me, whether indeed for another it can have aught of meaning at all. For I think I can see some of the ways in which it can be misunderstood: I can imagine the lifted eyebrow of disdain for the complete romantic, who believes that the divine endorsement descends upon all he is and does.

That is not what my creed means; it is, indeed, the very opposite of what it means. Yet I look at the words: *What I am, God is; what I do, God does.* What other meaning can they bear?

I do not know that I can explain, or even that I care to try to explain. But I may put the difference as simply as I can in this way.

The obvious meanings of my creed are two. One is, that I put the responsibility for myself upon God; the other is, that I take the responsibility for God upon myself. The second is the meaning which my creed has for me. But what inclines me to believe that there is more in this creed than I can ever explain is that both these interpretations are true. Only the first belongs to one phase of growth, the second to another; or, again, the first belongs to one kind of perception, the second to

another. Any man can say, and say truly, God is responsible for all he is and all he does. God *is* responsible. If he be a liar, or a coward, or a lecher, or a doer of cruel deeds, God is what he is, by the same necessity whereby if he be the servant of the truth, or a hero, or a man who will die for his friends, God is what *he* is. But there is this—and the mystery and the simplicity of the mystery lies here—that if a man can truly say to himself: "What I am, God is"—then from that moment he will cease to be a liar, or a coward, or a lecher, or a doer of cruel deeds.

But, by going on in this strain, I may only add confusion to a simple thing. I do not want to defend my creed; though I should be happy to think that anyone had derived from it a fraction of the peace it has brought to me. I am prepared, I shall be delighted, to be told that it is obvious—after all, a creed that is obvious would be a welcome change—or that many men have thought of it before me. In this matter I have no desire to be original; nor have I any overwhelming anxiety even to be understood. Those who are fated to understand me, will understand, in their own good time: and in them the meaning of the title of this magazine (which I did not choose) will have its justification.

Now, with this simple and unforeseen conclusion, let me put the matter finally behind me. I am not concerned any more to describe or define the God in whom I believe. If anyone is still concerned about my belief—for I did not embark on this last providential voyage at my own desire—he will be referred back to this sequence of papers, wherein I have said as much as I could say. It might have been said better, I do not doubt. But in waiting to say it better, I should have lost the desire to say it at all.

Therefore, in future, by the terms of my creed, all that I can say about the nature of God, and much more than I could *say*, will be found under totally different

rubrics, and by other hands than mine, in the pag
this magazine. Just as any other magazine, just a
commercial press, it is—if my readers understand i
one of God's voices : the only difference that I c
this moment see is that it will be a little more awa
its responsibility than some of the others are.

That, alas! sounds solemn and almost pharisaica
is a pity : for solemnity is very far from me at
moment. I should like rather to crack a huge joke
enormous joke, in commemoration of this attainme
the *gay sçavoir*. Unfortunately the best I could
that kind, at this moment, would be like the smi
the patient who has recovered after an operatio
good smile, a true smile, but a weary one.

So there is bound to come the period of convalesc
in which I live myself into my creed : I shall t
occupy it by surveying the new world before me.
become a friend to the universe. It has no myste
or it is altogether a mystery, as I am myself. It c
to the same thing in the end.

But one thing it seems to me I can surmise :
telegraph-pole I's with which my discourses have
streaked may largely disappear. They have
ascribed to egotism and vainglory : in fact they
due to a genuine scrupulousness. I had, for hone
sake, to remain rigidly within my own ego : he wa
one chance of salvation. Now he has served his
and a faint butterfly fans his wings over the br
shards. He may be an I ; he may be a we ; he
make no promises.

A LEADER OF FASHION

By Thomas Hardy

NEVER has she known
The way a robin will skip and come,
With an eye half bold, half timorsome,
To the table's edge for a breakfast crumb :

Nor has she seen
A streak of roseate gently drawn
Across the east, that means the dawn,
When, up and out, she foots it on :

Nor has she heard
The rustle of the sparrow's tread
To roost in roof-holes near her head
When dusk bids her, too, seek her bed :

Nor has she watched
Amid a stormy eve's turmoil
The pipkin slowly come to boil,
In readiness for one at toil :

Nor has she hearkened
Through the long night-time, lone and numb,
For sounds of sent-for help to come
Ere the swift-sinking life succumb :

Nor has she ever
Held the loved-lost one on her arm,
Attired with care his straightened form,
As if he were alive and warm :

Yea, never has she
Known, seen, heard, felt, such things as these,
Haps of so many in their degrees
Throughout their count of calvaries !

NIGHT AND DAY IN THE BIG WARD

By Martin Gilkes

LAST night they told me that I must sleep in the Big Ward and moved my bed from the little room where I had been alone. It was my first experience of the Big Ward and one not easily forgotten. A long room, like a vaulted cave, lit by one shaded light in the centre, at the far end it seemed to melt away in shadows; the middle of it filled with tables, bearing bottles like the windows of a chemist's shop, that somehow manage to convey a sinister suggestion. On either side, running away into darkness, the orderly lines of beds, each with its blanket: a study in scarlet, a symphony in red. Red is a cheerful colour by day, but see it in the half-light, it seems as if the whole place has just run with blood. It is the good colour in a hospital, too; the bad is black. Later on in the night I remember waking and in the semi-darkness thinking that my blanket was black, and how my heart had what the nurses call a turn. For they put black blankets on those who die, to mark them for carrying to the mortuary shed. . . .

The nurses come and go, walking tip-toe, talking in whispers, so as to avoid disturbing the patients perhaps; but a whisper penetrates the whole big ward like winter wind in a chimney. And sometimes they laugh softly, of course. And one wears shoes that have the faintest creak.

But after a while these things cease to trouble. It is the human freight this long room carries that absorbs one. How it groans! How it sighs! Some keep up

a steady moaning, inarticulate like dumb bewildered beasts: others cry aloud, seemingly determined that if they can't sleep, no one else shall. And whilst they had their way, I lay and listened; how different, I thought, from a hospital in the war! Once I lay at Béthune beside a man whose legs and arm had been shot away. Not a single moan. I travelled in a train cheek by jowl with a boy whose stomach was a seething cauldron of shrapnel. He might have been peacefully lying in his bed at home: only he was not. But these men fresh from civilian homes take their troubles like children. (I had almost said "like women," but a nurse from the women's ward told me that the women bear their pain far better than the men.)

It is not always those in the most pain that groan the loudest. The man on my right has a silver tube passing down into his vitals. He has too the certain knowledge that he will not recover. When he stirs, the tube bites him, just as the fox bit the Spartan boy. He said to me this morning:

"It fair made me holler all night!"

And yet I had never heard a whisper from him. I told him so.

"Not through my lips, but inside!" he answered with a fierce gush of scorn and pride.

But my neighbour on the left! He has a simple fester. Yet every time he hears a nurse's step, "Nurse! Nurse!" in the voice of a drowning man; and when she comes, he tells her that his mouth is dry.

§

You may take your fill of humanity in the Big Ward. At ten they brought in from the theatre a motor accident, just beginning to come round. By twelve he was in full cry. A nurse sat by his side to prevent his climbing out of bed. "Seventh lap! only three more to go . . . give her more gas, you—we'll get the prize

and then retire . . . . never no more. . . . God, what a bump! Who are you? Why, nurse! You're a nurse. . . . . You've ridden a ride as has never been ridden before. . . . No, that's wrong! Nurse, kiss me, nurse . . . ouch!" (I presume she didn't, but the ether took him again by the throat) "ouch! I feel sick!"

A racing motorist, I thought, from Brooklands, but this morning I found that he is a clerk in the local bank. Merely the ruling passion slipping out of the unconscious mind!

He is quiet after one, sheer exhaustion locks his tongue, but a new voice takes up the solo, dominating the general chorus. I can just distinguish him across the way, a white face lying back on a heap of pillows, the mouth fallen open, making a great round O, like some gigantic megaphone. From it come fearful stertorous breaths, "Ah—ah——ah—ah—ah"—an inhuman noise that if it resembles anything, resembles the bellowing of tortured cattle. It would not be so bad if it came at regular intervals or continuously without pause. A man can sleep through the ticking of a clock, but this intermittent roaring, sometimes breaking off altogether, sometimes coming in groups of three or four or five, is rest-and-soul-destroying. It is heavy laden with such a weight of agony: every breath proclaims itself for what it is: the last fight, the last flicker before that which still lives and lingers in him can shake itself free from the tormented flesh.

And how it lingers! Everywhere in the ward, I know, men trying themselves to forget their pain in sleep, are praying that he may die; and after an hour of it I find myself too praying the same prayer. I try to persuade myself that I pray for him to find peace, but the humiliating thought is with me that it is for myself, to find some sleep before morning comes. So we lie, and the longest of long nights passes.

As a matter of fact, he died (no man in the ward but heard him), just when the false dawn came and the nurses began to wake the ward to the abominable duty of rousing and washing at five o'clock.

§

Morning in the ward comes in with a whirlwind, long before true morning outside. Everyone has fallen at last into a troubled slumber, some perhaps only five minutes ago ; but at the hour of five we are awakened as effectually as the last Trump wakes the dead. We waken to wash and say good-bye to sleep. At least I do. For I find that water and sponge do banish sleep : and if they did not, the voices of the nurses would, that cry "Sleep no more," and breakfast and bedmaking and cleaning of the ward. By nine o'clock we seem to have been awake for years.

But the day-time has its compensations. At least it is not the time when sick men dream. What at night were moaning, crying shadows, by day become shapes or shapelessnesses, neatly blanketed in beds. They talk a little, from bed to bed. One sees that they are human, with minds and feelings of their own. There is the hour of exercise when such as are allowed may wheel about the ward in chairs, and thus one has the little excitement of a round of visits.

Bed number three is due for an operation this afternoon. Two friends came in to see him yesterday, to cheer him up. They did their work only too well.

"Operation?" they said, "what's an operation? One touch of the anaesthetic and there you were."

"Yes, but where?" (Bed number three is not yet eighteen.) "Does it hurt? Can you feel?" They laughed. (Queer how visitors can be so light of heart and smile so easily!) "Feel?" they answered. "Not you—but you can see. Nice to watch them carving you up and never feel anything at all!"

Bed number three spent the night in seeing and fee
ing too: in the way in which we feel all our keene
pains, in the imagination, in the mind. So he came
his breakfast—it was only milk—sick, and he could n
drink it; and most unluckily, to extract a crumb of co
fort, took to reading his medical sheet that hung abo
his bed.

I found him, literally chattering with apprehensio
and I told him how an anaesthetic really worke
"Like sleep," I encouraged him. "You kn
nothing. . . ."

"Ay, but that's worse! I'm for it, I am," a
reaching up he took down the medical sheet. We re
it together, until his trembling finger came to rest
the last entry. "Nepenthe," it read: then a scra
of cabalistic signs: then, "S.O.S."

"S.O.S.," he whispered. "What they put
ships. Sinkin'! That's what it means. Sinkin'.
my God, I'm a-going to die!"

I nearly laughed, but the sight of his face stop
me in time. "Nonsense, man," I said. "Do
you know what S.O.S. in a hospital means? If the
need. It's Latin. *Si opus sit.*"

"Sea-what?" he asked, out of his own thoug
his mind still running on ships in trouble on the sea.

"No, no, *si opus sit,*" I said again. "To be gi
only if there's need. They don't waste slee
draughts on patients for nothing. . . ."

But he would not listen and went to his opera
still, muttering, "Sinkin', sinkin'. . . ."

§

The ward makes one think. There are so many
men. Some ruddy and outwardly healthy, s
drained and sapless, but all have a worm somewhe
the core. It makes a man think of the innume

phalanx of ills that lie in wait when he shall have crossed the threshold of old age.

Here they lie.

This one, venerable, white-bearded, might be a bishop : he has the pastoral eye ; a black embroidered skull cap on his head, a relic of home, I think, that lends a touch of colour and of something else perhaps to the nakedness of the ward. He lies very still, his eyes looking back into the pleasant days of youth, as old people's eyes always do ; but every now and then pain takes him and he shrieks aloud like a little child. Strange contrast between the stern agony we know he suffers and the mindless cries he utters ! It seems as if God were using a hammer to crush a fly.

And this one, thin and sullen, with a high cheek-bone from lack of flesh, has eyes that have the wicked helpless look of a rat in a trap. He has been under two operations and to-morrow he will have a third. He is caught fast between the teeth of the gin ; for he lies in bed too weak now to move a finger. But he thinks. His eyes tell you that, though his lips tell nothing. He thinks, but of what? *Dulces reminiscitur Argos?* Surely not. One has only to look at his eyes.

All these old men are " Daddy " to the nurses. Some like it : others, to judge by their faces, must hate it. I believe the nurses think of them as children. Certainly they treat them so. They like them too. Their old bodies make no protest : they are light to lift : half their time they lie quite quiet, and quiet men in hospital are presumed to be asleep.

We have ten old men in the ward. I can lie in the daytime and see them all. They are so beautifully quiet, as if they had no desire any more to be out and see the sun. And as I look round, I feel inclined to say, " God grant that I may do nothing to bring upon myself such sufferings as they suffer in order to live

painfully three or four more years in the land that Thou hast given them ! "

Vainest of prayers ! For when I ask of doctors or of nurses how these old fellows came by their troubles, they have but one answer, " Oh, old age—just old age " ; as if it were the most natural and inevitable thing in the world ; as indeed it is.

§

They brought a stretcher case into the ward. We had just a glimpse of his face ; it was of the colour to which we have grown so accustomed, and it bled sullenly from nose and ears. Motor accident, we said : a bad one too. For the house surgeon behind the screens was an unconscionably long time working over him, whilst we speculated as to what he had to do. It made a kind of morbid diversion, as we lay in bed. Then he came out, like a white ferret out of a burrow, biting his underlip with a long front tooth. He was hardly gone before he was back : with him one of the bigger doctors and the opening in the screens swallowed them up. Then came another and another doctor. " Where the carcase is " . . . one could not help thinking of the quotation. A long time later they all left in a swarm.

" Pretty bad smash," we said to the nurses.

" No smash at all," they answered. " But what's the matter with him no one knows."

The aristocracy of the ward are those who are dangerously ill. Whether you will or no, you come to regard them almost with admiration ; but a man suffering from something quite unknown wears a sort of halo. So we used to look at the screens round his bed, peering through when we got the chance, much as savages look at a wooden idol. He had the look too of a wooden idol, as he lay back rigid on his pillows : his face had no more expression, his eyes might have been glass.

I began to think over all the diseases that I know and wonder which of them was his; or it might be something I had never heard of, even something absolutely new and strange. When one lies in bed all day, a little thing becomes a mountain, and it astonishes me now to think how I came to fret over the answer to that question.

It would be answered, of course, in time. That became clearer every day. For, "How is he?" we would ask, and "Can't last, poor fellow," was the invariable reply.

It was merely a question of time, but what a time! Three days, four days he fought. He might have been dead already, the nurses said, but for the thin breath he laboured so to draw.

That evening the doctor, having time on his hands, came and sat by my bed.

"'But haven't you," I asked him, "an idea of what's the matter?"

"Not the faintest shadow! And he's too bad to be put on the table. Funny how excited one gets, waiting for a chap like that to die! Sounds callous, doesn't it? The scientific mind! It's like a collector after some rare animal that's got to come to his hand at last. You don't know how keen I am to get that fellow to a post-mortem, just to know, to be certain. . . ."

But I did. The doctor's fever was our fever in the ward, but we had less honourable reasons. It fretted and consumed us. We scarcely liked to sleep, even the little time we could, at night. Whilst we slept, the question might be answered for us. One could never tell. But still he put it off. If one had had thoughts for it, there was something magnificent about the fight that he put up. But for myself (to my shame I confess it), all other thoughts were drowned in curiosity. . . .

He did not die until the sixth day, and as I saw him being wheeled away to the mortuary shed, I remember

saying to myself, "Now soon, very soon, we shall know!" But that very afternoon, whilst the doctors were at work upon him, they gave me my discharge. And somehow with the order of release my mind was filled with thoughts of home and the great question ceased to be of importance any more. So I never knew after all.

Death

I FEAR not death, for death can but deprive
My soul of things that torture me alive:
The sadness of a body drawing breath
May well find faith and friendliness in death.

I flutter for a little while alone,
A bird far out to sea by tempest blown:
And then, I dip once more, and touch the sea,
And share forthwith that immortality.

Come sleep! Come death! Forgiveness come to me!
My wings grow weary: solemn smiles the sea,
As smiles a nurse who lulls her babe to rest,
I stoop to join my shadow on thy breast.

JOHN STILL.

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL'S CHAFING DISH

By Vsevolod Ivanoff

BETWEEN the Ural Mountains and Turkestan there lie thousands and thousands of versts, and all the way there are quicksands—deep as the height of a man. Depths.

Yet one-eyed Cosmo, with the pock-marked face, mouthed : " I am going to the town Verny ; it has fallen through the earth, so they say, and a lake has swelled there, and in the lake there are thousands of ducks. And round the lake the bullrushes are gigantic—each noddle weighs five pounds. . . ."

Cosmo was the district tailor and stitched pea-jackets and pants after the Austrian fashion, with pockets as large as carts and buttons as big as wheels. But in the district people argued : " Cosmo is a rotten tailor but a wonderful shot—with a charmed eye : he strikes true and to death." And more faith was put in his cartridge than in his needle.

It happened that in the days of Koltchak the moujiks summoned Cosmo and expounded :

" Take a rifle ! "

And Cosmo asked :

" Where to ? "

" To thrash the Whites ; the Whites are marching on our district and are hanging Christians up to the sixth generation on the cedar trees."

He took up his rifle and went.

" Shoot ! " they said. They showed him whom.—One.—Another.—Five. He picked them off the

ground, as buttons are snipped off clothes, and went off hunting into the *taiga*.*

After that, no more Whites ventured on the march, and the Bolshevist regiments beat them hollow on yonder side of the Urmán.

And Cosmo went about, stitched pea-jackets and boasted :

" I am off to the town Verny that floats under water."

Semilujki† lies amongst the cedars—its huts are of five walls with beams as thick as a cow's carcase, but the Chapel of All Saints is as small as a cedar seed. On the left side of the altar stands the ikon of St. Gabriel, who holds a candle and a mirror. The latter means " God sees your soul, as in a looking-glass "; as regards the candle no one pondered, and it burned in his hand no one knew why.

No, Cosmo did not like St. Gabriel! Now, take the Archistrategus Michael, for instance—the warrior, exterminator of miscreants, or Nicholas the Saint—the bearded Saint; but this one . . . puny of body, beardless, and charged with unsavoury mission to the Mother of God on Lady Day. . . .

Yet Cosmo kept his thoughts to himself; they stirred deep within him, midst warmth and sultriness, and therefore probably loomed large and impenetrable as a winter's night in the *tundras*. Only the one thought of the wondrous town Verny struggled out to the surface, and he believed in it fiercely.

So, on the eve of St. Gabriel's day, when the bark of the cedar trees was bursting, the trees sweating, the giant roots curving the earth underfoot into humps, and the resin running on to the cedar leaf carpet, spreading a joyful scent, Cosmo was winding his way along the track through the *taiga*.

* Vast marshy forest land in Siberia.
† A village (literally, " Seven puddles ").

He thought of to-morrow's festival, covered the Saint with abuse, and raged at himself for not having laid in a supply of *samogonka*.*

"With good Saints galore, to do obeisance to such trash!"

There was a close and joyous smell of cedar tree roots, which crept headstrong and shaggy, ruthlessly heaving up the turf. At the top—the branches entangled the wind, and tossed it whistling from summit to summit.

Said Cosmo,

"There's some irreverence in me anyhow!"

He spat, and cast his only eye up and along the footway.

And lo! there—on the path—was a puny moujik, turned up God knows from where. . . . His clothes—rag upon rag. On one foot—a bast shoe, on the other—some hay tied on with string. As for his eye . . . quite an incomprehensible eye! Half an *archine* one from the other, and on different sides of the face—just as if there were two eyes, and just as if there were more than a dozen, hidden up there—in the hair . . . craftily.

"It's up to Semilujki that this road will be?"

Cosmo replied:

"It will. . . ."

"I am going there for the day of Gabriel, the All Wise, that is the Saint too.—I have heard that he is high enthroned there."

Cosmo said:

"Well?"

"I am faring from the Turkestan lands—from the town Verny. . . ."

"I hear tell. . . ."

"It has, brother. Fallen through the sands it has, only one Mussulman mosque has been left behind, because its Mullah, so they tell, was a traitor; and

* Home distilled vodka, usually wood spirit.

generally . . . there's a lake there and all as it should be. . . ."

"It's not known why?"

"Why it's gone—eh?"

"Well?"

"It bores me, it said, to look at you and no more bones about it.—It vanished; I am witness to it, and have taken five hundred oaths on it!"

"At that rate all Russia will go. . . ."

"Not our business that, brother, not ours. . . . My craft is to paint ikons and Archangel Gabriel is held in great esteem by me. . . ."

He turned up the path. On his back—a cloth bag . . . a metallic rattling in it.

Over the footpath—a mist, and out of that mist jumps at Cosmo's eye a strip of torn coat on the scraggy back of the stranger, his body showing through the rent. A voice as thin as autumn grass . . . and so weird.

Cosmo quaked,—his feet cleaved to the earth. "God," says he. "Whence and wherefore?"

And darkling, the mist crept into his chest, and then along his cheek bones—into his skull. Sweat broke out on his jaws and Cosmo passed his hand along them, and his hand was wet, and the hair on it was sleek—had stuck to the skin.

"God," he says, "what for?"

The sluggards' footpath runs deep into the *taiga*—does not hurry amidst the cedar trees, and along it the moujik of the twenty eyes is disappearing.

§

In the cloth bag—a pinch of tobacco, tiny paint brushes, newspaper for rolling cigarettes, and a rolled-up towel—with a metallic rattling in it.

"Here it is!" says the moujik.—"The Archangel's chafing dish."

" What for ? " asks Cosmo bewildered.

" For mixing paints to renew ikons, I tell you. The paints are most sacred, and the chafing dish is Archangel Gabriel's—so it's called. Many generations of ikon-painters have handled it, and it's full of saintliness, brother ! "

He unrolled the towel. In it—a chafing dish, like any other : the brand obliterated, one handle broken off. . . .

The stranger is sitting by the window—in the shadow, in silence ; and his face is as dim as the chafing dish, and eyeless. . . . Cosmo waits. A tremor passes from his bowels through the room, along his clothes, not to mention his body. . . . Now—presently—a miracle will happen before his eyes.

The stranger is silent ; he has unwound the linen strips from his legs, preparing for sleep.

Outside—it is night, and in the hut too.

The stranger has started to snore—so plaintively, as if on purpose. His leg has twitched, and from the wooden bench on to the floor cockroaches have fallen down—heavily. Cosmo is lying on the sleeping shelf above the stove—all of a tremble, and waiting. . . . He lifts his head, glances down : the moon is shining in the yard, through the window ; and on to the table too—hard, quadrangular—and in that moon—a chafing dish, and a thin stick and a piece of nibbled bread. . . .

Nothing at all.—Mist again ; a forest path is discernible. . . . The pungent smell of cedar. . . . Terror overwhelms Cosmo at the presence of the vagrant man, at the thought of his outlandish words. . . .

§

Early in the morning rose the moujik. Cosmo took to cleaning his gun.

" I am off ! " said the moujik.

" Where ? "

" To do my craft, brother,—around and about Gabriel the Archangel. Our community has sent me; that's how it is. Your folk are rich—love majestic saints. . . . Their saints should be fat, fleshy ! "

" Blasphemer, you ! "

The moujik pulled up his trousers, glanced into Cosmo's only eye and piped :

" Don't you get crusty—You'll get paid for the food all right ! Do you understand ? My name's Silas—and my family name is Odoinikoff. Good family name —what ? "

The moujik has gone up the village road and is poking around the huts ; his scanty beard is like moss under the trees, first sombre—then light . . . indefinite. He spouts a great deal—enough for all. . . . Quite a strange man, and by his strangeness—incomprehensible.

For ten years the roof had not been thatched—it had gone awry ; and the earth, among the rotting straw, had burst forth into grass. Cosmo mended it. He bricked up the chimney too, then ate two dinners. . . . But no ! . . . It won't go ! Something aches near the heart—gnaws, burns. . . . And the folk are celebrating St. Gabriel's Day.

It was difficult to say on what was founded the especial renown of the ikon of Gabriel at Semilujki ; but—as for the celebrations—why not celebrate a bit ? The feast may make the belly ache, but what is the belly there for, if not to ache ?

Crude vodka is drunk, songs are sung—and all is as it should be.

Cosmo threaded his way along the village road, and his thoughts were steady, but as apprehensive as during the insurrection—yet the people were sauntering about and didn't complain.

Near the little chapel stood Silas with the chafing

dish behind his back, addressing the moujiks in a piping voice, waving flimsily with his hand in the air.—

"To fashion ikons—requires intelligence! One takes for the paints—the ashes of the *likhvan* grass; then—a wifeless man, in three pairs of pants, must pluck the leaves of the Wayfaring-tree on St. John's Eve. . . . And then, brothers, on my chafing dish—the Archangel's that is,—a brew is made from the yolks of eggs that come from hens about which even *I* had better not speak. . . . So I'll go—let us say—into the *taiga* now, and will look all night long for the *likhvan* grass—and will find it at dawn, and will be all over sweat, that's certain. . . ."

And hitching up his sack he went towards the *taiga*.

Whilst the peasants looked at the chapel, then at the *taiga* and praised Silas:

"A clever fellow . . . and all's well."—

But Cosmo winds his way carefully alongside the forest path—fast on the trail of the moujik. And Silas is strutting, brushing away the mosquitoes with a branch of bird-cherry tree and all the mystery has fled from his face. A fellow, like any fellow—a cleft nose, a shaggy beard, and above the mouth, of course—a moustache. And then, Cosmo watched to see how Silas would go about it—looking for *likhvan* grass; and he would like to observe something else on his face. And Cosmo's only eye is large like two eyes and he winds his way like a wild beast—not noticing the trees.

But the moujik is not hurrying—is not searching; is intent upon himself; has lit a pipe. And his gait—is like that of a woman: mincing, springy with a jerk . . . and hence probably the rattling in the bag.

And fear and sadness comes over Cosmo—Surely, the other will turn round presently, and ask:

"And you—Where are you going?"

But no,—he still goes on puffing at his pipe. There!

—He plucks a branch off a Wayfaring-tree ; puts it int his bag, and then some moss and some bilberry leaves Thinks Cosmo :

" Ah—that is the *likhvan* grass ! "

Behold !—the moujik has gone up to the cedar tre and has scraped the bark—in all likelihood from boredom ; then—picks another twig off a Wayfaring-tree.

Thinks Cosmo :

" Aha, that is the other stuff ! "

He is close upon him now—and is waiting. . . . The path has dropped to the river, has lost itself in the sand.

Silas has stopped ; has cast down his bag, cast off his clothes—and has gone into the water to bathe.

And as he started to splash in the water—Cosmo stretched out his hand for his gun. No gun—he has left it at home ! He picks a branch off a fir tree, breaks it in his hand so that the pitch glues the skin.

Whilst the other is snorting—disturbing the water, giggling sofly, " Hi . . . hi . . . hi. . . ." Is beating the water with his arms. . . . Clearly the man can't bear unruffled water !

Above the stream a sweet briar is hesitating—is stretching its branches to the water. The sand is eluding the water. It smells of the herbs of the forest. . . . Depths—aromatic.

§

Long did Silas pray before celebrating the day of St. Gabriel—so the folk said in the village. And to reward such piety the inhabitants of Semilujki decided that he should paint an ikon of the Archistrategus Michael—of all saints the most formidable.

But Silas refused.

" I fear," said he, " to paint such saints : I respect soft hearts, birds' hearts, I might say——"

And he held forth about the Turkestan lands, about the town Verny, which had fled from torments. . . .

But Cosmo roamed about three days in the *taiga*—hunting for a beast: to drown his anguish, his anger in its blood. But there were no beasts. No beast took pity on the man.

And as for Silas—it was as if he had forgotten all about Cosmo and—one must say—he scarcely left the chapel. With a wise expression and drunken look he would rush out on to the porch and gaze at the sun with his many eyes.

And it was as if he alone saw what should be transferred from the sun to the visage of the saint for it to be bright as the orb of day, and what to do for the luminary to be reflected in the mirror.

In the evening Cosmo met Semionovna, an ancient woman who hankered after truth.

"And our stranger," said she, "has made himself drunk—and says that that town Verny truly exists and stands on its place—has never stirred; bless it!"

"It's gone—Verny—it has!" said Cosmo.

"It can't, friend—it can't have gone! Where is it to go to?—Where is one to go to from this world?"

And the old woman was pleased.

Said Cosmo to Silas severely:

"Why do you lie about the town Verny?"

"You—hold your tongue! I know what I am talking about and will take the blame! Go away!—I should really have to lose my temper with you, but—as I am doing saintly work I have only the right to scream at you—Go away!"

A drunken man's word is a true word—the moujik believes this with all his heart As Silas had said—let slip—about Verny, so the villagers believed; and no one referred to the town any more. If it stands—God bless it!—there are not a few towns that do.

And at Cosmo fun was poked—"If he believes—let

him believe!—the man of unknown Bolshevist faiths!"

And again Semionovna, who hankered after truth, said to Cosmo:

"Come and drink tea with me. I will brew some China tea for you—for your torments. For you were preparing to go a long journey and now—there is nowhere for you to go. Who, tell me, would take that lightly?"

And Cosmo got blind drunk, shouted and beat the table with his fist—to have his say and that all should believe it.

"It *has* fallen through, I say! . . ."

In the pen—moaned a calf, which had just been weaned; it lowed in a thick animal voice and no one understood, no one lent an ear either to the calf or to Cosmo.

At the end of the village—the chapel stands, amidst the cedar trees. Whiffs of damp resin come from the *taiga*.

The sandy streets are overgrown with weeds—dark green, lush. . . .

Cosmo leans right out of the window and bellows with all his might:

"It has fallen through, I say! it has!!"

A red-tailed cock flew off the fence and hurried along the grass, jauntily jerking his comb. He had a drunken gait this cock, and a thick voice like the calf's. So they screamed all three—two from anguish and the third not knowing why, until they fell asleep.

§

Cosmo woke late. His dream was heavy, clammy—and endlessly long.

In the dream—Silas rattled his chafing dish, the earth burnt with a greenish flame and it was straight. . .

"Aha!" said Cosmo. "You roam while all Russia is at Mass—who are you to do so? I ask you—well?"

He pulled on his patched-up trousers, slipped his bare feet into a pair of heelless slippers, snatched the gun from the wall and loaded it with a bullet.

The little bitch with a bushy tail, seeing the gun, yelped joyfully. Cosmo kicked her in the ribs—It is not right to send a dog on the trail of a man.

He went through the fields, behind the village backyards, to the little church, trying to alter his step, but it was as if he were on the track of a beast—the heel rose and the body rested on the toes.

Behind the yellow sunflowers stand the dark sheds for cattle and beyond them man had also built sheds for himself from cedar wood. They were taller sheds, but also dark—and they exhaled acrid animal smells.

And Cosmo was saying with fury:

"I will teach you, you will learn what it means—to deceive folk. . . ."

He wanted to say bitter, offensive words, but they came empty—futile. . . .

He grew silent.

The chapel of All Saints lies amidst the cedars, and is older perhaps than the trees; it is greenish-black all over, as the earth is in the early spring, and its porch is overgrown with moss, as land near a bog. The door is narrow and the crosses on the cupolas are eaten away by mould.

Softly, Cosmo walked up the steps; pulled gently at the handle—locked! No lock this side—the door must be locked from the other. He started descending the steps and heard his own footfall—soft, catlike; just the seams of his shoes, probably, scraping against the wood and tapping like claws.

Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he scrambled up a cedar to a window.

The window is open—seemingly the chapel is being

aired. On the lattice work a tomtit is perched and is wagging his tail. There is a smell of incense and bees-wax. Inside—it is darksome ; and in the obscurity . . . a man is dashing to and fro waving his hands about before him—without apparent meaning. On the canvas bag—a chafing dish, and in it—gold ikon settings, a broken collecting box, and further away—ikons : put together like boards. And Cosmo saw here—that the figure dashing about with the hammer and chisel . . . was Silas. A yellow face, yellow hands and the eyes as if covered with dust—indiscernible.

Something struck him inside like a shot in the night—and his body drooped down, bereft of its strength, on to the cedar branch.

" A thief ! " said Cosmo—and did not hear his own voice.

He seized the lattice work with his hands, struck it with the barrel of his gun and yelled,

" Hey ! "

Flop, went Silas on his knees. Up again he jumped —dashing with a scream to the wall. He stared at the window, bowed his head to the floor, concealing his face in his hands—

" Brother—it's from hunger. . . . Brats, seven souls, no food. . . . Brother, the brats—naked—their bellies like water melons . . . a louse couldn't fasten itself on them. . . . I'm from Semionsky district, brother, I heard. . . . I heard . . . they said there was gold here, silver, they said, on the chasubles—masses ! I was lured by it, brother . . . for the first time—by God ! Cousia—friend, chuck the gun. . . . Cousia ! Well ?—What ?—Cousia—— ? "

Slowly downwards came Cosmo, uncocked his gun, slung it on his back—and went towards the *taiga*.

Again the resin is breathing. . . . Forest herbs. The cedars are straining towards the sky—the earth can't hold back their roots.

Says Cosmo:

"Perhaps truly it hasn't fallen through—and perhaps there is no such town at all as Verny—just that people have imagined it for their own consolation——"

The cedars are silent, are intent upon themselves. . . . Well, so there are no miracles in this world, and the most terrible thing is to live and to believe this.

(*Translated by S. M. Kazarine.*)

BATTALION IN REST, JULY, 1917

Some found an owl's nest in the hollow skull
Of the first pollard from the malthouse wall,
Some hurried through the swarming sedge
About the ballast-pond's bright edge
And flashed through sunny deeps like boys from school,
All was discovery, love and laughter all.

The girls along the dykes of those moist miles
Went on raft boats to take their cows afield,
And eyes from many an English farm
Saw and owned the mode had charm;
One well might mark the silence and the smiles—
With such sweet balms, our wounds must soon be healed.

The jovial sun got up as bright each day
As fancy's sun could be, and climbed, heaven's youth,
To make the marching mornings cheat
Still-hectoring Mars of his receipt:
Who cannot hear the songs that led the way,
See the trim companies with their eyes on truth?

At evening, by the lonely white-walled house,
Where " Que C'est Drôle " and " Mon Dieu " stole
to glance,
One bold platoon all turned to players
With masquerade and strumming airs,
The short clown darted nimble as a mouse,
The tambourine tapped out the stiff-stepped dance.

A shadowed comer suddenly took voice
As in the dusk I passed ; it bade me stay.
The bottle to my lips was raised—
God help us, sergeant, I was mazed
By that sharp fire your wine—but I rejoice !
Could I but meet you again at the end o' the day !

Not seldom, fast by meadows deep in dew,
Another lit my soul with his calm shine.
There were cadences and whispers
In his ways that made my vespers,
A night-piece fitting well that temple blue
Where stars new trembled with delight's design.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THREE MEN

The Fears of Bing

LIKE all persons of sedentary habits I find that my waist line, as the years go by, has a tendency to do anything but decrease. Having read of the difficulties that pugilists experience in reducing to a limited weight, I naturally inferred that they must be thoroughly familiar with the most drastic ways of removing flesh. As these people are often indigent, it was not difficult to find one willing to undertake the job. I shall call him Bing Hinkey, for his real or fighting name was not dissimilar.

His system, I found, comprised the usual routine of callisthenics and road work followed by a vigorous rub down. This in itself would have been a bore if it had not been for Bing's personality, for he fairly radiated cheerfulness. A more modest man would have been difficult to find. His own account of how close he came to winning the championship was not even dramatic. He is small, but his flattened nose and cauliflower ear proclaim his profession. The reason for his coming to Paris was that, his career being finished in America, he had thought that " the French boys would prove easy picking." One stiff workout had convinced him of his error, and he had resigned himself to the title of ex-prizefighter.

His method of pronouncing French was so original that I was astonished one day when he told me that he had acted as a guide to a lady that morning. " She had a book called *Paris in Seven Days*," he said, " and I was trying to show her the sights in it." " We was

walking, see? and I turns the wrong way when we comes to that island where Not-re Dame is." "I gets lost in them small streets and had to confess I was stumped." "I finally tells her so, and we takes a cab to get to this here Saint Germin." "While we was in the cab she gets madder and madder, and then she turns on me and says, Why, you dumb little runt, you black Irish Catholic, you pig-headed fool, you always was pig-headed and you'll always be pig-headed."

At this point I must have looked the amazement I felt, for he saw fit to add, "You see, we was brought up as kids together and knowed each other all our lives." "In fact," he explained, "she used to be my wife!" "Do you know," he continued, "that when she started talkin' like that it seemed like old times, and I just wanted to jump out of that-er cab and get away as far as possible."

I sympathized with him, for I felt that no man was safe in such a contingency. Nevertheless I reflected that his failure to win the championship was due to the lack of bull-dog bravery that would have enabled him to counter-attack in this fierce skirmish. But, after all, are there many men who would have dared?

Another day, burdened with heavy sweaters, we were running through the gardens of The Luxembourg. Lack of breath prevented me from being in a conversational mood, but nothing ever prevents Bing from talking. "I hates to see them French girls running round with them niggers over here, don't you?" he asked. "Woof," was the only comment I could gasp out. This seemed to satisfy him, for he continued, "The other day I was talkin' to that-er coloured fellow who shines shoes in the basement of that American bank." "He tells me he's just as good as any white man, and I asks him if he thinks he has the right to go anywhere a white man can, and he says yes." "Then I says if the President of the United States asked you

to eat with him, would you accept?" "And he says certainly." (I was still too winded to refresh Bing's memory on the case of Booker T. Washington.) "I told him," continued Bing, "that he was a fool, and he'd better not talk that way in America, and he says, This is not America."

This remark must have struck home, for Bing's tone had then become slightly conciliatory. "You're not such a bad chap in your way," he had said, "and I wouldn't mind going round the corner with you alone and takin' a drink." The negro's gratitude for this broad-minded point of view could not have satisfied Bing, for his tone now became belligerent as he told me of the end of the conversation. "I then tells him," said Bing, "that if I was alone in a restaurant with my wife and daughter (that is if I had one), and there were two empty seats at my table, and you came in with a white woman and sat down on those seats, why I'd spit right in your eye." The negro's retort had been even more drastic, for he had told Bing that in that case he would go straight home, get his gun, and come back and get him cold. Bing turned to me with a rueful smile, and said, "And I believe he would at that, he was a crazy sort of nigger."

Bing's tone had indicated that his own belligerency had cooled considerably on hearing the negro's threat. I wondered if this also indicated why he had only been a near champion.

Bing likes to moralize and I was not surprised to have him follow up the tale of the "bad nigger" with one about the "good nigger." The latter it appeared was a uniformed porter stationed at the entrance of a large American steamship line. "I saw a man come out that door the other day," said Bing, "and give that nigger a tip and say, Here's two francs, mister." "The nigger turns to him and grins and says, Don't call me mister; just say, here's two francs, nigger, here's two francs,

nigger." "And do you know," finished Bing, "th chap's worth all kinds of money to-day and everybod likes him."

Having no knowledge of the gentleman's financi status I could not contradict Bing's statement, but thought the price he was paying for his affluence rathe high. On the whole, however, I had a feeling that i the long run he would prove to be a more comfortabl companion than the other negro.

Having been through one unfortunate matrimoni experience it seems sad that Bing meets others of tha sex who remind him of the disposition of his forme wife. It appears that he has a friend who is a Spanis lady. Her husband having returned to Spain for a indefinite length of time, she has apparently consoled herself with the society of Bing. They were watchin a parade the other day and Bing, always the gentleman had provided her with a box to stand on. This box wa placed near a lamp-post to which a man was clinging The man on the lamp-post, to steady himself, had place one foot on the box on which the lady was standing Unfortunately he not only placed it on the box but als on the foot of the Spanish lady. From what I coul judge that individual had complained not only shrilly bu also with invectives. The gentleman of the lamp-pos had then merely remarked, "Ah, a lady of the boulevards."

There must have been something about this remark that further irritated the lady, for her hot Spanish blood had been aroused and she had hit him over the head with her handbag. A crowd had gathered and the participants of the quarrel had withdrawn. All the way home the Spanish lady had berated Bing because he had not hit the man of the lamp-post. She had called him a coward many times. "Do you know," Bing told me, "it was just the way my ex-wife used to talk, she'd get into a row and then ball me out for not hitting the

guy." "Why if I had hit that guy on the lamp-post them French would have torn me to pieces."

And yet I know that Bing knocked out a man who shortly afterwards became champion and who ever afterwards refused to meet him. What did this fear of women, fear of negroes, and fear of mobs signify? Did it mean that after all none of us are without fears? And as Bing violently attempted to rub away a portion of my increasing waist line I realized that the fear of being fat had chilled my heart.—RICHARD DYER.

The Minor Poet as Lecturer

I could never, despite the encouragement of supposedly fastidious critics, find much pleasure in his verses. They lacked, I thought, both clarity and colour, and their emotion, like its expression, was wholly conventional; their sole merit lay in a certain vigour of line and rhyme, a quality which together with a constant wilful obscurity, assured me that the author must be still young. The promise of these poems, I told myself, like their faults—their egotism, their repeated discovery of the commonplace—was the promise of youth; youth alone could carry them off successfully.

So that when he, as lecturer now, stood before me for the first time, my primary feeling was one of amazement at the gulf between the conception and the reality; I tried to believe that some mistake had been made. I had imagined him as a (probably) good-looking young man, asserting himself as poet with a touch of arrogance, still boy enough to believe that if the world did not care for his verses it was the world's loss more than his. He was, instead, almost pathetically elderly, and his long thin frame seemed incapable of vigour; his eyes, magnified possibly by his gold-rimmed spectacles—they sat his small pinched nose a little askew—were mild and amiable and apologetic. His shoulders were rounded,

the long neck and small head almost fleshless ; his height even, owing to his extreme thinness, lacked any element of impressiveness and, instead, became absurd. He was clothed in black, a rusty black relieved only by a grey tie which seemed, like his grey moustache, like the greying touches in his dark hair, rather a fading than a deliberate difference.

He read his lecture from beginning to end, making no attempt to conceal the fact, at times bending short-sightedly over the papers on the table till the slight baldness at the back of his head was revealed. But mostly he stood upright, severe in his tight high-buttoned coat, so severe that one saw with surprise how loosely and irrelevantly, beneath the table, his long legs crossed and uncrossed. At first he read carefully and with a clear articulation ; at certain words his lips drew back over his large teeth, yellow like a horse's. As he proceeded his pronunciation grew less certain, and, particularly when he was quoting from "the poets," his enthusiasm swayed him from side to side like a frail tree in a high and gusty wind and he would wave a stiff gesticulating hand, a hand ugly with swollen knuckles and veins. Then he would pause to defer to his audience—" If it will not tire you . . . if you will bear with me. . . ."

He had, it became apparent, nothing to tell anyone who knew even the alphabet of the subject ; his facts were all known commonly, and the greater part of his lecture consisted of quotation in amplification or illustration of those facts. His generalizations, when they were not obvious, were absurd, for he seemed to have a number of indefatigable hobby-horses which had only to be mounted to gallop him away to utterly false conclusions. The exact nature of these steeds was never clearly defined ; their rider, one felt, had only the vaguest conceptions. It became necessary to remind oneself that this man was represented to us as a poet.

Above all things I had expected from a poet a certain critical faculty, a certain precision and fastidiousness in the choice and use of words, in the expression of a certain definite meaning. He had nothing of all this; only an appreciation which he could not define, a belief he had not resolved, a hope he could not fulfil. It seemed incredibly wrong and foolish, immoral almost, that so poor a thing should be sent about the country lecturing with such a pretence of authority upon subjects beyond the grasp of his power of expression.

And then, quite suddenly and inexplicably, I began to like him. He, personally, appealed to me in his thin austerity; he was so amiable and so anxious to please and so incompetent, he loved his subject and he could say nothing worthy of it, he meant so well and he did so badly. There was, I was sure, no touch of vice or even of intolerance in him, the worst of his faults a temperamental negativeness; he had such vast enthusiasm for poetry, for the people, for education, for everything that was right and just—he wanted to do so much, he had the power to do so little. He seemed to me like a man striving to smash open a prison gate with an axe of indiarubber. I found him—without any intended touch of patronage, without any reference whatsoever to my own capacities—extraordinarily pitiful.

But it would be impossible for me to return to his verses now.—Geoffrey H. Wells.

Clatworthy

Seeing Clatworthy in Angel Court after all these years is rather a feat. The honours, if any, are about equal. To Clatworthy a cake of size is due for being caught still running round for cheques after two decades in the City. Stock jobber's cheques, in sooth! As for me—mine was a timely shot of memory. I have a vermilion-

and-gold edition of "*The Ingoldsby Legends*" in very much the same condition as I found Clatworthy. When the children have quite finished with that book I shall know it again I hope—with surprising suddenness.

Never mind what my business was at the moment. Perhaps I felt as out-of-place in Angel Court as Clatworthy ought to have felt. I wish he could realize his misfit: but with him it has become root rather than routine. I was "a foreigner in Temple Gardens," awed in freshness, with the great advantage over Clatworthy that I had the leisure to take thought. The byways of Throgmorton Street on Pay Days fret with footsteps of youth in a sort of scared preoccupation, having a lot to do in a short space of time. They all go home a little earlier on Pay Days. The strain of estimating life by results reaches too fine a point after hearing that all is safely cleared at the bank. Besides, the contending racket of Settlement is terrific. Clatworthy would be a useful fellow at collecting cheques. Anyone paying *his* firm one hundred pounds short could be sure of a chatty enlightenment on the subject in two senses. He had charm of expression where it was least wanted, but never when it was expected of him. He talked and held his tongue in the wrong places. In the other sense he knew the business backwards, and might come away with the disputed hundred without references. A triumphant time-saver, he could not see that he was wasting his own. If Clatworthy could for once talk as brightly to his employer at unexpected moments as he did in office carte and tierce—— But those were his dumb periods. These and his appearance were against him, even in cheap reach-me-downs. Barter was too-too everything to the owner of that wistful countenance. Yet, while barter remains the adventure it is, much more could be made of—and out of—Clatworthy. He is worth what he accepts—to a penny. He will remain, despite opportunity, for ever what he is.

Twenty years hence, a spirit of contentment and a collector of cheques, it seems I could waylay him on any given Pay Day.

My concern for the man was born with my instant recognition as we passed. I believe he saw me first—and knew me. His voluble surprise was a full minute or years too late—an assumption foreign to him. And is it servitude that tricks a man out of his manner of speech? In his haste, I could see he was nervous, but —he would have passed on! Not unruffled, I should think, after our ancient intimate association! My concern for the man, I say, was instant. It was the wrong end of the City for such forlorn garments as he wore, such shoddy footwear. Hatless in a hatless crowd, his hair flew in all directions. He had been up and downstairs, in and out of offices in the prevailing public wake, and I had surprised my vermilion-and-gold Clatworthy of old perspiring and so set upon chasing other people's cheques that our meeting was an unwelcome incident. For aught I know, that occupation was important and pressing; it was not his matter but his manner that set me a teaser in contrast. Where was the leisurely debonair Clatworthy? Hurry was as foreign to him as his assumption of surprise. Flurry was his pet prejudice in days when he would stroll up to a wicket and stem an adverse situation. Was this the Clatworthy who annoyed an effete Examiner with "a certain literary precocity"? And was it possible that this nervous, unkempt cheque collector kept, stored in the same brain-cells, the memory of an incisive essay on "The Virtue of Patience"?

Our converse was bald but revealing.

"You seem busy," I said, looking at the long list of names he showed me.

"You're right—first time! There's been a lot doing this Account. And I'm not the only one. There

are six other fellows and two messenger boys with lists like this."

"Have you had lunch?"

"In the office. Sandwiches—and stuff."

"You mean 'and beer,' I suppose?"

"No time for a considered feed on Pay Days. All these cheques have to be accounted for and paid in before half-past three."

"Well, how about this evening?"

"I'm meeting the wife in Green Park. It's beautiful in Green Park these evenings."

"I didn't know you were married."

"I've been married six years. Got a boy five years old." He paused and we searched each other's eyes for five seconds. In that look, I was appalled at the distance which had come between us. Perhaps he felt this, for he tore off a corner of his list paper and gave it to me.

"Our telephone number. Any time you'd like to ring me up, you know! Glad to have seen you!" And he was off into the next building—without shaking hands.

That lingering, smiling courtesy of his I must somehow reclaim. But Clatworthy is, after all, of the sort who get into a rut by accident and follow it—a besetting capability and far harder to bear than the short sharp struggle that lifts to the honest green turf. Someone ought to guide these Clatworthys!

I am reserving a mental note of recognition for Life itself in the honours of bringing us together. Even in Angel Court, Life sets the stage for these things, playing the fairy—or the deuce—with men.—JOHN THORNTON.

THE ANCIENT TRACK

By M. Robinson

" 'Tis mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona mountain."

ANTLIKE, we crawl on the world, intent on our own concerns : to us so vast, to the sun that lights us on our way so infinitely small. Each a pin-point of colour in the intricate design, we see very little beyond that pin-point ; meanwhile the shifting, changing pattern flows around and with us, in stately curves, and colours rich beyond our imagining. It is well at times to withdraw from the physical body, and on the wings of the mind to fly to a distance, there to turn and look out at the limitless horizon. Then, as the whirling planets rush past us, we see our own, a little spinning ball, go by ; no longer so fast that it cannot be moved, but in a state of flux. Continents rise above the waters, and float there for a little space, to be submerged again. And so with the human procession ; only here the continents are the great movements in religion, art, and philosophy, dawning and setting to rise again elsewhere ; their mountain peaks the leaders of human thought. And then, for all their differences, we see that throughout there is a unifying principle. Diverse as they may appear, they are so only in their process ; one desire moves them all, and that is a longing to escape from the consuming restlessness that shakes individual man, even as it shakes universes in the making ; and to find a passage to the land of perpetual calms that, somewhere, must lie.

Alas, neither religion, nor art, nor philosophy can place in our hands a sure map for that dark and difficult journey ; that painful pilgrimage Everyman must tread

solitary, as solitary he lives and dies. No man can guide another ; at most he can say : "That treacherous river is not impassable, since I have forded it ; I fought my way across the frozen passes ; and from yonder height I caught a fleeting glimpse of the promised land." And this must be my apology.

My earliest life was a continual conflict ; myself, though hardly conscious of it, the battle-ground. On the one hand it had ideal surroundings ; until I was eight years old I lived almost entirely amongst mountains of eternal snow, where beauty and austerity in nature walk hand in hand through the solitudes. Every child of that age is awake only to the physical consciousness ; but that unvarying majesty of the mountains has its appeal, like Shakespeare, to every stage of consciousness, and it filled me even then with ecstasy and awe. In array against these influences stood the somewhat stern religion in which I was brought up. I was taught to believe in a God who was infinite wisdom, power and love ; yet everywhere inconsistencies were apparent. He could not control the world of his own making ; and his justice seemed to be capricious and at times vindictive. The discrepancy made itself clear to me even at that early age. I proudly asserted on one occasion that I could do anything, even to making some past event never to have happened ; I was rebuked for frivolous untruthfulness. Again I made the assertion, and again I was rebuked, yet more sternly. Then with proud assurance I was prepared to prove my statement : God could do anything, and moreover never failed to fulfil a request ; so that I need only ask him to expunge the event in question, and it would cease to have been. And then I was told that not even God himself could undo what had already been done ; the record stood for eternity. And now, where had vanished infinite power? My faith in the dogmas was shaken for the first time.

School-time followed; still all was physical consciousness. I remember being stirred to the depths of my being by the sudden revelation of the winter sun, a red ball behind barren branches that barred the sky. And as far back as I can remember poetry and music stirred me in a similar way, though pictures for some reason did not. But now, with the beginning of adolescence, my mind began to wake. I found myself standing before a curtain, and knew that I must find out what lay behind it if peace were to be found. The knowledge of another consciousness, the intellectual, began to stir within me, and I struggled with might and main to penetrate the physical envelope and to find out what lay beyond. It was a time of volcanic disturbances, and I was miserable. Unpopular with my fellows, and still more unpopular with myself, I also found those in authority rebuking me (with perfect justice, since with youthful arrogance the whole horizon for me was filled with myself), for a colossal conceit. Perhaps they handled me wrongly too, to some extent. Brought up in the solitude of the mountains, such solitude was now denied to me; solitude either of mind or of body was made impossible by the fact that at school every minute had its place and its occupation; and at home, with plenty of bodily freedom, my soul was guarded with ever increasing watchfulness and anxiety. Harried on every side; at home deprived of mental freedom, unable to adapt myself at school, I cried with Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death." But neither came my way. The worst was that my troubles were not augmented by wanton cruelty, but by the very intensity of the affection and sense of duty of those who ruled my life. At last I realized that it was useless to struggle against fate; I must settle down to a barren level of misery until the advance of years brought release. Meanwhile I preserved as far as possible an equable and docile surface, while below, the turmoil of

my mind surged and heaved, and I desperately clutched at every straw that might bring peace or enlightenment.

Religion went through the usual stages; the pieces of the puzzle failed to fit, but the shadow of authority still lay strong on my mind, and I bowed to it. Meanwhile I grew older and with every month entered more fully into the mental consciousness. One incident is typical. At school I was taken with others to see an exhibition of pictures by some modern painter. They meant nothing to me, and I came away empty as I went, feeling nothing beyond an ignorant contempt for the crude shade of green used by the painter to indicate grass in sunlight under trees. But later, as we discussed the paintings, I put forward my sense of this absurdity; and one of us said that it had appeared so to her too, at the time; but that later, walking in the woods, she had studied the question, and had found to her amazement that it was as he had expressed it, and that there was in fact something in the colour of grass of which she had hitherto been unconscious. I was out in the woods myself that afternoon, and I, too, looked; and I, too, found that he was right and I was wrong. In fact, for the first time I looked at the world with my mind as well as with my eyes.

And now school was over, and the question of earning a living arose. It was decided that I should, as a first step, read for a degree; and as the older universities were beyond what my family could afford, I went to a very modern University College, where sexes and classes of society were both equally mixed. To that place I can never be sufficiently grateful. Here for the first time I was treated as a human being. There is a tendency to depreciate these new schools as being raw and lacking in tradition. But in this one at any rate I found that courteous patience of age towards youth that serves better than anything else to form minds and manners in the melting pot. When a

professor of obvious learning actually asked a student his opinion of a difficult passage, I was incredulous; it must be sarcasm; and then it slowly burst upon me that the wise have no need for sarcasm; that it is only the neophyte who has no more to learn; and that the professor knew so much that he knew that even the opinion of a callow student might throw fresh light on an ancient problem. At school I had grown accustomed to being treated as a fool, even by people who were obviously my inferiors in intelligence if not in knowledge. Now we were treated with a tolerant deference; amongst us there might be a Shakespeare. It was a new experience, and it completed my conquest of the mental consciousness—of my own, that is, and not of mental consciousness in general. There is a limit to the amount of water that a bucket will hold.

By this time—my first year at college—I had, in my own mind, definitely taken the step of throwing off my childhood's religion. If God there were, he must be wiser and more patient than I; and the God in whom I had been taught to believe was neither. But so far there was nothing to take its place. I read copiously, in the hope of discovering something; Myers's *Human Personality* in particular gave me furiously to think. I had long been aware of some overseeing power that let me know without mistake what my next step in any direction ought to be; but what it was I did not know. Now I learned that it was my under-mind directing me; and I began to think that the world held no mysteries at all. At the same time I felt the need of something larger than this; if my unseen mentor turned out to be only my own mind, or part of the general mind, I still needed something stronger, more stable, on which to lean. My whole being was in a tumult.

My last year at college was the first of the war; and

it completed my overthrow. Colossal wrongs ranged themselves, and right seemed to melt away in littleness. People called the men who were fighting and dying "heroes." But to me, heroes or no, it was the men with whom I had walked and talked in youthful light-heartedness who were suddenly torn from life; those of my own age, and in my own family. Blow after blow fell; the world was shattered; justice and reason had left the universe. I had nothing to sustain me; and, far more shattering than my own unimportant griefs, the whole agonized world seemed to have nothing left to which it might cling. Sometimes in my despair I contemplated throwing reason overboard and returning blindly to the old creeds. But faith was gone, and I could not afford to let my honesty, which seemed to be all that remained, go too.

About the second year of the war, I went abroad. The how and why are irrelevant. Although in one sense my mind was still in a state of turmoil, my inward monitor, which had insisted on my going with a vehemence that overthrew all obstacles, also insisted that the time had come to wait patiently for a revelation that was even now on the way. I waited; it would have been harder but that I lived in a crowded world of new sights and experiences.

All this time I was becoming increasingly aware of a certain fact. There *did* exist what the Bible described as "a peace which passeth all understanding"; and there were people who had attained it, and who walked thenceforth "with inward glory crowned." I had first realized this in my college town, where there was a large Quaker community. I often went on Sundays to the Friends' Meeting House, and there experienced that "Quaker Silence," which so impressed Charles Lamb. It calmed me, too, for the moment; but instinct told me that this was not my rest. In the East I met a woman, a Parsi, from whom it shone gloriously, so

that although I never spoke to her, and saw her only once, her face remains with me to this day. I also came across the same thing in one or two Christian Scientists; but in all these cases I felt that though such formal religions might suit some people, their finality and their mutual exclusions destroyed their value for me.

At last, after several years, when the world was beginning to lean back towards its normal course, I was again uprooted, and this time found myself in one of the more remote colonies.

I had looked forward without fear to the prospect of being my own general servant after the colonial fashion, though I had never done work of that kind before. There was in me no distaste for manual toil to be overcome, and there was no reason to suppose that I should fail to settle down without discomfort to washing, cooking, and sweeping. But in a very short time I discovered that here was not only no hardship, but a tremendous gain. To my surprise I found that for the first time in my life I had time to think. Up to that period, without realizing it, I had suffered from mental indigestion. I had read books on books and had imagined that I had thought about them; but it had been something very different from the slow, unhurrying meditation that I could now indulge in while my hands were busy. I had burst out of the physical envelope into the mental consciousness with considerable disturbance, which had continued long after; now I filtered through the mental envelope into the spiritual consciousness without pain, but with that gradual and balanced rhythm that marks the year changing through the seasons. Day after day I pondered as to the basis of that peace which I so ardently desired. The good things of life, materially as mentally, seemed on the one hand to be divided with hopeless unfairness; on the other there must be some reason for that sense of

justice and equality which is so strong in man. How were these facts to be reconciled? There could be only one explanation: those things must be things that did not matter; there was something else that did matter, and it must be within the reach of everybody, rich or poor, ignorant or learned. Now I had something to go upon, since I had met, in books and art and real life, with people who had acquired it—at least, who had acquired something beside which the rest of the world became a shadow. Socrates had found it in philosophy; the martyr Stephen had found it in religion, so that even as they stoned him his enemies "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel"; Shakespeare attained it, and thenceforth saw the solid globe to be "such stuff as dreams are made on"; Michael Angelo had it, and Popes bowed before him; Columbus had it, and it led him through all difficulties to America. Clearly, religion, art and all the rest were not the thing itself; but they all served as a means by which it could be attained; and art, at its highest, managed in some measure to express it. And all this while the spiritual significance of the high mountains at the head of our narrow valley; and the great tree-ferns in the bush; and the clear air; and the running brooks on the hillside—was falling, very softly, like snow upon my soul. I can point to no sudden moment of illumination; but gradually as spring the world was transformed, and I became aware that I, too, had found the secret security. Two years have passed since then; but for me time has stood still. I live in time no longer; I roam eternity.

So much for the process; but the proof must after all lie in the result. "What," the world naturally asks, "is the effect upon your life? Does this new knowledge really help you to live?" It is significant that this question at first found me inclined to say "I cannot tell yet—it has not had to stand any strain." And yet, when I think it over, the last two years have been

stormy enough, with at least two serious financial crises. In the first case, as months passed, and the looked-for remittance never came, and money grew short, I can truthfully say I remained indifferent. Here was my vast world a mere speck of cosmic dust, and could it natter what happened to me, a creeping, tiny creature ipon it? I felt that I could not concern myself with such a triviality. This sounds an affectation, but it is he literal truth. The other case was harder, in that it vas brought about by human dishonesty where there iad been trust. One black night on this occasion there vas; but after that the six weeks of suspense that ollowed were a time of unbroken peace and calm.

However, most of us, like Mrs. Gaskell's Cynthia, re moral kangaroos, and find it easier to rise to ccasional heights of heroism, than to sustain a daily vel of unobtrusive goodness. It is the every-day ame of mind, the question of unfailing content with hadow as with light, that must be the real test. I iink it stands. My life would seem dull to some eople; getting up before six to cook breakfast, the ıy spent in cooking, washing-up, making beds, rubbing floors, chopping wood, digging, and so on, ith little leisure and less society. I am supremely ippy. A clear light shining does away with the weight labour and makes it a daily discovery, a constant new light. Further, whereas both at the stage of physical id of mental consciousness I was obsessed with a sire to know what happens to us at death, that iriosity has now altogether left me. I walk already the eternal pathways; what could it profit me further know exactly what will happen to me and those I re for when we shall finally break out of the physical ivelope? They are secure as I am, whether they know or not. It may be that later we shall throw off the tellectual covering, and then the spiritual, impersonal en, to dissolve into the impersonal whole. But that

is not our present concern. And last, best gift of a
this new light fills the whole world around. Tre
birds, beasts, flowers, even snakes and insects are r
merely my brothers; they are I, and I they. At tin
the dividing line comes so near to vanishing that it is
distinct shock to find oneself after all still enclosed
a human form. Autumn, once to me in blindness
season of inexpressible melancholy, is now a time
still brooding, awaiting certainty. I *feel* what before
only *knew* with my mind : that it is an essential part
the eternal cycle revolving through time with its o
unaltering rhythm.

Everywhere this new spiritual consciousness flo
in to explain and to reveal. You enter a third-cl
railway carriage; two youths in a corner are giggl
over *Tit-Bits*; opposite sits a drab woman who lo
as if her chief distraction were the weekly meeting
the Band of Hope. The light falls; the rays shift, a
are still. That joke to you would be the wear
commonplace; to them it is exquisite humour. T
spirit of exquisite humour distils in their laughter, a
you laugh with them. The clothes that drab spins
wears are dreary enough; yet she bought them o
in a glow of innocent excitement; they seemed beaut
to her then; they become so to you, too, with
spiritual beauty of that flying moment that can ne
die. The brave new world is yours, since you ha
found the truth, and the truth has made you free.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAX BEERBOHM AS PROPHET.—As most people iterested in the theatre know, Max Beerbohm, esides being a brilliant caricaturist, parodist, and ssayist, was one of our finest dramatic critics uring the few years he practised. It is not often that ie English theatre is fortunate enough to receive the onsistent attention of a cultivated mind as wise and as itty as Beerbohm's. When it does receive this tention it cannot be accused of taking much notice of . Despite, however, the theatre's lack of interest in, ven positive contempt for, the comparatively few men intelligence who have bothered themselves with it ew compared to the number who have devoted themelves to the study of the other arts), the strictures and iore particularly the smiles of a G. H. Lewes, a ernard Shaw, a Max Beerbohm, do have some effect. here were other critics of course during and between ie reigns of these three men ; but this brilliant trio iost particularly benefited the drama by directing the aze of intelligent and artistic people, whose interest ad been alienated by the general worthlessness, vularity, and inanity of London theatrical productions, to ie appalling state into which the English theatre had illen ; and by making these people realise the potential eauty and value of the stage.

For several years, in the pages of the "Saturday Review," "Max" tapped the current drama with his elicate quill, and listened with great disapproval to the iollow sounds that came from it. Without raising his oice, often with a quite disdainful smile, but always incerely and truthfully, "Max" analyzed some iundreds of London productions ; and inevitably, as nust any man of taste have done, in most cases he urned down his thumb. But he did not merely turn lown his thumb. With admirable patience he pointed

out the salient faults and mistakes of the managers ar playwrights which were responsible for the degradatic of the theatre ; he diagnosed the many diseases whic were afflicting and which still afflict the stage, an offered many suggestions as means of curing them suggestions which, whenever they have been followec have proved remedial.

Because of his inimitable manner, "Max" wa often accused of flippancy, as, in his time, was G. H Lewes. He sometimes frolicked up and down th page : but in these moments the sensible will only fin a man who, never liable to hallelujahs or loud-voice comminations, sometimes tried to save himself fron madness by treating the tenth consecutive bad play a a joke. But always his fundamental sincerity i obvious. Several things he was always having to say unfortunately, would still have to say were he stil writing about the theatre, though the standard of play is undoubtedly higher to-day. Some of these point may be summarized. Though the theatre is dependen for its existence on the patronage of the multitude, the worst and the best tastes of the people are not the same thing ; but that the majority of theatre managers like some newspaper owners and publishers, pander to the lowest average of taste, thereby degrading both the stage and the audience. That this policy, together with the unnecessarily elaborate construction of fashionable plays, frightened away most of the best intelligence and artistic talent which felt drawn to the theatre, leaving it to men who, if they devoted to any other kind of writing such intellect and knowledge of life and sense of style as they possess, would fall somewhere between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth rank. That many of the dramatic critics, like the papers in which they write, are men who in no sense are such leaders of public taste as, by their office, they ought to be ; but are content merely to express the opinions of their readers.

That these critics are therefore accessories before and after the crimes against intelligence and culture which are committed daily on the English stage. That audiences, being always eager for the obvious, are always ready to encourage players and dramatists to measure dramatic force rather by its disturbance than by its significance; and that the players and dramatists are much too willing to be blinded to the truth that pregnancy of action is of more importance than its barren effect, however astounding; and therefore that to put a knife into one's pocket may have in it more of drama than putting it into a man.

Many more fine and interesting diagnoses this wise and witty critic made; too many to be summarised here. He pointed out the main directions in which the stage was moving, along which the stage has undoubtedly travelled as if, obediently, it had followed his pointing finger. One of his prophecies I came across the other day, and it is so apt to the moment, has just been fulfilled so nearly to the letter by the knickerbocker production of "Hamlet" at the Kingsway, that his prophetic soul must be quoted at length. He is reviewing H. B. Irving's "Hamlet" at the Adelphi, April, 1905:—

> ". . . In the past twenty years or so, the tendency in performing 'Hamlet' has been, ever more and more, to present a sensible, realistic modern drama of psychology, and to let the poetry shift for itself. The Ghost, as being a sort of detached figure, is still allowed to drag poetry in, speaking his lines sonorously and with rhythm. But the days of his privilege are surely numbered. . . . Perhaps the First Player will always be allowed to recite rhythmically and sonorously the turgid lines of 'Aeneas' tale to Dido'—just to show us how foolish a thing poetry is, and what fools the old actors were, and how well we are rid of them. And, maybe, one or two benighted souls in the audience will clutch fondly at the one straw not blown away by the tempest of modernity. . . . Queen Gertrude talks in an easy conversational style, exactly as though she were

gossiping across a teacup . . . poetry, tragedy, queenliness are quite out of it. . . . One would not be surprised if, at any moment, Ophelia entered springing off a bicylcle. . . ."

Indeed most of this long notice might be used as a criticism of the Kingsway production. But, to paraphrase some of it, for the sake of brevity : This passion for naturalness leads to sheer nonsense in those places where Shakespeare allows himself, to our eternal gain, to become purely poetical. Shakespeare did not intend that Ophelia's mad scenes should be painful. They are put in, as is the Queen's account of Ophelia's death, just for beauty's sake. What could be more absurd than to hear an agonised lady talking about "cornflowers, nettles, and long purples," with tragic gasps and violent gestures of woe? But elsewhere the realistic method merely deprives the play of beauty and tragic dignity. "Just because," concludes Max, "I might at any corner collide with this Hamlet, I cannot claim this Hamlet as ideal—cannot even accept it as satisfactory. . . . A Hamlet who breaks up his sentences into prose, with no reference at all to their rhythm, a Hamlet, in fact, without style—this is not the Hamlet for me. I crave, first of all, for the beauty which Mr. Irving sacrifices to exact realism. Next to that, I crave the tone of tragedy. . . . In the final scene he behaves just like any other young man in a fencing club. We cannot believe that he and all those other persons are going to die. Our æsthetic sense of tragedy is banished, and consequently, the various deaths, when they occur, seem violently out of place, seem absurd. In 1924, perhaps, these deaths will be omitted, and the whole play trimmed into a comedy. Modern audiences shrink from tragedy. One of the reasons for the great popularity of Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet was that he so notably brightened up the play. Mr. Irving's Hamlet is as much brighter

it is less beautiful than Mr. Forbes Robertson's. am sure that in 1924 the last vestiges of gloom will ve been swept out of Elsinore. . . ."

Is not this a prophecy fulfilled almost to the letter d to time? Yes; I think that with perfect propriety may hand "Max" a golden aureole, what time bow our foreheads in the dust.—JOHN SHAND.

A NOVEL OF JEWRY.—Mr. Louis Golding's *Day of onement* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net) is a remarkle novel. It is true that its style is a little too feverish ie general pulse of it is galloping), the subject-matter metimes so condensed and the transitions so sudden it, now and again, one gets the impression of a narive that is a little skippy or disconnected. Style and itter, perhaps, are not sufficiently well blended. oreover, Mr. Golding, at times, figures rather too ominently as a sort of glorified Max Pemberton (I er to the *manner* of his writing); while the Epilogue veals showy self-conscious work that bears about as ich relation to actual fine writing as the porterist's craft (admirable though this may be) to the isterpieces in the National Gallery. And (to conue the quest of flies in the pot of jam) he even makes of the cheapest of cheap stock phrases such as "for the world like." But the novel at its best (and its st is very frequent) will induce a reader to think of ostoevski and D. H. Lawrence; and even (despite tendency to plunge into hectic sensationalism) of iomas Hardy. Against all adverse criticism the book inds on its own legs as an individual and original ece of work. And it is passionately written, and full the broodings and clear-cut consciousness of a keenly nsitive and thoughtful mind.

Full of light were these days that followed, and like water that has found level meadows after steep adventures in the gaunt, craggy places. Luminous and passionless days. As

> **if there is light without passion, passion without light. \ there is a passion which flares suddenly like a lighted brai and how disastrously. There is a passion which fills the s with a sweet, gradual light, like the loveliness preceding t moon throughout the wide heavens whilst there is no moo**

Divested of its peacock clothing and steeplecha tactics there are dozens of telling passages in it, as fi as that. It is written by a poet (a true poet) and it h a soul.

The story is about a young, scholarly Jew and h wife, and about the sorrows, virtues, and sins of tl Jews—first in Russia, afterwards in an English Nort Country factory town. The delineation and develo ment of character of the woman Leah is really finel done. She is the elemental female of a race, not common type in herself, but that culmination (perhap even to distortion) of a common type which manifest itself in certain individuals—strong, unlettered, stupic fanatical, passionate, chaste, affectionate, exceedingl pious. She does everything by extremes, reacting fro the stupidest and uncleanest of desires when a youn maiden to the most austere and dismal repentance- even to cutting off her long hair. Mr. Golding, how ever, makes plain that the morbid intensity of her dis position has something quite lunatic in it. And it i largely the result of many centuries of Aryan thwartin and Christian persecution—that also is shown clea The book makes copious use of appropriate symbolism some of it a little violent, but a good deal that is mor subtly interwoven.

Nearly everything and everybody in the book is a emblem, attribute, or signpost. Leah is as piteous an terrible a figure as Shylock—and probably as true t life. Finally she murders her sainted Jewish husban because he renounces Judaism and falls in love wit Jesus Christ. The son of Reuben rejects both Judaism and Christianity,—Jehovah and Christ, they are eac

e same to him, revolting deities exacting excessive ual, revenge, or martyrdom. Moreover, they make compromising fanatics of their followers when these ppen to be intense or sincere people. That is how e son sees it. But he cannot live and breathe without religion, and so (with the evident approval of Mr. olding) he embraces the religion of Apollo. Actually r. Golding is in error; for the religion of Christ, ghtly understood, embraces the religion of Apollo ithout obliterating a single sane feature of it. Moreer, if you are going to rear the temples of Apollo in ngland's "green and pleasant land" you will have to veat to do it, be slighted, scorned, and persecuted in furtherance, perhaps even die at the end—and that Christianity. Even Apollo has no use for halfarted and timid followers.

Judaism at any rate has little in common with Chrisanity, while the religion of Apollo has very much. Ir. Golding knows the Jews intimately, even to their istard German language called "Yiddish," and he iows them as he knows them, a cliquish, prejudiced, ever, thrifty, and not too pleasant people, pitifully irried and misunderstood, and in their turn pitifully isunderstanding. His novel is packed with the conience of the uncompromising truth-teller as well as ith that of the good artist—though such an assertion perhaps almost a paradox, for the really good artist, ccording to his lights, is always an uncompromising uth-teller. Finally, the novel is dedicated, most galntly and appreciatively dedicated, to that great educaonist John Lewis Paton, a headmaster of Manchester rammar School.—HERBERT E. PALMER.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."—Has the essential difference —as it seems to me—between "Twelfth Night" and ll the other comedies of Shakespeare ever been ufficiently emphasised? In the earlier comedies, such

as " As You Like It " and " Much Ado," you find a world complete in itself, a world where human happiness is felt to be the natural object of desire and where there is nothing but accidental misfortune to disturb the pursuit of it. In these plays the curtain falls on an ending obviously meant to be entirely satisfactory. In " Twelfth Night " the curtain falls on a very different sort of scene: on what is really a beginning, not an ending at all.

" Twelfth Night " opens as an enchanting romantic comedy: Shakespeare's humour, his characterization, his sense of the theatre, his power of pure poetic writing —all these gifts are now fully matured and active in perfect harmony within him. What happens? At first it is Olivia, Orsino, Viola, Sebastian, who are the solid life-like people: the Fool is an elf-like shadow and Malvolio a figure of fun. But by the end of the play the real people are Malvolio, the man who, whatever his weaknesses, has suffered in the dark prison; and the Fool, who is left out of all the marriage ceremonies, is never quite grown up, and yet is the one to hear the wind and the rain. The other people are dissolved into an exquisite unreality; and when, as is sometimes done, they go off the stage with an air of moving to a slow graceful dance you feel that this is exactly right, that the world which seemed so solid in " As You Like It " and " Much Ado " has dissolved into an exquisitely beautiful measure—the measure of youthful joy—now destined to fade, though never to be forgotten, within the to be author's mind. A world of new experience is beginning to darken and sustain his thoughts.

The Fool is left alone on the stage, and I believe that as he sings his queer wandering song the stage should gradually darken, and there might even be a suggestion of the wind and the rain. In some productions, the Fool is shown to be in love with Olivia; and this, again,

accords with Shakespeare's unconscious purpose, if not with the definite intention of the Fool's love songs. He cannot take the present hour ; Olivia is not for such as he. " Twelfth Night " is Shakespeare's farewell to joy ; the wind and rain on which the curtain falls are the first breath of the storm on the heath, the first invasion of that *something else* which destroys the world of " As You Like It," that other sort of experience which has nothing to do with happiness but which, once felt, has to be followed to the end, perhaps to the complete blackness of physical death, or, if there is enough strength and endurance, to the sea-coast of Bohemia and Prospero's uncharted island. It is on the start of this journey that the curtain of " Twelfth Night " falls, leaving nothing but an approaching sound of wind and rain and the figure of the Fool, the man of childlike mind.—C. B. DAVY.

THE WISDOM OF TCHEHOV

By The Journeyman

TCHEHOV is coming into his own in this country. *The Cherry Orchard* has been a success: now we are promised *The Sea-Gull.* Previous to this last successful attempt to lodge *The Cherry Orchard* in London, I remember two performances—one before the war, the other in 1920: and I have a vivid memory of the smiles of polite incomprehension and the sniggers of downright misunderstanding with which it was greeted on both occasions. I was indignant, furious, mortally outraged. Ever since the day when I first read *The Cherry Orchard* in George Calderon's translation—peace be to his shade in the fields of Elysium: he deserved well of the republic for that alone—it had become an infinitely precious thing to me—the most perfect creation of beauty these modern times could show. I was too young to understand its *wisdom*; but its beauty I did not mistake. And I hated, with the deadly hatred of youthful idealism, the smilers and the sniggerers. If I remember rightly, on the first performance there was not one good word said for the play in all the London Press.

By 1920, things had changed a little. Mr. Walkley was still positive it was nonsense; Mr. Baughan that it was rubbish. But the wind was veering. The general attitude was not unlike that taken by Mr. Shaw towards the play in the preface to *Heartbreak House*, which has always seemed to me one of the most convincing proofs that Mr. Shaw is insensible to that highest significance of literature which can be vaguely called "poetic." In

The Cherry Orchard Tchehov, according to Mr. Shaw, was holding up to exquisite ridicule a generation of wasters; and he himself proceeded, in *Heartbreak House*, to follow what he conceived to be Tchehov's example. It was a queer piece of self-revelation. I am afraid Mr. Shaw is not the man to understand a wisdom greater than his own.

Perhaps, if Mr. Shaw had read Tchehov's letters, he would have come to a different conclusion concerning Tchehov's play. And yet, on second thoughts, I doubt it. For Tchehov's letters are of one piece with the rest of his writings. If you miss the beauty of the stories, you will be blind to the wisdom of the letters. (There is, incidentally, no back-stairs way to the understanding of a real author: his letters and confessions can only corroborate what you find in his actual creation. It is a great mistake to imagine that if we had a few trunks-full of Shakespeare's private correspondence, we should understand his plays any better than we do. Shakespeare could not have explained *Macbeth* or *Antony*. Literary creations of that order are their own sole explanation; that is why they are great.) Still—to return to Tchehov—a passage from his letters like the following might have suggested to Mr. Shaw that he was on the wrong track in supposing that Tchehov had the faintest interest in holding wasters up to ridicule.

> We are staying in Nice on the sea-front (he wrote to his brother Mihail). The sun is shining, it is warm, green and fragrant, but windy. An hour's journey from Nice is the famous Monaco. There is Monte Carlo, where roulette is played. Imagine the rooms of the Hall of Nobility but handsomer, loftier and larger. There are big tables, and on the tables roulette—which I will describe to you when I get home. The day before yesterday I went there, played and lost. The game is fearfully fascinating. After losing, Suvorin *fils* and I fell to thinking it over, and thought out a system which would ensure one's winning. We went yesterday, taking 500 francs each; at the first turn I won two gold pieces, then again and again; my waistcoat pockets bulged with gold. I had in hand French money even

of the year 1808, as well as Belgian, Italian, Greek and Austrian coins. . . . I have never before seen so much gold and silver. I began playing at five o'clock, and by ten I had not a single franc in my pocket, and the only thing left me was the satisfaction of knowing that I had my return ticket to Nice. So there it is, my friends! You will say, of course: "What a mean thing to do! We are so poor, while out there he plays roulette." Perfectly just, and I give you permission to slay me. But I personally am very pleased with myself. Anyway, now I can tell my grandchildren that I have played roulette, and know the feeling that is excited by gambling.

Tchehov was no reformer in Mr. Shaw's sense; and the Tchehov that Mr. Shaw sees is a Tchehov after his own image, which is not the reality at all. Tchehov had no belief in reform; like all wise men, he was a conservative. All men with a touch of the deeper vision are, fundamentally, conservative: from Jesus with his "Render unto Cæsar" to Shakespeare with his acceptance of royal authority. Yet Tchehov, slight and frail, undertook a fearful journey across Siberia (before the days of the railway) to report to the world upon the horrible conditions of the criminals on Sakhalin. Tchehov, at any time, would have given up his life for the love of his fellowmen. But his was a wise love; it knew well that though all men are equal in the sight of God, there is diversity of gifts, and God's equality will never be attained save by the recognition of each individual man that he has his allotted part to play in the great scheme of things.

Oh, the man was wise, and with a wisdom we are very far from yet. Listen to him, when he was thirty:

It is essential in this world to be indifferent. Only those who are indifferent are able to see things clearly, to be just, and to work. Of course I am only speaking of intelligent people of fine natures: the empty and the selfish are indifferent enough anyway.

Cold comfort, you may say. Then you have still much to learn. The wise man's indifference is a positive thing: to him nothing matters, because everything

matters. But indeed there is no explaining it. The wise man becomes, for himself, a part of nature; his rebellious consciousness sinks back into harmony with that from which it sprang. But this sinking is a great soaring. He knows then that his business is not to cry to heaven, but to get on with his job. It may be a very little job, but the universe depends upon his doing it. True indifference is reintegration into unity.

Tchehov's letters, for those who know how to read them, contain the deepest wisdom of the ages expressed in the language of to-day. Every time that I come back to them, with a few more years' or a few more months' experience between me and my last reading, I find more and more of the simplicity of the profoundest truth in them; and I am glad with all my heart that when they first appeared in English I, in reviewing them, spoke more truth than I knew and publicly declared them to be the letters of "the greatest hero of our time." That, and nothing less, was Anton Tchehov. He is *our* co-eval and spokesman, *our* artist; and the best of us are still like children beside him.

Certain of his brief sentences have stood by me like words of Scripture. Some sound veritably like words of Scripture: "And all things are forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive." From that sentence I first caught a Pisgah-sight of the land of true attainment. I have lived with it, and it has lived with me, for many years: it has never failed me yet, and I do not think it ever will. Others are less obviously radiant with the beauty that is truth; they are oddly unobtrusive; yet they have meant the world to me. "We are concerned with pluses alone." Six commonplace words, yet they have the secret of what men miscall happiness within them. I would give much to have written them, more to have had the power always to live up to them. And again:-

Pharisaism, stupidity and despotism reign not in bourgeois houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation. . . . That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade-marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take.

"Absolute freedom"—you see what that cant phrase means to a wise man : freedom *in himself* from violence and lying. It is the only freedom worth having, and it is more worth than all the riches in the world. And it was Tchehov's true freedom, painfully won, that gave him the power continually to be saying true things. Here is one that I never forget.

Alas! I shall never be a Tolstoyan. In women I love beauty before all things; and in the history of mankind, culture, expressed in carpets, spring-carriages, and keenness of wit. Ach! To make haste and become an old man and sit at a big table. . . .

No one loved and admired Tolstoy more than Tchehov ; but Tchehov saw that even Tolstoy had not won freedom.

Something in me protests : reason and justice tell me : that in the electricity and heat of love for man there is something greater than chastity and abstinence from meat. War is an evil, and legal justice is an evil, but it does not follow from that that I ought to wear bark shoes and sleep on the stove with the labourer and so on and so on. . . .

No, that was not the way for Tchehov ; and it is not the way for us. There are no rules : the only thing that matters is that each man should come to his freedom by his own way. "I believe in individual people," he said, "I see salvation in individual personalities, scattered all over Russia—educated people or peasants : they have strength, though they are few."

That is the kind of wisdom I believe in ; and that is

the kind of expression of wisdom in which I believe. I don't like the wisdom of clever men—not because I have any objection to cleverness in itself, but simply because cleverness is never wise. It is too concerned with making itself invulnerable : and it is anxious to be invulnerable because it is afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of in this world except one's own fears. As Tchehov said yet again : " God's world is a good place! The one thing not good in it is we! How little justice and humility there is in us! "

Mr. Shaw's Tchehov, who holds up wasters to ridicule in *The Cherry Orchard,* would have neither justice nor humility. Perhaps it is because Mr. Shaw himself is a little deficient in both those qualities. But Mr. Shaw's Tchehov is not Tchehov, nor anything like him.

P.S.—As I pass this proof yet another selection of Tchehov's letters (" Letters on Literature " : Geoffrey Bles, 12s. 6d. net) comes to hand. It is admirably conceived, for Tchehov's literary criticism is the subtlest I know. The book should be a *vade mecum* for every modern writer. A sentence strikes my eye, written in 1891 : if so-and-so " had sweated the Asiatic out of himself." Precisely in this lies Tchehov's difference from all other Russians, even the greatest. As a fifth-form schoolboy he had made his choice, and become a European. " Why do you call yourself," he wrote to his brother Mihail, " 'your worthless and insignificant brother'? You recognize your insignificance. . . . Recognize it before God; perhaps, too, in the presence of beauty, wisdom, nature, but not before men. Among men you must be conscious of your dignity and worth." The hardest thing of all for a true Russian to learn, Tchehov had learned at seventeen: Dostoevsky never learned it at all.

BOOKS TO READ

Ben Jonson. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Vols. 1 and 2. The Man and his Work. (Oxford University Press.) 42s. net.

A full appreciation of England's greatest comic writer requires ability to think in terms of a classical tradition; an act for which the modern mind is singularly unfitted. Hitherto only one contemporary (and he not English-born) has written of Jonson with real understanding; and we had not dared to hope that the Introductory volumes of the Oxford edition would be as good as they are. They form an adequate work, calling for very few reservations; much patient research has obviously gone to their making, and incidentally they are well produced. They reveal wide learning that has no tang of "specialization." The biography, written by a single hand, is admirable; the criticism—much more difficult—is equally so. The emphasis of Gifford is replaced by a calm estimate, very free from the usual apologetics or special pleading or air of protestation. It is a sheer intellectual pleasure, after working through the discussions of *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, and *Epicoene* to see just how *The Alchemist*, not Jonson's best play, was his best *ad saeculum*. Jonson was masterfully "of a piece"; without "inner conflicts" or "inner growth"; his "rarity" was relative and conditioned: "his limitations, like his powers, were not those most characteristic of his time." The editors are faithful to this perception of the core of Jonson; even his lyrical genius is not much slighted, and his critical position is justly if not fully expounded, with *some* recognition at last of his Dutch masters.

Robert Schumann. By Frederick Niecks. (Dent.) 10s. 6d. net.

This (unhappily posthumous) work is, if undistinguished, both interesting and thorough; alike on the biographical and musical sides. It is "supplementary and corrective," and quite worthy to rank with the previous *Life of Chopin*. The later chapters are written, from Professor Niecks' notes, by his widow. Sir Alexander Mackenzie contributes an appreciative Preface.

Washington Irving Esquire: Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old. By George S. Hellman. Illustrated. (Cape.) 16s. net.

Mr. Hellman's sprightliness may not be to everyone's liking, but he has given us an interesting, fluent and extremely circumstantial book. Its chief value is along the lines of the sub-title; it is too superficial and ex-parte to be first-rate biography. One could not gather from this bright account of a pleasing personality that Irving possessed a significant mind or was capable of real intellectual experience. Mr. Hellman supplements in places the defective works by P. Irving, Warner and Adams; and prints some new matter together with the dispatches Irving wrote as Minister at Madrid. We are astounded by the suggestion, unsupported by any evidence, that Mary Shelley loved Irving, and would gladly have become his wife or, failing that, his mistress.

More Changes, More Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Nisbet.) 15s. net.

Mr. Nevinson's career has been remarkably full of adventures which, under all his present serenity, have been sensitively felt. He has always been distinguished by a genuine and courageous altruism; he has fought for many strange causes and been in the forefront of many battles. So able a journalist has, of course, made his memoirs interesting reading. He enables one to see a great number of famous events and personalities from an individual standpoint. But those who do not blindly admire every idealistic temperament cannot fail to detect in him a certain complacency or to see that his excellent impulses are at the mercy of a defective logical sense.

Memoirs. By Sir Almeric FitzRoy. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.) 42s. net.

The Clerk to the Privy Council has a unique post of observation; and this Diary (which does *not* recall Charles Fulke Greville) is interesting and sometimes amusing. Sir Almeric is an experienced, knowledgable, and attractive man-of-the-world, whose very language suggests a tradition. In such a book one is always treading on contemporary toes; but Sir Almeric is downright rather than indiscreet, rarely malicious, and never malevolent. An honest record, in short: which leaves a more pleasant impression than do most recent and better-written socio-political memoirs. The author revered Lord Morley and the 8th Duke of Devonshire; he does not greatly revere Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Oxford and Asquith. He is able to conclude that "Forms are the fortress of liberty." A reference of Sir Almeric's to A. E.'s poetry is indexed under "Housman, A. E." !

THE RELIGION OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW. By Kirsopp Lake, D.D. (Christophers.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a book which promises and disappoints. Dr. Lake is, of course, a thorough-going Liberal, or as he prefers to call himself, an Experimentalist. "The recognition of Purpose as God will, I believe, be one of the foundations of the theology of to-morrow." We doubt it: indeed it is almost a contradiction in terms. And the sentence is characteristic of the quality of the book: it is honest, but jejune. The religion of the future, if there is one, will not be such a starve-crow affair. The real trouble is that Dr. Lake is not religious-minded. He is a Benthamite. His vision of philanthropy administered "by professionally trained social servants" and his rather commonplace notion that philanthropy in the past has been "biologically unsound," reveal him as ignorant of the true and perennial strength of the religion he wishes to liberalize into philanthropic radicalism—the nature of the man Jesus. But an honest book, in this realm, is a comfort.

COLLECTIVIST ECONOMICS. By J. Haldane Smith. (Routledge.) 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Smith holds that capitalistic private enterprise is the real source of "sickness" in the body politic, and that our only remedy lies in replacing it by *Collectivism;* by which he means, apparently, a system of State control operating mainly through guilds and designed to secure the abolition of all unearned income in the shape of rent, interest and profit, by the nationalization of industry. The book is clearly written and is marked by sanity of outlook and moral earnestness. Mr. Smith displays, perhaps, a too naive confidence in the adequacy of his own solution. The weakness of his position seems to lie, however, not so much in the doubtfulness of its economics as in its failure to recognize that *no* economic change is *in itself sufficient to establish a sound social order.*

MIND AND MATTER. By C. E. M. Joad. (Nisbet & Co., Ltd.) 4s. 6d. net.

This little book attempts two things and succeeds in both: it is strenuously popular, and in theme and treatment unimpeachably *le dernier cri.* Beginning with the classical evolutionist theories and nineteenth-century mechanism, the author leads us, in smooth and exhilarating progress, through the difficult and dangerous regions of Absolutism, Relativity, and Psycho-analysis; inspires us with yet a newer version of the "New Ethics"; and finally reveals to us, in a few privileged glimpses, some of the secret purposes of the *life force.* It would be too much to say that the book has no defects: it is frequently vague, confused, and superficial, and it contains several downright mistakes. But its faults are, for the most part, the faults of over-simplification incident to works of its kind. Mr. Joad has provided what is, on the whole, an admirable bird's-eye view; and discerning readers will be grateful to him for its excellence none the less because they realize its limitations.

PSYCHE: THE CULT OF SOULS AND BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AMONG THE GREEKS. By Erwin Rohde. (Kegan Paul.) 25s. net.

The translator and publishers are to be congratulated on rendering this standard treatise accessible to English readers. A pioneer work, distinguished by exact scholarship, wide and mature learning, and a scientific regard for the canons of evidence, *Psyche* remains still, despite the significant changes of critical opinion in the last thirty years, an authoritative contribution to the study of Greek religion. Though intended primarily for philologists, Rohde's book should prove of considerable value to philosophers, anthropologists, and all interested in the history of belief. The present version is well executed, and an attempt has been made in it to systematize the original modes of reference to classical sources. The latter are collected in extensive notes at the close of each chapter and in appendices at the end of the volume.

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO. By George Santayana. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.

These imaginary conversations rank higher as literature than as philosophy. Finely conceived and written, they obscure their author in dialectics. Mr. Santayana's highly rational materialism is half-revealed yet playfully depersonalized in the brilliant fantasia of Democritus upon the atomic theory; like the Stranger from the earth, we are impressed yet bewildered. The "dialogues" on modern theories of government between the latter and Socrates (not less sceptical from twenty centuries of vicarious experience), are inimitable. Had Mr. Santayana faced the great questioner with Democritus, we might have grown clearer about the Life of Reason. Instead, we are confronted with the shattering Neo-Aristotelianism of Avicenna. A brilliant, even profound work, yet of its nature inconclusive. In his world of shades, Mr. Santayana has not been willing to play Rhadamanthus.

Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Vol. 5. Edited by John Drinkwater. (Milford.) 7s. net.

These are calm waters. It is doubtful if the wider interests of literary conservatism are much furthered by this obvious preaching to the pious who alone come to church. The contributions are tolerably "sound" and interesting, if little more; and there are traces, ever so slight but disconcerting, of provincialism. Mr. Bailey's elegant address does not "place" Landor; shows what he was without true realization of what he was not, an unconscious over-praise. Mr. Granville Barker is, as always, an alert and suggestive contributor on the drama, speaking wisely of translation in its theatrical aspect. The motive of *si jeunesse savait* . . . persists throughout the book, but in a half-hearted manner.

Definitions. By H. S. Canby. Two Series. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net each.

The first of these "Series" is better than the second; and the section "On the American Tradition" conspicuously the most valuable. Mr. Canby's attitude to literature is sociological rather than critical, and the journalistic element is strong. Mr. Canby is eminently reasonable: he is almost the unprejudiced American. Though not profound, he is always interesting; and we hope he will be widely read over here. His interpretative virtues are many, and his actual critical sins very few. He really understands that literary America which is a puzzling phenomenon to most of us: a practised editor and lecturer, he unites in each capacity his experience as both.

Silhouettes. By Sir Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

What new thing is there to say about Sir Edmund? Useless to pretend that one of these "sermons" is much better or worse than another: they are what 2,000 word articles for a Sunday newspaper should be, graceful, moderate, careful, urbane, lively and gently learned—but this is merely describing Sir Edmund again. He never goes deeply into critical problems, but we would not say of him as did the Dorking lady of his friend Andrew Lang, that "he is no serious seeker after truth"!

Ruminations. By Arthur McDowall. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

Try as one may to accept him lightly, Mr. McDowall's pleasant essays on shoes and ships and sealing-wax give a slight hint of falling between two stools. His ruminations are more valuable than those of the professional ruminators, but they are less tangible; mere observation is secondary to a kind of *withheld* philosophy not organized to bring his reflections into a higher sphere. He exceeds his themes without unifying his underlying perceptions; that is, without realizing his full personality. Enough: he has charm and humour, and we enjoy them. The essays on Autobiography, on pre- and post-Romantic touring, and on a very odd cleric, are in his other vein.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Suspense. By Joseph Conrad. Introduction by Richard Curle. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

Conrad died unexpectedly; but anyhow it is characteristic that his posthumous novel contains no "final statement": is not his *Tempest* or *Samson Agonistes*. It is not in his great manner; but has a good deal of richness and vigour. It does not seem to suffer much from its fragmentary nature; and may take a respectable place among his second-best works. We are not persuaded that its theme is well suited to his genius.

St. Mawr; together with **The Princess**. By D. H. Lawrence. (Martin Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

St. Mawr is a story which grows. At first there is the sense that a writer so much absorbed in idea that he cannot pause to make his characters convincing ought to be writing an essay instead of a long-short story. Only the horse, St. Mawr, who is, as it were, the embodiment of the idea, is real. But about half-way through the story, when the horse ceases to be the centre of interest, the human characters are given their chance. They come alive. At the same time everything becomes more clearly cut, more vivid. Towards the end of the story there are descriptive passages of poignant, effortless beauty.

NOTABLE NOVELS, etc.—*continued*

THE SMOKING LEG AND OTHER STORIES. By John Metcalfe. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

Almost all these stories have the quality of those rare, amazingly vivi dreams which seem to take us right into another world. We do not merel look on at another world—we are there. The uneasy wind breathes an mutters, the darkness falls, and there is fear, vague and supernatural, c the unknown. Even in the most "awake" story *Picnic*, there is still th same fear. It is an intrinsic part of Mr. Metcalfe's realization. But, pa ticularly in this "awake" story, we feel that his realization is shinin as something beautiful, complete and new.

THE ELDER SISTER. By Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net

Mr. Swinnerton has written a story of unusual power, about two sister love for an egoist, and its almost tragic—perhaps worse than tragic—con sequences. He shows himself capable of a masterly detachment; delinea ing both young women with sombre insight and minute elaboration. Th motive is more perfectly handled than are the later chapters in whic things come to a head: the male characterization is rather incomple than unconvincing: but the emotional economy is relaxed without heighten ing of the emotional communication.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. Wells. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.

This novel, amended to suit the views of various critics, would be de prived of Christina, and her father, and Mr. Wells. It would then demon strate the value of contemporary literary criticism, but we should los some drama which, in our view, is better than that of Mr. Kipps. In fac this is one of the best books Mr. Wells has done. We put it with Mr. Polly The fun is drier, even when the situation is as deliriously comic as tha in which Mr. Polly fought with a dead eel, and the mockery of huma folly is kinder; for this book, after all, is a serious survey of life by master who is now in easier and happier control of his medium.

THE BAKER'S CART. By Gerald Bullett. (The Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. net

The Baker's Cart—need one say it contains thirteen stories?—is mor to our liking than *Mr. Godly Beside Himself*. Only four times do w suffer Mr. Bullett's rather macabre supernaturalism: so grim a realist i an intractable denizen of fairyland. He has sensibility, wide and pe ceptive sympathy—especially with children; he leaves a distinct, thoug rarely lasting, impression. He is not a "big" writer, and at present hi symbolism is rather too pronounced; but *The Sunflowers*, *Prentice* an *Summer's End* are achievements.

RACHEL MARR. By Morley Roberts. (Nash & Grayson.) 7s. 6d. net.

The publishers have done well to revive this novel after twenty-tw years; for it has a great deal of power, sincerity, and elemental trut It is an unusual story of great and futile passions, written in a sem Biblical style which, however, grows wearisome. The book wants relie it wants humour (in spite of Steve, the decayed preacher, who is a achievement); it wants variety. It is difficult to be convinced by character however impressive, who exist at such an abnormal emotional tensio or talk so rhetorically. In fact, life is not like this.

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DITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MUR

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SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE

By John Middleton Murry

A VALUABLE book has lately been published on the relations between science and religion.* It consists of essays, well planned and ably edited, by various eminent men of science—an anthropologist, a physicist, a psychologist, a biologist—indicating the position that may be occupied by the religious perception as a valid apprehension of reality without challenge from the sciences they practise. Not one of them is engaged in apologetics : what they have in common is a more or less definite surmise that there is another method of cognition, another kind of knowing, than the scientific.

It may be said that there is nothing new in this ; and indeed there is not. But there is something new in the feeling which these men of science evidently share that it is their duty to forward a new synthesis of science and religion. Some people will hasten to call it a *rapprochement*. Reunion is in the air. Well-meaning people are pathetically anxious nowadays to reconcile irreconcilables ; they press forward to sing, with the unconvincing voice of a curate at a beanfeast : " We all go the same way home."

There is, thank God, no such taint of *union sacrée*,

* *Science, Religion and Reality*. Edited by Joseph Needham. (Sheldon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

in this excellent book. And it was a stroke of inspira tion to obtain a substantial epilogue from Dean Inge I am not sure that I like Dean Inge : but he *is* somethin; He has a first-rate mind and an admirable gift of ex pression ; he is not the man to humbug himself or t suffer others to humbug themselves, if he can help it I am sometimes doubtful whether he possesses th proper share of "the one thing needful" to a Christia apostle. He is occasionally metallic where he shoul be gracious. But I am sure of this : that if Dean Ing is a little lacking in Christian *caritas*, he is not likely t mistake for it (as his opponents do) unction and woolli ness. If Dean Inge could have his way the Church o England would become at least intellectually honest.

Instead of uttering a pious benediction, in the familia archiepiscopal style, over the laudable efforts of th scientists to show that there is room for everything i a modern mind, Dean Inge keeps the debate on a slightly higher level of intellectual vigour than some o the men of science themselves. And in his brillian epilogue he drives home the real moral of the book There will be no facile reunion : science and the Chris tian religion *are* in conflict : they have been in conflic ever since the Renaissance. If there is to be a new union it must be a real union, between a science and a religion both adult, both truly conscious of their limita tions, and both genuinely secure in their complementar validities. At the present moment it is "religion" which has to make the sacrifices, and make them no grudgingly, bargaining in the hope of an arrangemen with its creditors, but honestly and with conviction.

What Dean Inge asks for, in short, is a gesture fron the Church comparable in candour and clarity wit the gesture of the scientific contributors to this volume As Dean Inge puts it, "we must take religion seri ously." To take religion seriously, at any rate for a grown man, is to face the fact that science and th

religion of the Church have been in ever-increasing conflict for four hundred years. Ideally, one might have supposed that the effect of the exploration of the physical universe which began with the Renaissance would have been a purification of religion. Actually, it was the reverse. Instead of the Church being prepared to hand over the physical realm to free inquiry, and consolidating her own possession of *meta*physical truth, she fought the new spirit at every turn. And the reason for her ugly and vindictive resistance was the secular reason for such conduct : she was insecure on her own ground. Where she should have been infallible, there the Church was weak : where she had scarcely the right even to an opinion, there she claimed infallibility.

It is easy to condemn the mistake of the Church ; but it is unfair : for it is asking that the Church should have been conscious of the distinction between physical and metaphysical which could only be established as the result of that very process of inquiry which she resisted. After all, the claim of the Church to be competent *de omni re scibili,* concerning all things knowable, was freely and universally admitted for many centuries. There were no martyrs of science in the middle ages : for the great mediæval theology was elastic enough to include all contemporary scientific inquiry. The God of religious apprehension could be intellectually apprehended as matter. The scientist (if such he could be called) did but investigate the mechanical modality of God.

One cannot help regretting that this pregnant synthesis could not maintain itself : for it is one to which humanity will be compelled to return. But it was inevitable that, when it came to details, scientific inquiry should come into conflict with religious dogma on two main points. Science was faced to deny the physical reality of the Christian cosmogony. That difference

might have been accommodated had it not been for the Reformation. Intellectually, the Reformed was far less liberal than the unreformed Church. The Catholic Church made Galileo recant: Calvin would have burned him. And it is at least probable that but for the fanaticism of the Continental Reformation the Church would have been more liberal still. But it could not afford to be outbid in the rigour of its orthodoxy by the heretics. The Reformation was in fact a curiously paradoxical movement. It was supremely unconscious of its own true significance. Its conception of the sacrosanctity of the word of Scripture was in itself far more stifling to the spirit of man than the Papal authority which it was used to undermine. Therefore it was impossible for a man of true enlightenment like Erasmus to be with the Reformers; he had to sit on the fence. But behind the appeal to the infallibility of Scripture lay concealed the veritable principle of free inquiry. That ugly and uncouth husk contained the seed of a freedom which has still to be fully achieved.

Only an uncomely soul can revere the Reformation. Its spirit was almost as unpleasant as Mr. Kensit's; a caricature of the spirit of Renaissance, with which it is so often confused. How could Shakespeare not have disliked the Puritans? He was bound to take the same attitude as Erasmus; he, like so many others, would have desired to remain a Catholic, *if*—but the if never has been, and never will be realized. The Church may let the old Christian cosmogony fade away; but on the question of miracle it cannot yield. The future (if it belongs to a Church at all) belongs to the Church which will yield ungrudgingly on the question of miracle. Yet how much has to be yielded with it! The resurrection of the body;* the very conception of God incarnate,

* Since so many priests of the Church of England forget what they have *bound* themselves to believe, I will quote the fourth

ield as a physical reality. Yield these, and Christianity ields everything. Refuse to yield these, and there an never be a real synthesis of science and religion.

And yet of course by yielding these the Church would ield nothing—absolutely nothing—of what is eternal n herself. After all, her eternality lies wholly within he person and the teaching of Christ. It is this, and his alone, which has and will always have the power to *change* men and to make them new. But that is not what men ask from religion : in so far as they ask anything, they ask to be made comfortable, which is another matter. And there is something which makes for comfort of a certain kind in the very idea that science and religion are in conflict. The notion that the truth lies nowhere in particular gives a potent excuse for not looking for it : and unless they have looked for the truth pretty hard, with the conviction that their lives depended on their finding it, men never attain the capacity for belief in any truth at all. What passes for belief nowadays is chiefly the desire to be relieved of the trouble of finding one. As Dean Inge puts it, " The real sceptic does not write books on agnosticism ; he never thinks at all, which is the only way to be perfectly orthodox."

Dean Inge himself is an intellectual mystic ; he has a touch of Spinoza's *amor intellectualis dei*. Therefore on the positive side his epilogue fits well with the attitude generally taken by the scientific contributors

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article. They have bound themselves, moreover, " not to put their own sense or comment to be the meaning of the article, but shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense."

" IV. *Of the Resurrection of Christ.* Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of Man's nature : wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until he return to judge all Men at the last day."

to this book. Dr. Charles Singer concludes his essay with the words :—

> "There remain two religious points of view that can never be affected by any extension of the scientific realm. The one would completely separate internal experience from external experience. The man who does that is safe; he has fled, as have many before him, to a haven of peace down the mystic way. The second would regard man's soul not altogether as his own possession, but as part of a great world-soul. This combination of determinism and pantheism is a refuge, not infrequently sought in antiquity, to which many a student of science has turned in modern times, from the days of Spinoza onwards."

Dr. Singer is by no means at home in this region of thought and experience. He betrays his own unfamiliarity by his naïve conception of the "mystic" as "fleeing" and taking "refuge." One has a pretty clear vision of Dr. Singer forlornly holding a large bag of salt for a bird which has flown away. He would fain have caught the bird, and rather resents his airy-fairy vanishings. He grudgingly confesses that there is no getting at him. The attitude rather reminds one of Mr. Bertrand's famous chapter on "Mysticism and Logic." Mr. Russell also has a logical apprehension of what may be called the mystical possibility.

But, unfortunately, this logical apprehension is of little use, save to those who, having knowledge of the fact behind "mysticism," desire to make their position intellectually impregnable. The two points of view between which Dr. Singer professes to distinguish are in reality one and the same ; and his description of the second as "a combination of determinism and pantheism" must cause a smile in anyone who has some experience of the reality he is trying to describe from the outside. One may describe a rainbow as a combination of rain and light : but it is hardly a *valuable* description.*

* Perhaps in this simple example will be apparent the absolute distinction between two kinds of truth to which we return below.

For my own part I shrink from the word "mysticism." I have not the least objection to being described as a mystic, if I am one; just as I should have no objection to being called a Plymouth Brother, if I were one. But the word "mysticism" seems to me, every day, more misleading. It has a tinge of secrecy and occultism. The whole thing is very much simpler, far more open to the light of day. The real difficulty about the important truths of "mysticism" is not that they are mystical, but that they are too obvious. They have their root in a matter of everyday experience—the absolute distinction between the qualitative and quantitative judgments. The former are not, the latter are, capable of immediate verification. If you say to someone: "There is a pound of apples," and he disputes it, you don't argue: you go to the nearest scale. But if someone says to you: "Agnes is an angel, I am going to marry her," you can only say, "Don't be a fool: angels neither marry nor are given in marriage." You may be right, you may be wrong. There's no settling it for a year or two.

But the qualitative judgments are more important to a man's life than the quantitative ones. It is far better for the real business of living to develop one's sensitiveness to quality than to be a perfect whale with the micrometer. There is, of course, not the least reason why you should not be both. But the naked fact is that you do not *live* in the world of quantity, which is the world of science: nobody does. If you must make a choice it is better to become expert in the world of quality, which is the world of life.

"Mysticism," or the valuable part of it, is simply expertise in the world of quality. Ineffable communion with the One is too rare to be important in men's lives. The important part is to train yourself not to make mistakes in your judgments of quality. For though the logicians call these judgments sub-

jective, they happen, as any man may quickly find, to correspond to a reality. It is not in the least a matter of indifference that you should call someone an angel, while your friend calls her a devil. Disagreement of such a kind you must take most seriously of all. If your friend holds the moon is made of green cheese it doesn't really matter; but that he should say X is good, while you know him bad—your whole life may turn on this. These are the things that you have to go to the stake for.

All living life moves in the world of quality. It behoves you therefore to sharpen your awareness of it. You devote yourself to it. What happens? You find yourself pursuing a truth that is utterly unlike what most men hold for truth. Truth is for them ultimately a matter of the scales, or of pointer-readings, as Professor Eddington says. The truth you find yourself pursuing is quite different. It is a quality shared by human beings, and by yourself in loving them; by lines of poetry, and yourself in understanding them; by Beethoven sonatas and paintings by old Crome, and yourself in responding to them; by words of wise men and the beasts and flowers they are fond of talking about—shared in short by an extraordinary number of things which seem at first sight to have nothing in common. The intellect makes nothing of the apparent jumble. But an obstinate voice, which you unfortunately recognize for true, persists that this strange heterogeneous truth is one.

So off you go again: and it slowly begins to dawn upon you that all these things are perfect expressions of Something-or-Other. Something-or-Other shines through them, and yet is them. You cannot know this Something-or-Other save in them, and yet it is not them. And as you come to know them more fully, you find strangely enough, that a Something-or-Other is being created in you in order to know them. And

this Something-or-Other, as it gathers strength in you, begins gradually to take possession. You have to obey it; and in this obedience you find an utterly unfamiliar freedom. It goes on: you know more, and more knows you. Only by more knowing you, do you know more. It is all very odd. The more you find yourself becoming simply a vehicle, the more you find yourself a self. Till one day you wake to the amazing conjecture that you are coming *alive*.

That is indeed what is happening. Life is breaking through the barrier of consciousness. That Something-or-Other which you discerned in all those heterogeneous things and felt in yourself in responding to them was simply Life—organic, spontaneous, ineffable. Strictly ineffable: for it is not uttered, it utters itself. And at long last it is uttering itself through you. Now at last you can say you believe in Life: because you are Life.

Though the process thus vaguely indicated may appear highly mysterious, it is in reality very simple; but it is, by nature, incapable of description in terms of the scientific consciousness. The qualitative can have no quantitative equivalent. In the attempt to describe it, one is compelled to use words in senses which they do not usually bear. This Truth is not the truth of the intellect; nor is this Life what the intellect understands (if it understands anything) by life. In this world of quality Truth and Life are identical. Perhaps it can be explained, or a hint of explanation given, thus:—

There is a plain and immediately known sense in which an animal is *true*. Nothing it does is wrong; it is a perfect and complete expression of life.* Not so with human beings, save in infancy. They are corrupted: they no longer act from a living centre, out of

* I have no choice but to refer my readers to my own book *Keats and Shakespeare* for a demonstration in the life of what I am saying here. See the chapter: "Dying into Life."

wholeness: they become in a thousand different ways *untrue*: they are at best extremely imperfect expressions of life. The cause of this discord and dissension is the domination of the intellectual consciousness, or the intellectual will. Because a man has the *idea* of justice, he believes he is just. The possession of the idea of a state or quality is held to be the same as the possession of the state or quality itself. Pious (and sincere) professions are taken as real declarations of faith. People who talk Socialism are supposed to be Socialists. Religions and philosophies are wholly divorced from the living life: men's conscious motives are quite different from their real motives. Under one aspect or another the condition is familiar to everyone, and it is accepted as part of the inevitable human heritage. We do not look deeply into it, because it appears to us an ultimate. But the true diagnosis of this universal sickness is that knowing is divorced from being.

In the animal knowing and being are one. Therefore, the intellectualists say the animal does not know, and they talk of instinct as something sub-human. This is simply nonsense. The animal does know. Its ver[y] life is a knowing that is never divorced from being. The problem of human life is to reachieve the organic unity of knowing and being which exists in the animal and is lost in us. Some men who have seen this (Rousseau and Tolstoy, for example) have demanded that we should virtually return to the animal condition. That is impossible, retrograde and wrong. What we have to do is to regain the spontaneity of the animal or the child, and sacrifice nothing of our human faculties. *This can be done.* This is the eternal rebirth which is the secret of true mysticism, and of the teaching of Jesus himself. It and nothing else is "the mystery of the Kingdom of God."

I have attempted to describe the process in one of its many forms: but the form in which I have described

it is the one which is, I believe, the most natural to a modern man. It can be, rather baldly, described as the loyal and unremitting cultivation of that knowing which is an immediate function of being. In the qualitative world knowledge is always immediately dependent upon being: yet, no matter what the logicians say, it is always a true knowledge.* That is to say, it is not subjective illusion. Though nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand may be utterly unaware of the truth-beauty (or Life) of *Antony and Cleopatra,* that truth-beauty (or Life) *objectively* exists. And objective existence is not diminished, but only defined by the fact that a certain fullness of Being must be achieved in order to know it. From this whole realm of objective but non-measurable reality, science is absolutely excluded by its own nature, and for the simple reason that in this realm the progress of knowing is always an organic function of the process of being. In this realm the wise man is the perfect man; in the world of science the genius *may* be a villain.

When THE ADELPHI was begun, it was said in the first number that "this magazine is run by a belief in life." I confess I did not know what I meant; but I meant something, and that something, I knew, was of the utmost importance. Gradually I have worked myself into a full possession of my own meaning. Now I have to face the difficulty of expounding it. I believe that those who have managed to bear with me thus far will not be disappointed at the last. But I ask them to help me in this task of exposition by asking for elucidation of points where my words seem to be obscure and incomprehensible. It lies in the nature of the subject that it should be incapable of formal exposition;

* A true knowledge in the sense that it is a knowledge of a reality: not, of course, in the sense that no mistakes are possible.

but I feel that with the collaboration of my readers som real communication of the essential meaning can b evolved.

This is important to me. I do not believe, I neve have believed, in esotericism. The truth is there fc any man to find, and for anyone who finds it to expounc But its exposition cannot be subordinated to a scheme For, as I have said, this knowledge has at ever moment to be lived. In a blind way I have been faith ful to that dimly apprehended necessity ever since TH ADELPHI was begun. Now the reason of that neces sity is perfectly clear to me. I shall obey it the mor completely, with open eyes.

Finally, to return to the main theme. The facts ar simple. All that part of " religion " which is conflic with true science is not religion at all. Essential religio *cannot* conflict with science. For essential religion i one valid, coherent, harmonious way of knowing reality and science is another. Where they appear to be i conflict, there is error and misunderstanding ; for cor flict is only possible *in pari materia*.

But we have reached a point in human evolutio where the name " religion " is itself misleading. T speak of religion nowadays is immediately to be mis understood, or exploited in a sectarian sense. Th religion of which we have need, the religion which i slowly evolving, can be most fitly described as *th knowledge of life*. Apprehend it thus, and the reaso why a conflict with science is impossible is immediatel apparent. Apprehend it thus, and you are not appre hending a *new* religion. All true religion has alway had the science of life at its centre. But this has bee disguised and overlaid. It is time that it appeared i its own supreme autonomy.

AFTER ALL
AN EXPERIENCE IN DYING
By C. C.

ɔR years I had been afraid of death: quietly but rribly afraid. I use the phrase in its most ordinary ıse. I had been myself afraid of dying. And this ır had steadily increased. With each birthday it d come steadily nearer, as if stalking me. And since ʳ fortieth birthday it had taken up its abode with me. I know that this is a common trouble. All that can said is that some are more, some less, affected. mid-youth we may be almost or wholly immune. It chiefly a fear of childhood and of middle age, and middle age it is the worse for being in some measure reasoned fear. To know that at the best one can rdly expect to live on as long as one has lived already so appallingly short a time! To know that one may w expect in the natural course to finish within the xt twenty, ten, five years. And the act of dying to gone through as well. Is it not enough to drive manity mad? Strangely enough, one does not hear human mania taking just that form. Nevertheless, ɛind of intermittent madness of terror—dream-terrors childhood, active, daylight terrors of middle-age— I am sure, responsible for many of our otherwise ːxplicable human doings. We keep it very secret. ɔr some reason we are ashamed of it. But it is there ɔrking in us, not for good. Faith, even faith in the surrection of the body, is not a sovereign remedy. ɔth my parents were true believers of the orthodox ıd, yet my father, a man of high physical courage ıo took many unnecessary risks during his life (such

as nursing cases of yellow fever and cholera) was fear-ridden to the end, while my mother, bodily timid, was scarcely troubled. In that sense it is a fear impervious to reason. Hence it is equally common among us whatever our beliefs or unbeliefs. That is why I am about to set down here as exactly as possible an experience I had a year ago. For if there should be an encouraging word, or half a word, that one can speak to another about death, it seems in humanity it must be spoken. And this experience of mine has not merely quickened to an inexpressible degree my sense of life's preciousness and importance, but it has put into my hands a weapon with which I find I can now keep my fear of death at least at bay. It has, I believe, done more for me as well, but these two results will serve my present purpose, and I shall try not to go beyond them. The whole incident, ridiculous and painful, would have been forgotten by now were it not for the difference which, at the end of twelve months, is still forcibly present in my life. It is a difference which has only to be challenged to make itself felt. I believe it will persist till my proper death.

I committed a silliness: one of those unaccountable sillinesses one commits from time to time, sometimes with consequences as trivial as themselves, at other times with a result of misery that seems exaggerated punishment, in this case leading to a personal revelation. Not that I don't often do silly things. I do. But this was the kind of folly that I have come, at my age, not to expect of myself.

To keep a promise made to my son, aged six, I had taken him one day to Wembley. Following up a failure to enjoy ourselves by missing our train home to the country, we found ourselves with an hour to wait. It was then I did the unpredictable thing by taking him unasked in the Giant Racer. And in dropping over one of its gulfs, while trying to keep

the child from banging his head on the iron hand-rail, I severely cricked my neck.

That night I could not for many hours lie any way so as to sleep. Since alighting from the Racer I had been in constant pain and unable to move my head. In that condition I had made a tiresome journey by train and jolting 'bus to our remote cottage, had washed and bedded the child, and cooked the supper. (We are not on the telephone, have no servant, and are four miles from a doctor.) My husband, when he arrived, had done what he could, and the bones at the back of my neck had clicked into place under his agonizing fingers. But there had been no lessening, rather an increase, of pain.

At length, some time after three o'clock, I slipped into an uneasy doze which must have lasted nearly an hour. It was from this I woke quite suddenly to the knowledge that I was dying. My whole being was possessed by the frightful nausea of dissolution. [illegible] the same time, I was preternaturally conscious of myself, of my life receding from me, of my near end, and of impending Hell.

In extremis I first cried to the God of my childhood. But even as I uttered that cry I knew th[illegible] was a mere automatic response to pressure, and that, as for long I had not believed in Him as I had been taught He was, I could not, did not, look for any answer. So my mechanical appeal dropped into the void. I now neither expected nor asked for help. I was for ever lost.

Four times in my life I have fainted, two of these times in faints of the "dead" variety, when I have stretched my length in public places, completely losing consciousness for at least a minute. And more than four times I have gone under anæsthetics, once remaining under for over an hour, and having to be restored with oxygen. But this was different. Emphatically

this was the first time I had faced the coming uncon sciousness with the certainty that I was done for : th first time I had had to part knowingly with my life, ha knowingly been forced to accept death.

It is commonly said that in such a moment—and of course, a multitude of people, hurt, asphyxiated, o choked with water, have undergone such moments an returned later to life—one sees one's whole life pas before one, fleetingly but complete and vivid. Ofte I have wondered what was meant by that. In all m other lapses from consciousness my last thought ha been of something either practical or quite irrelevant But now I believe I understand. And I now under stand too what is meant by the Day of Judgment, b Hell, and by Heaven. For in that instant I saw m life before me. Not my life like a scroll of incident unrolled for me to read ; but, following swift upon m certainty of doom, I saw *the sum of all my living*, as i was added up by some unknown, but incontrovertibl hand.

It was not very much. It was lamentably little . . . in view of my coming end, lamentably deficient. Above all it had been sinfully misprized. *But*—it was added up ; and it did add up to something. It was shown as somehow not, as a whole, futile. *And this was enough to give me peace.* For the first time I felt able to leave life decently. Because for the first time I perceived the real issue of my life, and that it had an issue, I could say with a certain blessed stoicism, " it is finished."

And what was the sum? What was the issue? This is a personal matter, different for each person, certainly different for a man and a woman, as it now seems to me. Yet if I am to tell my experience truly I must also tell what my life was shown to be. In that age-long moment (by the clock I suppose it must have been a couple of seconds) my entire existence was narrowed down to my husband and my son. They were

the flower and the fruit of my life. They were what counted up.

Here, it is true, was a fresh agony to be endured. Sharp with the revelation of what they meant came the certainty of parting from them for ever. And I knew that humanly speaking they needed me at least a while longer. I discovered fully not merely what they were in my life but what I was in theirs. I knew, for example, with precision how my death would affect the development of the child. He would be all right, I did not doubt, but in his body and in other ways, as circumstances were, he would not be so surely all right as if I could have lived on another ten, or even five, years. Of this and of so much more I was to my deep suffering informed. It was too bad. Or rather, as I want to make clear, it was bad, but no longer too bad to be borne. For, at the same time, I knew that for the two that mattered most I honestly had done my best. And that my best had been worth while. Perhaps I should record that I felt glad I had been what is known as "technically faithful" in my marriage. But the saving discovery was that I knew myself faithful to the real issue. How small, limited, smug, these phrases sound? Small and limited, yes; for it is merely the exerience of one woman in dying, and that myself. But not smug. Whatever one's faults in life, in the pains of death smugness has no place. When I knew I had done my best, I felt not at all self-congratulatory. Simply I was saved.

The man asleep by my side, though one and the same as the husband in my Judgment Day account, seemed for the moment distinct from him. I woke him. And just before losing consciousness—"I do feel bad!" I said, sitting up. He told me afterwards that I fell sideways away from him, knocking my head against the wall, that I looked like death, and that he thought I was, in fact, dead.

For perhaps three minutes I remained so, without dream, vision, or fantasy, dead. Everything, including myself, blackened out.

Till, somewhere not to be located, certainly not in my brain, rather in all parts of my body at once, I knew that life was coming back. With sadness, with sickness, with a heavy distaste for the renewed necessity for effort, I felt myself being reassembled to re-enter life. I cannot render in words the strangeness of that sensation. For it was pure sensation, without thought, without identification, without knowledge of myself or of the outside world; the mere regathering together of existence, not yet as an individual but as so much matter which has been dead and is becoming again alive.

Then the earliest bird notes came from the garden, and I heard, and hearing, recovered my lost self. I was then alone, my husband downstairs wildly hunting for restoratives and finding nothing but water. And the bird sang his phrase repeatedly, and I knew and remembered everything. I had died. I had appeared before the Judgment seat. I had seen my Heaven and escaped my Hell. And here I was alive again. And everything was the same, yet all was different.

The sapient physician who came next day said I might easily have died, indeed. Many a neck, he told us, had just so been broken, and mine was a delicate, rather too long neck, which had sustained slight dislocation, a condition readily inducing loss of consciousness. For some days I remained in pain, but I was at peace. I sat idle in the garden, hearing, seeing, breathing, feeling the air on my skin, grateful unspeakably for life, on new terms with death.

It is good to have lost one's fear of death. My greater fear now is not to do my new best with what I have. That and to fail in prizing highly enough what remains of life. For I know now that life cannot be

too highly prized. In my active living the result of my experience in dying has been at once a renewal and a relaxation of effort, the latter almost more vital than the former. In my contemplative life I know now that to die happy is Heaven, and to die unhappy Hell, and that in some way not to be explained, both these states are partakers in eternity. Hence it is well that I should go in dread of Hell as well as in lively hope of Heaven. Certainly to have endured one moment of Hell's immanence is to go in fear of it all one's days thenceforward. But this, unlike the fear of death, may be a fruitful terror.

SPIRITUAL CLARITY.—Never yet have spiritual understanding and its expression in the world of appearance been at the same height. At the beginning of the Christian era the former was exceedingly profound, but the level of outward culture very low; to-day the latter immeasurably surpasses the former. That explains the unexampled horrors of the War. Everything depends upon understanding, not abstract, but living understanding, embodied in the whole man. Every clarification creates an inner decision which puts the problem of life anew and better: for then a certain large amount of what is right and true is immediately understood of itself, whereby the level of what is taken for granted is raised and new perspectives are revealed. It is true that not all impulses of clarity have been understood as such: rather the opposite holds good up till now of the Christian. But to the extent they have not been understood they have not been realized. Hitherto Christ has worked beneficently in the main *in spite of* religion and the Church which bear his name; the great Christian period can only come when the impulse which he embodied is completely understood. (*Keyserling*: *Schöpferische Erkenntnis*.)

CORASMIN AND THE PARROTS

By D. H. Lawrence

ONE says Mexico : one means, after all, one little town away South in the Republic : and in this little town, one rather crumbly adobe house built round two sides of a garden patio : and of this house, one spot on the deep, shady verandah facing inwards to the trees, where there are an onyx table and three rocking-chairs and one little wooden chair, a pot with carnations, and a person with a pen. We talk so grandly, in capital letters, about Morning in Mexico. All it amounts to is one little individual looking at a bit of sky and trees, then looking down at the page of his exercise book.

It is a pity we don't always remember this. When books come out with grand titles, like *The Future of America* or *The European Situation*, it's a pity we don't immediately visualize a thin or a fat person, in a chair or in bed, dictating to a bob-haired stenographer or making little marks on paper with a fountain pen.

Still, it is morning, and it is Mexico. The sun shines. But then, during the winter, it always shines. It is pleasant to sit out of doors and write, just fresh enough, and just warm enough. But then it is Christmas next week, so it ought to be just right.

There is a little smell of carnations, because they are the nearest thing. And there is a resinous smell of ocote wood, and a smell of coffee, and a faint smell of leaves, and of Morning, and even of Mexico. Because when all is said and done, Mexico has a faint, physical

scent of her own, as each human being has. And this is a curious, inexplicable scent, in which there are resin and perspiration and sunburned earth and wine among other things.

And cocks are still crowing. The little mill where the natives have their corn ground is puffing rather languidly. And because some women are talking in the entrance-way, the two tame parrots in the trees have started to whistle.

The parrots, even when I don't listen to them, have an extraordinary effect on me. They make my diaphragm convulse with little laughs, almost mechanically. They are a quite commonplace pair of green birds, with bits of bluey red, and round, disillusioned eyes and heavy, overhanging noses. But they listen intently. And they reproduce. The pair whistle now like Rosalino, who is sweeping the patio with a twig broom ; and yet it is so unlike him, to be whistling full vent, when any of us is around, that one looks at him to see. And the moment one sees him, with his black head bent rather drooping and hidden as he sweeps, one laughs.

The parrots whistle exactly like Rosalino, only a little more so. And this little-more-so is extremely, sardonically funny. With their sad old long-jowled faces and their flat disillusioned eyes, they reproduce Rosalino and a little-more-so without moving a muscle. And Rosalino, sweeping the patio with his twig broom, scraping the tittering leaves into little heaps, covers himself more and more with the cloud of his own obscurity. He doesn't rebel. He is powerless. Up goes the wild, sliding Indian whistle into the morning, very powerful, with an immense energy seeming to drive behind it. And always, always a little more than lifelike.

Then they break off into a cackling chatter, and one knows they are shifting their clumsy legs, perhaps hanging on with their beaks and clutching with their

cold, slow claws, to climb to a higher bough, like rathe raggedy green buds climbing to the sun. And suddenly the penetrating, demonish mocking voices :

"Perro! Oh, Perro! Perr-rro! Oh, Perr-rro Perro!"

They are imitating somebody calling the dog. *Perro* means dog. But that any creature should be able to pour such a suave, prussic-acid sarcasm over the voice of a human being calling a dog, is incredible. One's diaphragm chuckles involuntarily. And one thinks: *Is it possible?* Is it possible that we are so absolutely, so innocently, so *ab ovo* ridiculous?

And not only is it possible, it is patent. We cover our heads in confusion.

Now they are yapping like a dog : exactly like Corasmin. Corasmin is a little, fat, curly white dog who was lying in the sun a minute ago, and has now come into the verandah shade, walking with slow resignation, to lie against the wall near by my chair. "Yap-yap-yap! Wouf! Wouf! Yapyapyapyap!!" go the parrots, exactly like Corasmin when some stranger comes into the zaguan. Corasmin and a little-more-so.

With a grin on my face I look down at Corasmin. And with a silent, abashed resignation in his yellow eyes, Corasmin looks up at me, with a touch of reproach. His little white nose is sharp, and under his eyes there are dark marks, as under the eyes of one who has known much trouble. All day he does nothing but walk resignedly out of the sun, when the sun gets too hot, and out of the shade, when the shade gets too cool. And bite ineffectually in the region of his fleas.

Poor old Corasmin : he is only about six, but resigned, unspeakably resigned. Only not humble. He does not kiss the rod. He rises in spirit above it, letting his body lie.

"Perro! Oh Perr-rro! Perr-rro! Perr-rr-rro!!" shriek the parrots, with that strange penetrating,

antediluvian malevolence that seems to make even the trees prick their ears. It is a sound that penetrates one straight at the diaphragm, belonging to the ages before brains were invented. And Corasmin pushes his sharp little nose into his bushy tail, closes his eyes because I am grinning, feigns to sleep; and then, in an orgasm of self-consciousness, starts up to bite in the region of his fleas.

"Perr-rro! Perr-rro!" And then a restrained, withheld sort of yapping. The fiendish rolling of the Spanish "r," malevolence rippling out of all the vanished, spiteful æons. And following it, the small, little-curly-dog sort of yapping. They can make their voices so devilishly small and futile, like a little curly dog. And follow it up with that ringing malevolence that swoops up the ladders of the sunbeams right to the stars, rolling the Spanish "r."

Corasmin slowly walks away from the verandah, his head drooped, and flings himself down in the sun. No! He gets up again, in an agony of self-control, and scratches the earth loose a little, to soften his lie. Then flings himself down again.

Invictus! The still-unconquered Corasmin! The sad little white curly pendulum oscillating ever slower between the shadow and the sun.

> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud,
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.

But that is human bombast, and a little too ridiculous even for Corasmin. Poor old Corasmin's clear yellow eyes! He is going to be master of his own soul, under all the vitriol those parrots pour over him. But he's not going to throw out his chest in a real lust of self-pity. That belongs to the next cycle of evolution.

I wait for the day when the parrots will start throwing English at us, in the pit of our stomachs. They

cock their heads and listen to our gabble. But so f they haven't got it. It puzzles them. Castilian, a Corasmin, and Rosalino come more natural.

Myself, I don't believe in evolution, like a long strin hooked on to a First Cause, and being slowly twiste in unbroken continuity through the ages. I prefer t believe in what the Aztecs called Suns : that is, World successively created and destroyed. The sun itse convulses, and the worlds go out like so many candle when somebody coughs in the middle of them. The subtly, mysteriously, the sun convulses again, and new set of worlds begin to flicker alight.

This pleases my fancy better than the long and weary twisting of the rope of Time and Evolution, hitched on to the revolving hook of a First Cause. I like to think of the whole show going bust, *bang!*—and nothing but bits of chaos flying about. Then out of the dark, new little twinklings reviving from no-where, no-how.

I like to think of the world going pop! when the lizards had grown too unwieldy, and it was time they were taken down a peg or two. Then the little humming birds beginning to spark in the darkness, and a whole succession of birds shaking themselves clean of the dark matrix, flamingoes rising upon one leg like dawn commencing, parrots shrieking about at mid-day, *almost* able to talk, then peacocks unfolding at evening like the night with stars. And apart from these little, pure birds, a lot of unwieldy skinny-necked monsters bigger than crocodiles, barging through the mosses ; till it was time to put a stop to them. When someone mysteriously touched the button, and the sun went bang, with smithereens of birds bursting in all directions. Only a few parrots' eggs and peacocks' eggs and eggs of flamingoes smuggling in some safe nook, to hatch on the next Day, when the animals arose.

Up reared the elephant, and shook the mud off his back. The birds watched him in sheer stupefaction.

What? *What in heaven's name is this wingless, beakless old perambulator?*

No good, oh birds! Curly, little white Corasmin ran yapping out of the undergrowth, the new undergrowth, till parrots, going white at the gills, flew off into the ancientest recesses. Then the terrific neighing of the wild horse was heard in the twilight for the first time, and the bellowing of lions through the night.

And the birds were sad. What is this? they said. A whole vast gamut of new noises. A universe of new voices.

Then the birds under the leaves hung their heads and were dumb. No good our making a sound, they said. We are superseded.

The great big, booming, half-naked birds were blown to smithereens. Only the real little feathery individuals hatched out again and remained. This was a consolation. The larks and warblers cheered up, and began to say their little say, out of the old "Sun," to the new sun. But the peacock, and the turkey, and the raven, and the parrot above all—they could not get over it. Because, in the old days of the Sun of Birds, they had been the big guns. The parrot had been the old boss of the flock. He was so clever.

Now he was, so to speak, up a tree. Nor dare he come down, because of the toddling little curly white Corasmin, and suchlike, down below. He felt absolutely bitter. That wingless, beakless, featherless, curly, misshapen bird's nest of a Corasmin had usurped the face of the earth, waddling about, whereas his Grace, the heavy-nosed old Duke of a parrot, was forced to sit out of reach up a tree, dispossessed.

So, like the riff-raff up in the gallery at the theatre, aloft in the Paradiso of the vanished Sun, he began to whistle and jeer. *Yap-yap!* said his new little lordship of a Corasmin. "Ye Gods!" cried the parrot. "Hear him forsooth! *Yap-yap!* he says! Could any-

thing be more imbecile? Yap-yap! Oh, Sun of the Birds, hark at that! *Yap-yap-yap!* Perro! *Perro! Perr-rro!* Oh, *Perr-rr-rro!*"

The parrot had found his cue. Stiff-nosed, heavy-nosed old duke of the birds, he wasn't going to give in and sing a new song, like those fool brown thrushes and nightingales. Let them twitter and warble. The parrot was a gentleman of the old school. He was going to jeer now! Like an ineffectual old aristocrat.

"*Oh Perr-rro! Perr-rro-o-o-o!*"

The Aztecs say there have been four Suns, and ours is the fifth. The first Sun, a tiger, or a jaguar, a night-spotted monster of rage, rose out of no-where and swallowed it, with all its huge, mercifully forgotten insects along with it. The second Sun blew up in a great wind: that was when the big lizards must have collapsed. The third Sun burst in water, and drowned all the animals that were considered unnecessary, together with the first attempts at animal men.

Out of the floods rose our own Sun, and little naked man. "Hello!" said the old elephant. "What's that noise?" And he pricked his ears, listening to a new voice on the face of the earth. The sound of man, and *words* for the first time. Terrible, unheard-of sound! The elephant dropped his tail and ran into the deep jungle, and there stood looking down his nose.

But little white curly Corasmin was fascinated. *Come on! Perro! Perro!* called the naked two-legged one. And Corasmin, fascinated, said to himself: "Can't hold out against that name. Shall have to go!" so off he trotted, at the heels of the naked one. Then came the horse, then the elephant, spell-bound at being given a name. The other animals ran for their lives, and stood quaking.

In the dust, however, the snake, the oldest dethroned king of all, bit his tail once more and said to himself: *Here's another! No end to these new lords of creation!*

But I'll bruise his heel! Just as I swallow the eggs of the parrot, and lick up the little Corasmin-pups.

And in the branches, the parrot said to himself: "*Hello! What's this new sort of half-bird? Why, he's got Corasmin trotting at his heels! Must be a new sort of boss! Let's listen to him, and see if I can't take him off.*

Perr-rro! Perr-rr-rro-oo! Oh Perro!

The parrot had hit it.

And the monkey, cleverest of creatures, cried with rage when he heard men speaking. *Oh, why couldn't I do it!* he chattered. But no good, he belonged to the old Sun. So he sat and gibbered across the invisible gulf in time, which is the "other dimension" that clever people gas about: calling it "fourth dimension," as if you could measure it with a foot-rule, the same as the obedient other three dimensions.

If you come to think of it, when you look at the monkey you are looking straight into the other dimension. He's got length and breadth and height all right, and he's in the same universe of Space and Time as you are. But there's another dimension. He's different. There's no rope of evolution linking him to you, like a navel string. No! Between you and him there's a cataclysm and another dimension. It's no good. You can't link him up. Never will. It's the other dimension.

He mocks at you and gibes at you and imitates you. Sometimes he is even more *like* you than you are yourself. It's funny, and you laugh just a bit on the wrong side of your face. It's the other dimension.

He stands in one Sun, you in another. He whisks his tail in one Day, you scratch your head in another. He jeers at you, and is afraid of you. You laugh at him, and are frightened of him.

What's the length and the breadth, what's the

height and the depths between you and me? says the monkey.

You get out a tape-measure, and he flies into an obscene mockery of you.

It's the other dimension, put the tape-measure away, it won't serve.

"Perro! Oh Perr-rro!" shrieks the parrot.

Corasmin looks up at me, as much as to say:

"It's the other dimension. There's no help for it. Let us agree about it."

And I look down into his yellow eyes, and say:

"You're quite right, Corasmin, it's the other dimension. You and I, we admit it. But the parrot won't, and the monkey won't, and the crocodile won't, neither the earwig. They all wind themselves up and wriggle inside the cage of the other dimension, hating it. And those that have voices jeer, and those that have mouths bite, and the insects that haven't even mouths, they turn up their tails and nip with them, or sting. Just behaving according to their own dimension: which, for me, is the other dimension."

And Corasmin wags his tail mildly, and looks at me with real wisdom in his eyes. He and I, we understand each other in the wisdom of the other dimension.

But the flat, saucer-eyed parrot won't have it. Just won't have it.

"Oh Perro! Perr-rro! Perr-rro-o-o-o! Yap-yap-yap!"

And Rosalino, the Indian mozo, looks up at me with his eyes veiled by their own blackness. We won't have it either: he is hiding and repudiating. Between us also is the gulf of the other dimension, and he wants to bridge it with the foot-rule of the three-dimensional space. He knows it can't be done. So do I. Each of us knows the other knows.

But he can imitate me, even more than life-like. As the parrot can him. And I have to laugh at his me, a

bit on the wrong side of my face, as he has to grin on the wrong side of his face when I catch his eye as the parrot is whistling *him*. With a grin, with a laugh we pay tribute to the other dimension. But Corasmin is wiser. In his clear, yellow eyes is the self-possession of full admission.

The Aztecs said this world, our Sun, would blow up from inside, in earthquakes. Then what will come, in the other dimension, when we are superseded?

EDUCATION AND GENEROSITY.—My poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me, most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologised for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow "she was welcome to come and look at it"—*i.e.*, at *his house*—"as often as she pleased." There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just reading enough from the backs of books for the *nec sinit esse feros*—had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy. (*Charles Lamb to Barron Field*: *Oct.* 4, 1827).

THE CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE

By Mary Arden

IT was while they were all playing tennis after tea that Florence suddenly began to think of the Italian boy as special. What was it? Why was it? It was not so much he himself—the little dark wiry person who flew about after balls; dashing here, dashing there, sometimes bouncing into the air like an indiarubber ball too, sometimes squatting down so ridiculously and spreading out his knees—as something he, as it were, *represented*. Something which had been in her own mind for a long time, which she'd only dimly realized was there at all, which had all the same, she felt, been longing, frightfully longing to escape, to express itself, to be known. . .

"Come on, play up, kid. You seem to expect me to do every blessed bit of work."

"Sorry," she said airily, but oh, she felt tinglingly furious inside. What a block Roger was! How—well not exactly disrespectful, but *utterly without charm*. Yes, that was it; without charm, utterly, and pleased with herself for having branded him so splendidly and awfully, she took Gwendoline's serve with a terrific drive that sent the ball skimming most beautifully just over the top of the net, and then skimming straight along over the ground the other side—so swift, so near the ground that even the little indiarubber man, who was too late for a volley, couldn't scoop it up.

"Ah ha!" he laughed rather breathlessly. "Splendid! Good shot!" And then, with compressed lips, Florence began to *play*. She felt as if her mind were

becoming hard and strong like steel, as if it were impossible to miss balls, as if her very life depended on her not missing them, as if . . .. Only now, when the games stood four, five, Roger began to serve things into the net. Cra-ash ! You fool, you reckless ass !

"Balls, please," he said intently.

"Cursed luck, Rotten," he muttered as she gave them into his hot, trembling hands. But it was almost as if he had tears in his voice, and for all she still had that tingling feeling inside, she grinned in a schoolgirlish way, and said :

"Rotten. But I say. I say, don't mind such a lot, please. . . ."

"Hm," he grunted ungratefully, and it dawned on Florence that she hadn't said that right—not right at all.

"Game *and* !" Gwendoline shrieked hysterically, throwing her racket into the air.

"Supposing your racket fell on your head," said Florence.

"Ooh—you're a bad loser ! "

"No, I'm not. I'm not anything of the sort. I wasn't even talking about the game. . . ."

All four of them strolled off to the deck chairs under the lime tree. Gwendoline's fair mop of curls was all over the place ; one little damp curl clung to her cheek as if it had been put there on purpose. Her soft, delicious face had somehow managed not to get as red as beetroot to-day. Her eyes were wide open and surprised as a little girl's.

"Phew," said Roger hitching up his flannel trousers, "hot work, kids. What's that ? Five sets running ? Well . . . not bad. . . ."

And because he used that word "kids" Florence felt that he not only put everything into a wrong place, on to an utterly wrong level, but jarred on something. Something beautiful, lovely and new.

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"Yes, pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Pretty good?" said the dark-haired boy, as if it were a question, and with a slight, a very slight foreign accent, "Pretty good?" His dark eyebrows raised themselves a little. They were very fine and very soft, like camel's hair. He and Florence looked at each other. He nodded his head—once—twice. She felt delightfully that there was a secret between them. Like a bird it hovered in the air. Its wings were still . . . and oh, she didn't *want* them to go on talking. . . . But now it was not a bird any more. It was in the air, everywhere. It was part of the quietness in the garden, of the light that was a kind of luminous gray now, and brushed so lightly on the lilies and the dark red roses and the snapdragons, and gave them a mysterious inner and living look that they never had by day. . . .

"Well, we couldn't have seen to play another," said Gwendoline, "or——"

"*Surely* you wouldn't want to play *another,*" Roger said in his man-of-the-world voice, and he sounded quite disdainful.

"N-no," said Gwendoline faintly and unexpectedly, as if suddenly she didn't care a bit about tennis, or as if it never had really interested her in the least. "N-no, I don't think I should—not really. . . ."

And now, from a little side door of the house someone came out in a white apron and clanged the supper bell, and they all got up and went in. . . .

The house was dark and gloomy as a cave. No lamps seemed to have been lit anywhere except the one in the dining-room that glowed under its red shade.

"Will you sit there, Roger," said Florence, "and you—there. Why—ridiculous! Roger, you told me his name, only you mumbled so, I couldn't hear."

"I didn't."

"You did."

" He said, ' Alexander,' " the italian boy told her n his soft voice.

She looked at him. She felt ashamed. She'd been going just to *try* how good a hostess she could make now that mother wasn't here—mother who always made her blush before visitors and feel young and colt-like and silly, and now . . . No, no, this was too dreadful. She changed her voice and said in an artificial, mincing way :

" Are you staying in England long ? "

That was the question one always asked of foreigners, and good heavens, she hadn't asked it all the afternoon !

" Well," he said, smiling slowly, confidentially, and gazing at her, " I have been three weeks. The first two weeks in London, and after that one week with him," he bent his head towards Roger, who was stuffing salad into his mouth as if it were hay and he were using a pitchfork," and to-night and to-morrow night I am to spend with him, and then day after that I go to Paris."

" Oh, yes." All that was just as it should be. He had said that to her somewhere before. It was perfectly right.

" Yes ? " he seemed to ask without speaking. " Do you approve ? That is to me more important than anything else. Do you approve ? "

And with the whole of her she longed to answer :

" Yes, yes, I approve," but she couldn't, she was held back, she was impotent. Ah, would he understand ? *Would* he understand ? And, all at once, she knew that he understood.

" By God ! " Roger was staring at his arm as if some terrible plague had just broken out there. " By God ! " And he shook it up and down vigorously. " My beastly watch can't have *stopped*, can it ? It says, ' quarter past ten.' Phew, Alex, old boy ! Come

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on. Let's get the bike out. Come on. Quick march. Mother'll be in an awful wax. Good Lord!"

Red in the face, her gray hair in curl-papers, her bosom heaving, the awful vision of Roger's mother in a wax loomed terrible in front of Florence's eyes.

"I *say!*" she said.

And now all was bustle and flurry.

"I say, where are my other shoes. You're putting on the wrong shoes, Alex."

"No, no, excuse me, Roger. I'm not. These are mine."

"I know, Roger, I know," said Gwendoline. "You didn't have another pair. You came in your tennis ones."

"Och!" cried Roger with a shout like despair, dashed out to the shed, and loud as an aeroplane, the engine of the motor-bicycle was started up. Carefully, carefully he drove it out into the drive. The lamp was an enormous searchlight.

"Buck up, Alex!" he shouted, and, clutching both their rackets, Alex bounded up behind, landed exactly in the right position, marvellously, miraculously, and stayed there without moving. Like a monster that had got over the worst of its wrath, the sound of the engine going down the drive was less, was different.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Now there was no sound at all. All was still. Instantly the bustle was as much passed and over as if a whole hour of night had come between.

"Let's have a cigarette," said Gwendoline, and her voice was far-off, as in a dream. "Got any matches? No. I'll run in and get them and the cigs. too. . . ." And then they strolled over and sat under the lime. . . .

"Gwen," said Florence, in the warm caressing way

she always spoke when they were talking in bed at night, "what did you think of that Italian boy?"

"I liked him."

"So did I." She paused. "Oh, Gwennie," she went on hurriedly, "you know we always tell each other everything. Well, I simply must, I simply can't help telling you how extraordinary I thought it all was—how there seemed all the time to be something so special and wonderful and secret between him and me. —I can't explain really—how it was."

"Oh, do try."

"No," she said, "no, I don't want to. Not now. Not now, please Gwennie. I couldn't."

"All right," Gwennie's little red lamp of a cigarette moved in the air. "Of course, you can't explain those things. It's awfully, awfully hard. I know. Why," she said, and suddenly she was very, very gay, "I felt exactly as you did all the time."

Well . . . Florence took a long, long plunge. When she came up to the surface again she was calm.

"Exactly as I did? No."

She smiled a slow superior smile in the almost dark, raised the forefinger of her right hand a little, and knocked the ash off her cigarette.

"You—you *couldn't* have felt like me," she said.

"Couldn't I? Why not?"

"Well," said Florence, not quite keeping to the point, "we'll never, *never* know—what the other one felt."

"Shan't we?" said Gwendoline. "But if we don't ever know——"

"*How* can we? We can't explain."

"No," said Gwendoline doubtfully, "I suppose we can't. Doesn't that seem queer?"

"Awfully," said Florence. "Awfully. I think . ."

But they finished their cigarettes without saying any more, and went indoors.

PLEASANT MIRACLES

By Henry Chester Tracy

FOR THE ADELPHI one would even write a plain tale—if one had it in him—on " how a schoolmaster's job became suddenly enchanting," as has been requested. But one looks within and finds only molten memories, jets of illumination, flecks and phantasies scarcely fit to parade as thoughts :

Of a slurred profession and the " arsenic pit "—epithet for a life of teaching—and of a benignant universe that throws you back and holds you there till that dust becomes both fragrance and food.

Of a marvellous new method? Oh, no!

But of lulls in idiocy.

Of outlets for expression, and of experiences with virgin souls. And how light comes by infiltration even into the darkness of schools, till miracles are born there; pleasant miracles, which (like all your true magic) are natural as breathing and poignant as flowers.

Major miracles, keeping watch at the doors, standing guard over the thing that you do.

Minor miracles of everyday use; small, downy miracles of evanescent birth and brief duration : wee contagious flames of mind that go up and out as flames should and leave no trace save in some dimension otherwhere. These are not valued a pennyworth in pedagogy but are rated at a full soul-worth to the human thing that we are : minted, recorded, forgotten all in an instant, and yet seeming to glow for ever in that god-like spot where, despite all the degrees and damnations, we live.

I who write out of it do not know what it is, only that it is a place in Being, and to be there is Being enough. All that matters is lodged in it ; but come to tell of it there is nothing at all : a " nothing " so satisfying that one's name on some façade or Pantheon dwindles to the value of any inscription on a tomb, while this thing of *relations* is alive, fitful, fluttering, elusive ; it is human and enchanting, and makes you real as nothing else does ; makes you neighbour to the small insouciant angels that boost the cumbersome truck-wheels of the world . . . those accessory particles, those wisps of deity, those frail but important hod-carriers-to-the-æons that rakishly tote values up and down hereafter's planes and never, never spill their load. Dependable, engaging things ! How nice to be one of them, or at least entrusted with some stray " value " which these sub-demiurges feel they can entrust to *you,* a mere toddler on Heaven's difficult grades ! Such is the new schoolmasterish game as seen behind the scenes of his soul.

This, you see, is living ; and of recipes for living there are none. The way is to live. It makes a filling for eternity, and is therefore worth while. Strings of Moments ; glorious, utterly insignificant and unrecountable, and beaded on flame : that is the new teaching, and nearly all there is of it—save for a flimsy mechanics that no really intelligent person has by rote. He makes it as he goes, and the flimsier the better, so long as he has the fire, just *that* is the precious thing—fought for by devils and won, sometimes, by nobodies buried in the ruck of schools. Youngsters catch it by contagion in their proper degree, and even the old gods of Truth and Beauty warm a little in the glow of it and become fluorescent as in violet light.

All of which means, presumably, that we have reached an oasis in the Great American Desert of Education, and are wondering how we got there. A

careless eye cast back over the landscape reveals hummocks of sand, breasted snail-wise, in tortured undulations driven by instinct, pulled by a mirage. It cannot matter much how we arrived.

A snail's track, as just intimated, is little worth the perusal: a glister compounded of slime; and though all the universe conspires to promote it, All can't by one fraction of a second hasten the gait—nor is it the manner of other and better snails to follow in the track of the first. Each pulmonate and land-navigating mollusc contributes its own weariness and slime; arrives at its own ends.

"The time would fail me," wrote Timotheus in his grandiose epistle, "to tell of Gideon and Barak." . . . He wished to exalt a spirit of faith differing in essence from the run of superstitions; a robust and primal thing. Time would fail me, let a "modern" echo, to tell of scholasticisms and pedagogies; of pedantries, philosophies, disciplines and traditions traversed before one can attain to one living educational spring. You do not do it the first year, nor the second, third, fifth, ninth. You may not do it all. None of the old ruts lead to it; few of the new.

These young people are adolescents. We call them boys and girls. In some of the "bay cities" to the north I have known them to be called Mr. and Miss. Such conventions would kill all the potencies here told of. We use only first names. They come, it would seem to the novice, in overwhelming numbers; appalling herds. Yet one learns to tame them without the stroke of a lash. One gets down to their level by "giving himself away," open-palmed. He burns the club of authority before their eyes. Before they have done wondering at this folly he has them browsing on fresh green. He has conjured with their intelligence, a sleeping thing, hitherto waiting to be invoked. By some simple question and its implications he has related

ıem to his world. They perceive that he must have ved there himself, and is not harking to diploma-aled knowledge from crypts where embalmed ideas ave been stored.

One gets down to their level and yet maintains in l serenity his own. He is a wise Silenus who does ot reveal all of his power or lore. Scornfully he ings them, now and then, some bone of erudition to ow that he has had traffic with such wares and knows em for what they are worth. But chiefly and at all osts he finds his area or he compounds it out of the aterials at his hand; so that from the frigid north pedagogy he has moved his group, by this magic, where a warm south of adolescence brings soul-hood flower; his own as well as theirs—the strange, wild ildren of men and mediocrity who are the seeds of e world.

He learns to adore the adorable among them and to lerate the Calibans in the brood. His hair-trigger actions in matters of temperament must largely have bated, so that he emits an atmosphere of control; ithout frigidities, without effort, and yet full of posi-ves that *their* accurate recording organs attest as being ere.

Without a word about truth, honour, or other ostractions, true and fine reactions come abloom in is air. Oh, they do, and this is no fairy-tale! But e is prepared to see the blooms faded and the fine oments forgotten and to find the brood daily very uch what they were. He who would continually oist himself and them to the tops of Pisgahs must be epared to find clouds and cold, a barren landscape out his soul.

How salutary it is, in any case, how immensely ealthful and revealing to confront, day by day, these atural human sprites that take you at your face value id not at any official rating: take you at your deliv-

ered worth every day! See, now, they are refreshingly forgetful of the profound impression you thought you had made. You had thought to make of each a young archangel, so wrapt were they in your matter of words. That was yesterday. To-day they are distraught and brain-scattered and inattentive because you have lapsed for one instant from that clearness that made you real. You must loose some new uncalculated miracle upon them at once; and you do, so that again there is glory and goodness where were reassembling stale old prison walls.

If you would have bonds between you and them—real bonds that endure past one turn of the clock—you must cement these at your desk. Group or no group, you must find your units and confront them within the touch of a hand. Meantime, devising some mechanism by which all the others are singularly employed and self-carried upon what is to them a meaningful quest. So you do; because you *have* to and there is another way; although there are no rules or patterns. You grow them out of the shine and foam.

And that, I think, might be almost enough about this subject; unless we were to go down and creep, gastropodally, over that same slime-track by which we arrived.

But to sum up, in some sort:

This is the true and comfortable incognito. Here you may safely and delightfully remain with no rumour of things done or ambitions achieved. It is a new birth every year—every day, rather, so long as you are equal to that pain. Among these chameleon-hued entities your self thrives and is effectively at home. Hard facts take on human contours and, in the wood of personalities, you detect intriguing figures, shadow-souled. Pleasant to have the forest creatures come and eat shyly out of your hand; to find, among mechanistic jungles, curious fauns who, considering their origins,

lay well at growing thought-buds in place of horns; ıd hamadryads, innocent, to be sure, of ideas, but uaint and receptive of any other valid thing. With ıese all one enters into relations wholly courteous and ıutually receptive. It is a Homeric outpost, an isle f adventuring. One pours few libations to the eparted spirits, but burns much incense to the blessed ods.

These are nice things. They are pleasant miracles. 'hey pave the way to peace. One retreats to his den fter a day with them and begins, even over pipe and ook, to live into the next extension of his day. That to say, he is filled with agreeable expectation and ssurance, out of which manuring spring green sprouts f innocent inspirations that have to do with to-ıorrow's " work "; while at the thought that this an be called *work* a gentle laughter pervades all the ›rest of thinking leaves. It is a fertile idleness, and me-waste without irk or reproach. Probably nothing nportant is accomplished in such a schooling, but that othing seems infinitely good. *This* comes of it, which all that I know.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BARON CORVO.—In *Hadrian the Seventh,** Frederick Baron Corvo falls in, head over heels, in deadly earnest. A man must keep his earnestness nimble, to escape ridicule. The so-called Baron Corvo by no means escapes. He reaches heights, or depths, of sublime ridiculousness.

It doesn't kill the book, however. Neither ridicule nor dead earnest kills it. It is extraordinarily alive, even though it has been buried for twenty years. Up it rises to confront us. And, great test, it does not "date" as do Huysman's books, or Wilde's, or the rest of them. Only a first-rate book escapes its date.

Frederick Rolfe was a fantastic figure of the 'nineties, the 'nineties of the Yellow Book, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Simeon Solomon, and all the host of the godly. The whole decade is now a little ridiculous, ridiculous decadence as well as ridiculous pietism. They said of Rolfe that he was certainly possessed of a devil. At least his devil is still alive, it hasn't turned into a sort of gollywog, like the bulk of the 'nineties' devils.

Rolfe was one of the Catholic converts of the period, very intense. But if ever a man was a Protestant in all his being, this one was. The acuteness of his protest drove him, like a crazy serpent, into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

He seems to have been a serpent of serpents in the bosom of all the 'nineties. That in itself endears him to one. The way everyone dropped him with a shudder is almost fascinating.

He died about 1912, when he was already forgotten: an outcast and in a sense a wastrel.

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* *Hadrian the Seventh.* By Frederick Baron Corvo. (Knopf: New York.)

We can well afford to remember him again : he was not nothing, as so many of the estimables were. He was a gentleman of education and culture, pining, for the show's sake, to be a priest. The Church shook him out of her bosom before he could take orders. So he wrote himself Fr. Rolfe. It would do for Frederick, and if you thought it meant Father Rolfe, good old you !

But then his other passion, for mediæval royalism, overcame him, and he was Baron Corvo when he signed his name. Lord Rook, Lord Raven, the bird was the same as Fr. Rolfe.

Hadrian the Seventh is, as far as his connection with the Church was concerned, largely an autobiography of Frederick Rolfe. It is the story of a young English convert, George Arthur Rose (Rose for Rolfe), who has had bitter experience with the priests and clergy, and years of frustration and disappointment, till he arrives at about the age of forty, a highly-bred, highly-sensitive, super-æsthetic man, ascetic out of æstheticism, athletic the same, religious the same. He is to himself beautiful, with a slim, clean-muscled grace, much given to cold baths, white-faced with a healthy pallor, and pure, that is sexually chaste, because of his almost morbid repugnance for women. He had no desires to conquer or to purify. Women were physically repulsive to him, and therefore chastity cost him nothing, the Church would be a kind of asylum.

The priests and clergy, however, turned him down, or dropped him like the proverbial snake in the bosom, and inflamed him against them, so that he was burned through and through with white, ceaseless anger. His anger had become so complete as to be pure : it really was demonish. But it was all nervous and imaginative, an imaginative, sublimated hate, of a creature born crippled in its effective organism.

The first part of the book, describing the lonely man in a London lodging, alone save for his little cat,

whose feline qualities of aloofness and self-sufficiency he so much admires, fixes the tone at once. And in the whole of literature I know nothing that resembles those amazing chapters, when the Bishop and the Archbishop come to him, and when he is ordained and makes his confession. Then the description of the election of the new Pope, the cardinals shut up in the Vatican, the failure of the Way of Scrutiny and the Way of Access, the fantastic choice, by the Way of Compromise, of George Arthur Rose, is too extraordinary and daring ever to be forgotten.

From being a rejected aspirant to the priesthood, George Arthur Rose, the man in the London lodging, finds himself suddenly not only consecrated, but elected head of all the Catholic Church. He becomes Pope Hadrian the Seventh.

Then the real fantasy and failure begins. George Arthur Rose, triple-crowned and in the chair of Peter, is still very much Frederick Rolfe, and perfectly consistent. He is the same man, but now he has it all his own way: a White Pope, pure, scrupulous, chaste, living on two dollars a day, an æsthetic idealist, and, really, a super-Protestant. He has the British instinct of authority, which is now gloriously gratified. But he has no inward *power*, power to make true change in the world. Once he is on the throne of high power, we realize his futility.

He is, like most modern men, especially reformers and idealists, through and through a protestant. Which means, his life is a changeless fervour of protest. He can't help it. Everything he comes into contact with he must criticize, with all his nerves, and react from. Fine, subtle, sensitive, and almost egomaniac, he can accept nothing but the momentary thrill of æsthetic appreciation. His life-flow is like a stream washing against a false world, and ebbing itself out in a marsh and a hopeless bog.

So it is with George Arthur Rose, become Pope Hadrian the Seventh, while he is still in a state of pure protest, he is vivid and extraordinary. But once he is given full opportunity to do as he wishes, and his *raison d'être* as a Protestant is thereby taken away, he becomes futile, and lapses into the ridiculous.

He can criticize men, exceedingly well : hence his knack of authority. But the moment he has to build men into a new form, construct something out of men by making a new unity among them, swarming them upon himself as bees upon a queen, he is ridiculous and powerless, a fraud.

It is extraordinary how *blind* he is, with all his keen insight. He no more "gets" his cardinals than we get the men on Mars. He can criticize them, and analyze them, and reject or condone them. But the real old Adam that is in them, the old male instinct for *power*, this, to him, does not exist.

In actual life, of course, the cardinals would drop a Hadrian down the oubliette, in ten minutes, and without any difficulty at all, once he was inside the Vatican. And Hadrian would be utterly flabbergasted, and call it villainy.

And what's the good of being Pope, if you've nothing but protest and æsthetics up your sleeve? Just like the reformers who are excellent, while fighting Authority. But once authority disappears, they fall into nothingness. So with Hadrian the Seventh. As Pope, he is a fraud. His critical insight makes him a politician of the League of Nations sort, on a vast and curious scale. His mediævalism makes him a truly comical royalist. But as a *man*, a real power in the world, he does not exist.

Hadrian unwinding the antimacassar is a sentimental farce. Hadrian persecuted to the point of suicide by a blowsy lodging-house keeper is a bathetic farce. Hadrian and the Socialist "with gorgonzola teeth"

is puerile beyond words. It is all amazing, that a man with so much insight and fineness, on the one hand, should be so helpless and just purely ridiculous, when it comes to actualities.

He simply has no conception of what it is to be a natural or honestly animal man, with the repose and the power that goes with the honest animal in man. His attempt to appreciate his Cardinal Ragna—probably meant for Rampolla—is funny. It is as funny as would be an attempt on the part of the late President Wilson to appreciate Hernan Cortes, or even Theodore Roosevelt, supposing they were put face to face.

The time has come for stripping: cries Hadrian. Strip then, if there are falsities to throw away. But if you go on and on and on peeling the onion down, you'll be left with blank nothing between your hands, at last. And this is Hadrian's plight. He is assassinated in the streets of Rome by a Socialist, and dies supported by three Majesties, sublimely absurd. And there is nothing to it. Hadrian has stripped himself and everything else till nothing is left but absurd conceit, expiring in the arms of the Majesties.

Lord! be to me a Saviour, not a judge! is Hadrian's prayer: when he is not affectedly praying in Greek. But why should such a white streak of blamelessness as Hadrian need saving so badly? Saved from what? If he has done his best, why mind being judged—at least by Jesus, who in this sense is any man's peer?

The brave man asks for justice: the rabble cries for favours! says some old writer. Why does Hadrian, in spite of all his protest, go in with the rabble?

It is a problem. The book remains a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside. If it is the book of a demon, as the contemporaries said, it is the book of a man-demon, not of a mere poseur. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish.—D. H. LAWRENCE.

THE RAINBOW.—It is now more than a month since it happened, and yet I think of it every day, sometimes two or three times a day. That is rather strange, for though it was a very remarkable experience it has no connection with my daily work in London, and I cannot imagine why it comes back to my mind so often. Perhaps it is really a symbol, which my subconscious has rightly interpreted, of something I have not yet found which will prove important in my life.

My holiday in Italy was over, in fact on that day I had to catch the post omnibus down from the little alpine village to the nearest railway station, whence the long journey home would begin. The last two days in that beautiful valley just below Monte Rosa had been filled with pure delight in nature and absolutely devoid of incident. I had not even exchanged more than a polite greeting with my host, and as I sat on the balcony after lunch I felt I must spend my last hour in Gressoney in a way that would mark it in my memory.

I got up, and, taking my stick with me, set off by a path which first led along the upper edge of the meadows just below the steep rocky slopes, and then skirted the foot of a perpendicular height of rock over which small streams fell in a gentle spray. It was terribly hot, and the sun beat mercilessly on my neck and bare head. Soon I saw ahead of me a fairly large waterfall, and I quickened my steps wishing to see the sparkle of the water under such strong sunlight. Sparkle! I thought, there should be a rainbow! and almost broke into a run.

But I was disappointed. When I reached the foot of the spray there was no sign of a bow, and a hurried search brought no success. I became obstinate. There was just a quarter of an hour I could safely spend there if I ran back to the hotel. I sat down, and using a

pencil sketched out on the back of a stone where the bow should be. It was two o'clock and the sun very high in the sky, and my hasty sketch showed me that I had not looked low enough. But I realized that if the bow was so low there would not be enough spray between my eyes and the ground to make it visible. How could that be remedied? Only by hanging on a rope from the top of the waterfall, or—perhaps—by standing on that high rock near which the densest spray was falling. That would mean getting soaked through and having to pack wet clothes; it wasn't worth it. I thought I would imagine it instead. In fancy I stood on that rock and pictured the bow beneath me. But where would the bow stop? At an exact semi-circle? Why should it? Why not at two-thirds or more of the circle—or—magic thought—why not the complete circle itself? I could not remember that an honours course in Physics had taught me such a thing was possible, but in a flash I saw that it was. In their functions of rainbow-builders the sunlight and the raindrop could have no knowledge of our vertical and horizontal; the direction of the sun's rays determined the centre of the bow, and the refraction of water its angle or radius, there was no factor left to set a limit to the circular extent of the bow (since the falling velocity of the drop could be neglected against the velocity of light). Except, of course, that the circle of colour would be broken by the shadow of my legs.

To see such a rainbow one would pack fifty wet suit-cases. I stripped to the waist, and tried to balance myself on the top of the rock. There was nothing to be seen, as the light breeze was sending all the spray away to the side, and I had to wait. Then suddenly the spray returned, and I saw before me, almost within my hands' grasp, a perfect circle of rainbow colours, darkened below by my shadow. Leaning

forward on my stick, I made the rainbow smaller and brought it into the densest spray.

Only a lifetime of dedicated work could begin to tell how the magic beauty of that sight affected me. . . . Some of man's works—a Leonardo drawing, for instance—can touch a beauty so absolute that we can ourselves share the artist's perfect comprehension of his subject. Some scenes in nature can affect us so profoundly that for the moment we ask nothing more of life. But in this rainbow nature herself seemed to say to me : Here is my message of hope ; my secrets lie open to those who will learn how to seek for them, nothing in me is strange to man's understanding, even my mystery and my beauty are in harmony with the universal laws which govern life and matter. I cannot tell you how this thought was hidden in the colours of the bow, but I do know that though my conscious pleasure was purely æsthetic that glimpse of something new and beautiful was a disturbing incentive to action.

My eyes were perhaps five feet from the glistening stones, and in this space I saw the coloured circle, not as a continuous band like an ordinary bow, but as a crown of sparkling points of colour, the drops being too large and close for each to lose its separate effect. As I moved my head up and down the circle grew larger and smaller, and I felt all the mystery of scientific research in Nature's answer to every change in the conditions of experiment, but woven in with that mystery was the miracle of beauty itself.—Iris.

CONCERNING ANGELS

By The Journeyman

On the whole, I have never cared much for angels. They have suffered in my estimation from a certain lack of reality. But in some moods of the Western world they have been real enough. The angels concerning whom St. Thomas Aquinas sought to determine how many could be accommodated on the point of a needle were real: too real, indeed. to be angelic, for they were something of the nature of atoms and electrons. God himself, for the great Thomas, came perilously near to being the universal substance, towards which in a rigorously intellectualized religion he is bound to tend. Fra Angelico's angels, on the other hand, were both real and angelic. You have but to look at them to know that angels could be quite certain inhabitants of a mediæval painter's world. But the Renaissance put salt on their tails. Shakespeare's angels are but ejaculations—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"—or metaphors: lovely and profound metaphors sometimes. "Reverence, that angel of the world," says something which, without the conception of the angel, could not be said so perfectly. And out of such a phrase, with a memory of a Fra Angelico picture to make the vision substantial, we can extract (even if we cannot define) some quintessence of the spiritual truth that was embodied in the vision and the thought of angels.

But when I think of angels, I think first of them as fallen. Lucifer has more substantiality than any of his uncorrupted brothers: and Lamb's description of

Coleridge as "an archangel a little damaged" gives me a curiously exact idea of that divine and all-too-human poet. No other description of Coleridge comes near to it for cogency and precision. Which is, on the face of it, strange. For Lamb's phrase is, palpably, a definition *ignoti per ignotius*: of the unknown by means of the more unknown. Yet it tells me something essential; through it I know more about Coleridge than pages of description—even of masterly description like Hazlitt's—can tell me.

So it is clear that, though I do not care for them, I do know something about angels. Though I am utterly ignorant, and utterly sceptical, of them as substantial beings, and bother no more about them than I do about ghosts; yet when they are used as symbols to articulate and define that aspect of reality which we call the spiritual world, I understand them immediately. More than that, I feel that I am a positive expert in angels. "I am the best of them that speak this language, were I but where 'tis spoken."

Yes, angels turn out (upon examination) to be very necessary and very familiar things: for they are the personification of that more perfect condition to which we cannot help relating the quotidian existence of this world. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* To the contemplative eye man is always a torso, an uncompleted statue which we cannot comprehend save by referring him to some unrealized perfection. And the seemingly simple question whether the statue is broken or unfinished, or both, is one of the fundamental issues which, without men's knowing it, divide the world of men.

Anyhow, for the moment let it stand that angels are the personification of man's unrealized perfection. When we are told that someone is like a fallen angel, or Coleridge an archangel a little damaged, we instantly understand that there is in him still the visible

potentiality of some more than ordinary human condition. And when we first think in this spiritual category we find ourselves gliding easily from time to the timeless. We hardly know, and at first we hardly care, whether our former angel was once perfect in this life and has declined from his zenith ; or whether the fall was simply an effect of mortality itself, due to the mere entry into mundane existence. We are at first content with a vague feeling that perhaps we all come trailing clouds of glory ; but only those who keep some wisps hanging round them pretty late in life come under notice as having had something angelic in their composition. The rest are wiser, and quicker to conceal these treacherous indications that they have seen better days.

But these nebulous possibilities are only the beginnings of the angelic science. It is easy to see that much depends upon how the properties of angels are determined. Were we all angels once, and changed our nature for the worse by being born? Or is heaven, indeed, still about us in our infancy? Trivial questions, you may think, and scarcely distinguishable. Yet for centuries the whole gulf between Heaven and Hell has yawned between them : for the first is the great classical and Catholic dogma of original sin, and the second the great Romantic dogma of men being born equal and perfect. God alone knows how many of his creatures have endured a lingering death by fire and sword and boiling oil for giving the wrong answer to the question : When do men cease to be angels? At conception, or at fourteen?

I, as my readers should know by this time, am a Romantic. Therefore I hold, almost violently, to the latter date. " Conceived in sin " in the service of baptism sticks in my gizzard. After all, it is nonsense : rather sublime nonsense, in its grandiose denial of life *ab ovo*, nonsense with a spiritual significance, as most

of St. Paul's nonsense was—yet still nonsense, and what is more, dangerous and pestilent nonsense. This Christian condemnation of life in and through the body which derives from Paul, with his everlasting thorn in the flesh, led straight to the fabrication of those pious legends concerning the birth of Jesus, and ultimately to the priggish and repulsive dogma of the immaculate conception : than which nothing more anti-Christian (in the exact sense) can be imagined. The most monstrous errors of the Christian Church really arose out of the fact that Paul knew nothing about children. He could not see life straight.

Jesus could. Being a wise man, he also knew all about the reality of sin. But he did not, he could not, make the truly terrible mistake (from which Christianity has not yet been freed) of identifying sin with the body. Had he lived to hear Paul speak of "the body of this death" he would have groaned in spirit. Jesus had a sense of reality : therefore he had a sense of humour, which Paul never had. He knew that in the days when he had he called across the market-place in the dusk to the other little boys : "We piped unto you, and you did not dance," there was nothing wrong with him. Dean Inge is naturally very doubtful on the point, but Jesus was very certain that children had heaven about them in their infancy. He looked on children not as sin-stained products of sin, but as very glorious creations of life. Therefore, without demanding that they, any more than he himself, should have been immaculately conceived (Ach Gott! what a phrase!) he simply declared that the kingdom of God belonged to them. And when he had to tell people how to get into the kingdom (which is still the most difficult and the most important thing in the world) he could only say : "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into it."

Here we come back, though indeed we have never

left it, to the subject of angels. For little children an angels were closely connected in Jesus' mind: the were almost identical. When he warned people agains offending one of these little ones he told them tha "their angels do always behold the face of my Fathe which is heaven." He did not mean that they ha little duplicates up above; but something at once mor simple and more difficult, namely, that the spiritu part of them was in perpetual contact and communio with God himself. (Which was what Wordsworth als meant, though naturally he did not say it so well.) Nov this for Jesus was the all-important thing: that the sou or spirit of man should be in perpetual contact wit God. That, nothing less and nothing more, was to b a member of the kingdom. You had the choice: yo could either acnieve it now, or wait till afterwards By waiting you took the hell of a risk. (How Jesu tried to reduce that risk to a minimum is another story the greatest story in the world.)

Jesus believed in—was he not himself baptised fo the remission of his sins?—the reality of sin. Onl a man who knows nothing about himself or anythin else does not believe in the reality of sin. So the thre ages of man were simple to him. There was the chil who had this perpetual contact with God by nature and therefore possessed his angel; there was the man in whom inevitably the contact was broken, and wh lost his angel; there was the reborn man, who re established the contact and regained his angel. If yo were born again, you once more became a member c the kingdom and a son of God, as you had been in th days of innocency. You were different, of course, fo no grown man can ever, ought ever, become a child But the reborn man was whole as the child had bee whole. The interval between the wholeness of th child and the regained wholeness of the reborn ma was the epoch of the divided consciousness.

Against such exquisite and absolute spiritual truth, the coarse and clumsy approximation of "original sin" and the downright flummery of "immaculate conception" make an ugly show indeed. Yes, they are *ugly*: there is no other word. Life is a damned sight more wonderful than that. Romanticism is truer than classicism; though it is harder to manage. Romanticism walks as it were on a razor's edge, as Jesus did. What wonder that it takes a great man to be a Romantic and not fall into the chasm? But its triumphs are supreme. "Conceived in sin": "their angels do always behold the face of my Father." It doesn't take a genius to decide, *pace* Freud and the rest of them, on which side lies the spiritual truth.

Little children, for Jesus, had angels, in the sense I have described. There came the time when the child lost his angel, he grew up, and grew up into that strain of the divided consciousness (if he remained spiritually alive at all) which poor old Paul could never overcome. Paul was a great man: but Jesus would never have allowed that he had been properly born again, any more than he allowed it in the case of John the Baptist. "I have fought the good fight" is glorious: but it is not the voice of a member of the kingdom. The strain, the tension, are too evident. Paul never regained his wholeness, never quite got back his angel: and Christianity has suffered for his failure ever since. If he had been properly reborn, he would have had a sense of humour.

The reborn man gets back his angel. Of course, not the same one that he had before: he grows a new one. When the Sadducees put to Jesus their silly question—silly, as put to Jesus: sound as ever, if put to nine Christians out of ten—about the wife with seven husbands, he said they were far astray, "not knowing the Scriptures *or the power of God*. For in the resurrection of the dead men neither marry nor are married,

but are as the angels in heaven." That, incidentally, puts the final nail in the belief in the resurrection of the body, at all events as a belief ever held by Jesus. If the Christian Church chooses to cling to the crudity of the Sadducees without the Sadducees' sense of its absurdity, that is its own affair. To be "as the angels" did not mean for Jesus going about with an awkward pair of wings like Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid": it meant to have one's spiritual part, the whole of one's eternality, eternally alive. You could have that this side of the grave, if you cared to have it. You could regain your angel. And when you had regained him, and had learned what he meant and was, you would not worry about immortality or the rest of it: you would know that all those vexing problems are born of the feverish attempts of those who will not take the pains to get their angel back again to secure themselves against the loss of things that are not worth keeping.

BOOKS TO READ

The Life of W. T. Stead. By Frederic Whyte. 2 Vols. (Cape.) 36s. net.

This book deals more fully with the public than the private life of Stead, and its length is not due to his enormous correspondence. The story of his career is very interesting; few journalists have had such practical influence on affairs, or so many remarkable acquaintances. He was a power for good, a courageous altruist, though not a great writer. Often indiscreet, hasty, of limited education, never *persuasive*, for all his cogency; he was a tremendous personality, and, as this book clearly shows, was indeed the pioneer of the "new journalism." Mr. Whyte, who was literary editor of Stead's ill-fated *Daily Paper*, brings out his subject by a careful and exhaustive collection of documents—though anyone who has not read *The Maiden Tribute* might still wonder why it provoked so much opposition. Amid the shouting and tumult of his career, we are enabled to see his motives, his moral consistency. Of all the comments on him quoted, we are most struck by this from a writer in the *Spokane Review*: "Not a great man, not a man of genius, but an extraordinary man—extraordinary, above all, in being the archtype of his ordinary compatriots. . . ." A misprint on page 230 (Volume I.) is rather hard on Gladstone.

Francesco Petrarca. The First Modern Man of Letters. His Life and Correspondence. A Study of the Early Fourteenth Century. By the Rev. E. H. R. Tatham. Vol. 1. (Sheldon Press.) 18s. net.

Canon Tatham aims to bring English treatment of the great lyrist, hitherto casual, abreast of Continental scholarship. His work is elaborate, and comprises a minute historical survey of the whole background, in which he displays much learning. He regards the poet as a pioneer: "The first, since the decline of Rome, to possess the literary—as apart from the creative instinct." His account of Petrarch's life, work, and character is judicious. He is a cautious scholar, and rebukes careless theorists, especially de Sade and Lo Parco. He thinks that Laura cannot be identified, but was a married woman. His attitude to Petrarch's love is faintly prudish. He is inclined to believe the *De Gloria* story. He is exhaustive on all the influences that touch Petrarch; though he cannot, of course, place a pioneer, and a highly subjective one, in any main intellectual current. We are not warned that Petrarch's friend "Cocco d'Ascoli" is not the better-known scamp of that name who also attacked Dante in verse. There are valuable "Excursus"; and Canon Tatham seems on the whole an impeccable authority. Johnson's wife, by the way, was not "Betty."

Henry Montagu Butler: Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1886-1918. By J. R. M. Butler. (Longmans.) 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Butler's son has "striven not to tell a story, but to draw a picture" of the Master's later, if hardly less strenuous, years. Eminent by force of character rather than intellect, a simple-natural clergyman, oddly unlike most of the company he was called upon to rule, Butler's sheer goodness, tact, charity, and moral zeal triumphed over all prejudices and made him in his old age the most respected figure in the University. This is a very complete Memoir, setting out fully the wide range of the Master's official and private activities: his loves, his friendships, his charities, and his favoured relaxations. His influence was wide. The author's *pietas* has inspired a moving picture of the serener life "before the Flood," which touches the heart. O those spacious days and minds!

An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber. Written by Himself. 2 Vols. (Golden Cockerel Press.) 36s. net.

We confess to a liking for Cibber: the most execrable of Laureates was not such a fool, nor always so conceited, as is generally supposed. His "Apology" is preferable to his verse and most of his plays; it shows him at his best as something of a pioneer of the modern stage, and forms a history of the two chief London theatres over a period few men have experienced. It is pleasing in style, and often sagacious in comment; and is worthy of this very handsome reproduction. Of course, Colley has his naïveté and occasional absurdities; but these do not make the worst reading. The proud account of the thirteen chief actors of the day is very interesting. There is no forgetting Penkethman, who, when he stumbled in his part, would exclaim cheerfully: "Odso! I believe I am a little wrong here."

PANDORA'S HOPE. By Austin Harrison. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Harrison, who is something of a feminist, and who cannot be accused of sentimentality, has given us a thoughtful study of the historic, social, and pathological position of woman. The theories he advances are very suggestive—more so, indeed, than his conclusions, which are rather indeterminate. The book is unattractively written, and heavy with jargon.

AN OUTLINE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION. 1760–1902. By John William Adamson. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 3s. net.

A brief, competent survey of school and higher education, and educational theory, from almost the nadir of the "Dark Ages" to the incorporation of most of our younger Universities. It is timely; for amid the subtle demands of to-day one ungratefully forgets how much and how quickly our immediate predecessors achieved. This outline shows clearly the persistent contest between utility and culture, and between discipline and "self-development." The bibliography is admirable.

ART AND THE UNCONSCIOUS: A Psychological Approach to a Problem of Philosophy. By John M. Thorburn. (Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Thorburn's intelligence and learning are not well applied. His work is very uneven and, close and difficult reading, seems neither consecutive nor conclusive. His theories of the Unconscious are not assimilated; he confounds the science with the art of psychology. Between art and "thought" he makes at once a false identity and, by implication, a false antithesis. His love of "dream," "image," "form," and "vision" does not really elucidate the imaginative comprehension of great art. It is a pity that he is not more clear about the true essentials of his subject; for with all his ponderous jargon and defective punctuation, we are impressed by his sincerity and care, and wish that they *led* us to something tangible.

THE A B C OF RELATIVITY. By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Kegan Paul.) 4s. 6d. net.

An admirable companion volume to the same author's *A B C of Atoms*. Mr. Russell here brings his unique equipment of knowledge, lucidity, and wit to the formidable task of rendering the theory of relativity intelligible to non-mathematicians. With the liberal help of luminous analogies and examples, he explains in simple language the nature and the logical and empirical grounds of the main conceptions that have revolutionized our view of the physical universe. Incidentally, some popular and philosophical confusions are exposed—such as, that Einstein's theory proves *everything* in the physical world to be relative; and that it exhibits space and time as subjective "forms of intuition," in the Kantian sense. These opinions are obviously mistaken, for it is the essential aim of the new doctrine to express all its laws in terms of objective physical facts (*e.g.*, "intervals" between events in space-time) which hold good for all observers independently of differences in their individual situations. To those lacking the necessary mathematics Mr. Russell's book offers as clear an account of relativity as can be given.

A HISTORY OF GREEK RELIGION. By M. P. Nilsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

In this stimulating and original treatise the well-known Swedish scholar employs the comparative method with striking results. His general conclusion is that Greek religion is not of purely Aryan origin, but has its roots in the older Minoan-Mycenæan civilization; and that, so viewed, its history can be exhibited as a continuous development from the Bronze Age, through the classical period of its splendour and decline, even to the present day. Prof. Nilsson's argument is clear and well-sustained, combining a sound judgment with wide and mature learning. His sketch of the evolution of folk-tale, myth, and cult in the worship of heroes and of the dead, under the rationalistic and humanizing influence of the Hellenic mind, is a significant contribution both to our understanding of Greek religion and to our knowledge of primitive culture. The translation is good, but it reproduces some minor inaccuracies of the original which, we trust, will be corrected in a new edition.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

ASHE OF RINGS. By Mary Butts. (Contact Editions.) $3 net.

Miss Butts can obviously write; yet her novel is not well written. She has vigour and animation; yet her work has no organic strength. She is biased by an intense, warped psychological impulse which she never subdues. Her persons are alive—brutally alive—but the world of naked, morbid sensations in which they move is unreal. The pervading symbolism of "Rings" is unconvincing: the beauty and terror of life are evoked, but only to be distorted.

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By J. St. Loe Strachey. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Strachey's excursion into fiction is certainly not strenuous. He admits to finding the European situation in the 1840's irresistible; but he draws from it little more than an entertaining story of adventure. The artificial style of these "Memoirs," if mediocre, has a pleasant gusto, and thrilling personages are brought in. The hero and heroine are given to posturings and complacency: the author's sense of humour is intermittent. A good book of its kind, but superficial; with less character than one would expect.

THE BIG HOUSE OF INVER. By E. O'E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Somerville (who, alas! stands alone now in "the Firm") handles a large and complex theme with considerable strength. The arrogant Western Irish family of Prendeville slowly decays under the influence of drink, bad marriages, and a profligacy that has filled the countryside with bastards. A giantess of the latter, "Shibby Pindy," a striking blend of strength and this innate weakness, fights to restore the tottering house; but is foiled by the degeneracy of her kin. It is a vivid study of Irish life, touched with caustic irony, sombre, and rising once or twice to tragic heights. Save perhaps for Maggie's fate and the capitulation of Peggy, its reality is unfaltering.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Walpole's opening chapters form a rather fine piece of serious writing. Impossible, also, to forget the Fair at Treliss and that wonderful dance! Some will be disappointed—and others relieved—at the grim and lurid fantasy that follows. It is good, but it might be better. Harkness's psychological twists and turns are not always convincing.

DAIMON. By E. L. Grant Watson. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Readers of *The Desert Horizon* will be interested to follow the fortunes of Martin and Maggie. Mr. Watson has crowded his canvas, and perhaps dealt too briefly and violently with psychological states that might have furnished several volumes. The book is worth attention as a study of pioneer life in its relationship to the older European civilization.

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